



# THE BOYS OWN PAPER

*Quicquid agunt pueri nostri farrago libelli.*

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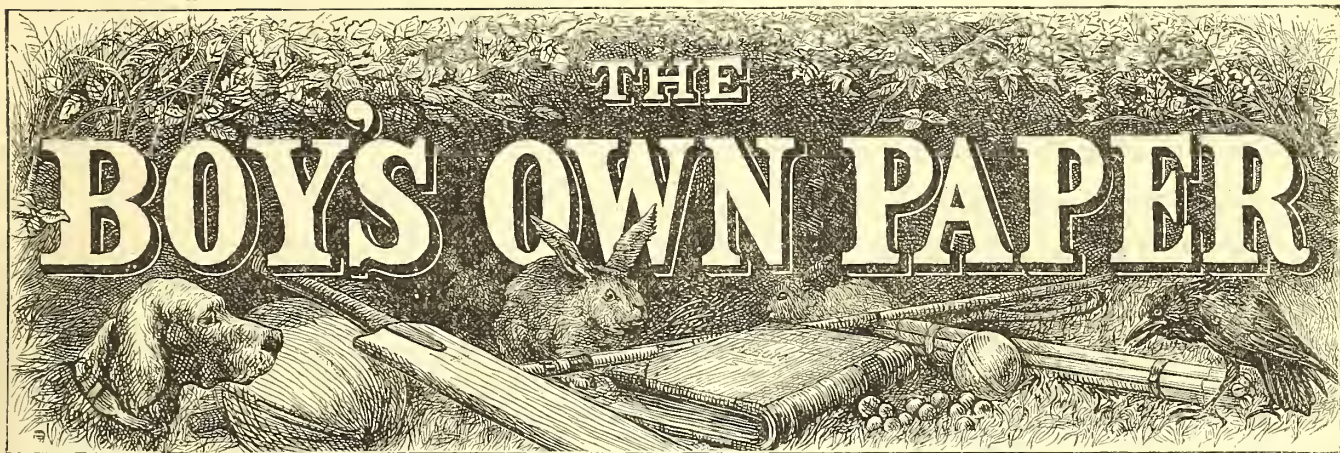
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## REGINALD CRUDEN:

A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

By TALBOT BAINES REED,

Author of "My Friend Smith," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER V.—THE CRUDENS AT HOME.

IF anything could have made up to the two boys for the hardships and miseries of the day it was the sight of their mother's bright face as she awaited

them that evening at the door of No. 6, Dull Street. If the day had been a sad and lonely one for Mrs. Cruden, she was not the woman to betray the secret to

her sons; and, indeed, the happiness of seeing them back was enough to drive away all other care for the time being.

Shabby as the lodgings were, and lack-



Mrs. Captain Shuckleford.



ing in all the comforts and luxuries of former days, the little family felt that evening, as they gathered round the tea-table and unburdened their hearts to one another, more of the true meaning of the word "home" than they had ever done before.

"Now, dear boys," said Mrs. Cruden, when the meal was over, and they drew their chairs to the open window, "I'm longing to hear your day's adventures. How did you get on? Was it as bad as you expected?"

"It wasn't particularly jolly," said Reginald, shrugging his shoulders—"nothing like Wilderham, was it, Horrors?"

"Well, it was a different sort of fun, certainly," said Horace. "You see, mother, our education has been rather neglected in some things, so we didn't get on as well as we might have done."

"Do you mean in the literary work?" said Mrs. Cruden. "I'm quite sure you'll get into it with a little practice."

"But it's not the literary work, unluckily," said Reginald.

"Ah! you mean clerk's work. You aren't as quick at figures, perhaps, as you might be?"

"That's not exactly it," said Horace. "The fact is, mother, we're neither in the literary nor the clerical department. I'm a printer's devil!"

"Oh, Horace! what do you mean?" said the horrified mother.

"Oh, I'm most innocently employed. I run messages; I fetch and carry for a gentleman called Durfy. He gives me some parliamentary news to carry to one place, and some police news to carry to another place—and, by-the-way, they read very much alike—and when I'm not running backwards or forwards I have to sit on a stool and watch him, and be ready to jump up and wag my tail the moment he whistles. It's a fact, mother! Think of getting eighteen shillings a week for that! It's a fraud!"

Mrs. Cruden could hardly tell whether to laugh or cry.

"My poor boy!" she murmured; then, turning to Reginald, she said, "And what do you do, Reg?"

"Oh, I sweep rooms," said Reg, solemnly; "but they've got such a shocking bad broom there that I can't make it act. If you could give me a new broom-head, mother, and put me up to a dodge or two about working out corners, I might rise in my profession!"

There was a tell-tale quaver in the speaker's voice which made this jaunty speech a very sad one to the mother's ears. It was all she could do to conceal her misery, and when Horace came to the rescue with a racy account of the day's proceedings, told in his liveliest manner, she was glad to turn her head and hide from her boys the trouble in her face.

However, she soon recovered herself, and by the time Horace's story was done she was ready to join her smiles with those which the history had drawn even from Reginald's serious countenance.

"After all," said she, presently, "we must be thankful for what we have. Some one was saying the other day there never was a time when so many young fellows were out of work and thankful to get anything to do. And it's very likely too, Reg, that just now, when they seem rather in confusion at the office, they really haven't time to see about what

your regular work is to be. Wait a little, and they're sure to find out your value."

"They seem to have done that already as far as sweeping is concerned. The manager said I didn't know how to hold a broom. I was quite offended," said Reginald.

"You are a dear brave pair of boys!" said the mother, warmly; "and I am prouder of you in your humble work than if you were kings!"

"Hullo," said Horace, "there's some one coming up our stairs!"

Sure enough there was, and more than one person, as it happened. There was a knock at the door, followed straightway by the entrance of an elderly lady, accompanied by a young lady and a young gentleman, who sailed into the room, much to the amazement and consternation of its occupants.

"Mrs. Cruden, I believe?" said the elderly lady, in her politest tones.

"Yes," replied the owner of that name.

"Let me introduce myself—Mrs. Captain Shuckleford, my son and daughter—neighbours of yours, Mrs. Cruden, and wishing to be friendly. We're sorry to hear of your trouble; very trying it is. My husband, Mrs. Cruden, has gone too."

"Pray take a seat," said Mrs. Cruden. "Reg, will you put chairs?"

Reg obeyed, with a groan.

"These are your boys, are they?" said the visitor, eyeing the youths. "Will you come and shake hands with me, Reggie! What a dear good-looking boy he is, Mrs. Cruden! And how do you do, too, my man?" said she, addressing Horace. "Pretty well! And what do they call you?"

"My name is Horace," said "my man," blushing very decidedly, and retreating precipitately to a far corner of the room.

"Ah, dear me! And my husband's name, Mrs. Cruden, was Oward. I never bear the name without affliction."

This was very awkward, for as the unfortunate widow could not fail to hear her own voice, it was necessary for consistency's sake that she should show some emotion, which she proceeded to do, when her daughter hurriedly interposed in an audible whisper, "Ma, don't make a goose of yourself! Behave yourself, do!"

"So I am be'aving myself, Jemima," replied the outraged parent, "and I don't need lessons from you."

"It's very kind of you to call in," said Mrs. Cruden, feeling it time to say something; "do you live near here?"

"We live next door, at number four," said Miss Jemima; "put that handkerchief away, ma."

"What next, I wonder, if my handkerchief's not my hown, I'd like to know what is? Yes, Mrs. Cruden. We heard you were coming, and we wish to treat you with consideration, knowing your circumstances. It's all one gentlefolk can do to another. Yes, and I hope the boys will be good friends. Sam, talk to the boys."

Sam needed no such maternal encouragement, as it happened, and had already swaggered up to Horace with a familiar air.

"Jolly weather, ain't it?"

"Yes," said Horace, looking round wildly for any avenue of escape, but finding none.

"Pretty hot in your shop, ain't it?" said the lawyer's clerk.

"Yes," again said Horace, with a peculiar tingling sensation in his toes which his visitor little dreamed of.

Horace was not naturally a short-tempered youth, but there was something in the tone of this self-satisfied lawyer's clerk which raised his dander.

"Not much of a berth, is it?" pursued the catechist.

"No," said Horace.

"Not a very chippy screw, so I'm told—eh?"

This was rather too much. Either Horace must escape by flight, which would be ignominious, or he must knock his visitor down, which would be rude, or he must grin and bear it. The middle course was what he most inclined to, but failing that he decided on the latter.

So he shook his head and waited patiently for the next question.

"What do you do, eh? dirty work, ain't it?"

"Yes, isn't yours?" said Horace in a tone that rather surprised the limb of the law.

"Mine! No. What makes you ask that?" he inquired.

"Only because I thought I'd like to know," said Horace, artlessly.

Mr. Shuckleford looked perplexed. He didn't understand exactly what Horace meant, and yet, whatever it was, it put him off the thread of his discourse for a time. So he changed the subject.

"I once thought of going into business myself," he said; "but they seemed to think I'd do better at the law. Same time, don't think I've a nailor on business chaps. I know one or two very respectable chaps in business."

"Do you?" replied Horace, with a touch of satire in his voice which was quite lost on the complacent Sam.

"Yes. Why in our club—do you know our club?"

"No," said Horace.

"Oh—I must take you one evening—yes, in our club we've a good many business chaps—well-behaved chaps too."

Horace hardly looked as overwhelmed by this announcement as his visitor expected.

"Would you like to join?"

"No, thank you."

"Eh? you're afraid of being black-balled, I suppose? No fear, I can work it with them. I can walk round any of them, I let you know; they wouldn't do it, specially when they knew I'd a fancy for you, my boy."

If Horace was grateful for this expression of favour, he managed to conceal his feelings wonderfully well. At the same time he had sense enough to see that, vulgar and conceited as Samuel Shuckleford was, he meant to be friendly, and inwardly gave him credit accordingly.

He did his best to be civil, and to listen to all the bumptious talk of his visitor patiently, and Sam rattled away greatly to his own satisfaction, fully believing he was impressing his hearer with a sense of his importance, and cheering his heart by the promise of his favours and protection.

With the unlucky Reginald meanwhile it fared far less comfortably.

"Jemima, my dear," said Mrs. Shuckleford, who in all her domestic confidences to Mrs. Cruden kept a sharp eye out on her family—"Jemima, my dear, I think Reggie would like to show you his album!"

An electric shock could not have



startled and confused our hero more. It was bad enough to hear himself called "Reggie," but that was nothing to the assumption that he was pining to make himself agreeable to Miss Jemima—he to whom any lady except his mother was a cause of trepidation, and to whom a female like Miss Jemima was nothing short of an ogress!

"I've not got an album," he gasped, with an appealing look towards his mother.

But before Mrs. Cruden could interpose to rescue him, the ladylike Miss Jemima, who had already regarded the good-looking shy youth with approval, entered the lists on her own account, and moving her chair a trifle in his direction, said, in a confidential whisper,

"Ma thinks we're not a very sociable couple, that's what it is."

A couple! He and Jemima a couple! Reginald was ready to faint, and looked towards the open window as if he meditated a headlong escape that way. As to any other way of escape, that was impossible, for he was fairly cornered between the enemy and the wall, and unless he were to cut his way through the one or the other he must sit where he was.

"I hope you don't mind talking to me, Mr. Reggie," continued the young lady, when Reginald gave no symptom of having heard the last observation. "We shall have to be friends, you know, now we are neighbours. So you haven't got an album?"

This abrupt question drove poor Reginald still further into the corner. What business was it of hers whether he had got an album or not? What right had she to pester him with questions like that in his own house? In fact, what right had she and her mother and her brother to come there at all? Those were the thoughts that passed through his mind, and as they did so indignation got the better of good manners and everything else.

"Find out," he said.

He could have bitten his tongue off the moment he had spoken. For Reginald was a gentleman, and the sound of these rude words in his own voice startled him into a sense of shame and confusion tenfold worse than any Miss Shuckleford had succeeded in producing.

"I beg your pardon," he gasped, hurriedly. "I—I didn't mean to be rude."

Now was the hour of Miss Jemima's

triumph. She had the unhappy youth at her mercy, and she took full advantage of her power. She forgave him, and made him sit and listen to her and answer her questions for as long as she chose; and if ever he showed signs of mutiny, the slightest hint, such as "You'll be telling me to mind my own business again," was enough to reduce him to instant subjection.

It was a bad quarter of an hour for Reginald, and the climax arrived when presently Mrs. Shuckleford looked towards them and said across the room,

"Now I wonder what you two young people are talking about in that snug corner. Oh, never mind, if it's secrets! Nice it is, Mrs. Cruden, to see young people such good friends so soon. We must be going now, children," she added. "We shall soon see our friends in our own 'ouse, I 'ope."

A tender leave-taking ensued. For a while, as the retreating footsteps of the visitors gradually died away on the stairs, the little family stood motionless, as though the slightest sound might recall them. But when at last the street door slammed below, Reginald flung himself into a chair and groaned.

"Mother, we can't stay here. We must leave to-morrow!"

Horace could not help laughing.

"Why, Reg," he said, "you seemed to be enjoying yourself no end."

"Shut up, Horace, it's nothing to laugh about."

"My dear boy," said Mrs. Cruden, "you think far more about it than you need. After all they seem kindly disposed persons, and I don't think we should be unfriendly."

"That's all very well," said Reg, "if there was no Jemima in the question."

"I should say it's all very well," said Horace, "if there was no Sam in the question; though I dare say he means to be friendly. But didn't you and Jemima hit it, then, Reg? I quite thought you did."

"Didn't I tell you to shut up?" repeated Reg, this time half angrily. "I don't see, mother," he added, "however poor we are, we are called on to associate with a lot like that."

"They have not polished manners, certainly," said Mrs. Cruden; "but I do think they are good-natured, and that's a great thing."

"I should think so," said Horace.

"What do you think? Samuel wants to

propose me for his club, which seems to be a very select affair."

"All I know is," said Reginald, "nothing will induce me to go into their house. It may be rude, but I'm certain I'd be still more rude if I did go."

"Well," said Horace, "I vote we take a walk as it's a fine evening. I feel a trifle warm after it all. What do you say?"

They said yes, and in the empty streets that evening the mother and her two sons walked happy in one another's company, and trying each in his or her own way to gain courage for the days of trial that were to follow.

The brothers had a short consultation that night as they went to bed, *not* on the subject of their next-door neighbours.

"Horrors," said Reg; "what's to be done about the 'Rocket'? I can't stop there."

"It's awful," said Horace; "but what else can we do? If we cut it there's mother left a beggar."

"Couldn't we get into something else?"

"What? Who'd take us? There are thousands of fellows wanting work as it is."

"But surely we're better than most of them. We're gentlemen and well educated."

"So much the worse, it seems," said Horace. "What good is it to us when we're put to sweep rooms and carry messages?"

"Do you mean to say you intend to stick to that sort of thing all your life?" asked Reg.

"Till I can find anything better," said Horace. "After all, old man, it's honest work, and not very fagging, and it's eighteen shillings a week."

"Anyhow, I think we might let Richmond know what a nice berth he's let us in for. Why, his office boy's better off."

"Yes, and if we knew as much about book-keeping and agreement stamps and copying presses as his office boy does we might be as well off. What's the good of knowing how many ships fought at Salamis when we don't even know how many ounces you can send by post for twopence? At least I don't. Good night, old man."

And Horace, really scarcely less miserable at heart than his brother, buried his nose in the Dull Street pillow and tried to go to sleep.

(To be continued.)

## THE GOLD FISH.

By REV. A. N. MALAN, M.A., F.G.S.,

Author of "Cacus and Hercules," "One of Mother Carey's Chickens," etc.

### CHAPTER IV.

"WELL, Doctor," said Mr. Fields, as the two pedagogues left Chesterton House, "I am naturally anxious to hear the result of your interview."

"Oh, I could get nothing out of the old lady—absolutely nothing. Charity must make allowances for her eccentricities, I suppose; but either you are a deep-dyed villain, Fields, or your accuser has a bee in her bonnet. I suppose you prefer to accept the latter alternative?"

"Well, I certainly don't like the notion of the former. But it would be satisfactory to clear up the matter. Suppose we examine Aston?"

"Ah, we might possibly get something definite out of him. Bring him to my study after school."

The masters now set themselves to make up for lost time, trudging briskly through the fragrant meadows and shady lanes.

Afternoon school passed away, and Edwin Aston was invited by Mr. Fields to accompany him on a visit to the head master's study. Such an invitation was not altogether agreeable, but it admitted no refusal. Edwin was alarmed indeed, and as he stood in that august preseneechamber he fidgeted nervously, and looked at the carpet and then from one to the other of his preceptors, wondering what particular scrape could necessitate



such an interview. His apprehensions were, however, partially allayed by the kind and cheerful way in which his examination proceeded.

"Look here, my boy," began the Doctor, laying his massive hand affectionately upon Aston's shoulder, and feeling his way confidently into the boy's heart by a peculiar pressure. "I received a letter from your aunt this morning, in which

as Mr. Fields cheating? Don't be afraid to speak out. I don't want to frighten you. Come, say something, my boy."

"No, sir, I don't remember saying anything."

"What did you talk about with your aunt at tea last evening?"

"I don't remember, sir."

"Oh, you must try to remember.

least, I think I said something, sir, about the fables—but I don't remember what it was."

"Did you mention Mr. Fields' name at all? Were you thinking about him?"

"I don't think I was, sir. I may have been, but I don't think it's likely. I don't often think much about him."

"Oh," said the Doctor, "I'm sorry to hear that. But could you possibly have



"Oh, you must try to remember."

she says something about Mr. Fields encouraging dishonesty among the boys. Can you tell me anything about it? Try and think now."

Edwin stood open-mouthed, and tried to think—at all times a difficult matter to a boy. But no words gave substance to his thoughts. He was dumb with astonishment.

"Have you been saying anything," continued the Doctor, "which could make your aunt imagine such a thing

Didn't you say something about your work—history, or Latin and Greek?"

"Yes, sir, I remember now. I asked her to lend me a volume of Alison's 'History of Europe' to read about Napoleon in Russia."

"Very good. Well, what then?"

"She said I might take it from the library."

"Well, all right; and what about the Latin and Greek?"

"I don't think I said anything, sir—at

said anything about his acting unfairly or allowing you to work dishonestly?"

"No, sir; I'm perfectly certain I never said such a thing, sir. Of course I couldn't."

"No, my boy, I never for a moment supposed you could. But have you no idea what your aunt means? Look here, read what she says."

Edwin read. His fears had all fled, and he was able to understand what was written.



"I don't know what she means at all, sir. I don't think it's fair of her to write like that. I'm sure Mr. Fields is a jolly—I mean—I shouldn't have thought my aunt could have been such a sn—could have written such a letter, sir."

"I understand you, boy. And you can't tell me anything more about it? You're quite sure?"

"Quite certain, sir. I don't know what she means at all."

"Well, that will do; you may go. Good evening."

Edwin went off as fast as he could; relieved at escaping unscathed from such a perilous interview. He hurried home, determined to ask his aunt what she meant by writing such a letter to the Doctor.

He threw down his books with a bang and bounced into the dining-room, where he was surprised to find his aunt already seated at the tea-table.

She bade him go quietly upstairs and make himself tidy.

When he returned she said, "Edwin, you are later than usual this evening."

"Yes, aunt; I had a jaw from the Doctor."

"A what? Edwin, I don't understand you."

"A jaw, aunt!"

"What do you mean by a 'jaw,' Edwin?"

"Oh, I don't know; there's no other word for it. He had me into his study and blew me up about your writing to him that Mr. Fields cheated."

Edwin spoke with a flush on his cheek and a flash in his eye, betokening proud indignation.

"After our conversation last evening, Edwin, I could not do otherwise than acquaint Dr. Porchester with what you said."

"What I said, aunt? I never said anything; I'm sure I didn't!"

"Stop, Edwin! Never be hasty in your statements. Let me recall to your memory what seems to have escaped it. You were talking about your classical fables, and you distinctly spoke of Mr. Fields acknowledging that the boys cribbed and cheated."

"What a horrid cram, aunt!—I mean, I'm certain I never said such a thing!"

"Edwin, I am astonished at you! I cannot express the pain your words and behaviour cause me."

Poor Edwin! he could not analyse the conflicting emotions which filled his heart, but his pride was sorely wounded.

He blushed and stammered, and a rush of tears burst from his eyes as he choked out in broken syllables, "It's a horrid shame, aunt! I remember now using the words 'crib' and 'cheat,' but I know I never said we cheated. I couldn't believe you were such a sneak!"

The aunt was moved at the sight of her nephew's evident distress; she had never seen him cry before. She might have added further fuel to his disquietude by rebuking his unseemly language, but she thought it discreet to refrain; and, laying her hand gently on his arm, she only said, "Edwin, you must calm yourself. Let us say no more upon the subject now. Finish your tea, my dear."

Tea was diluted by tears, and ended uncomfortably for both without further conversation.

In the early hours of the following morning, when Miss Davis awoke from

sleep, she employed the time in meditating how best to solve the mystery of the carp's disappearance. The conclusion to which she arrived was that, since Edwin had not chosen to volunteer any information upon the subject, duty demanded that she should not let the day pass without questioning him upon it. Whenever duty's demands were plain Miss Davis never hesitated to obey them. And the more unpleasant the operation, the sooner was she anxious to get it over. Therefore she would ask him at breakfast.

That meal had not proceeded far before Miss Davis opened the attack.

"Edwin, I noticed with surprise last evening that the gold fish was not in the pond. Is it possible that you could have disobeyed my orders and caught it? Stay, do not reply till I have finished. However terrible may be the consequences of telling the truth"—("Would the old lady give me a whacking?" thought Edwin)—"I feel certain that you cannot tell me a falsehood."

Edwin grew very red and uncomfortable, and answered, "I didn't catch it, aunt, because you told me not to."

"I am very glad indeed to hear that," said his aunt. "Did your friend Harry Dawson catch it?"

"I'm not a sneak, aunt; but I'm sure he didn't." Edwin mentally added, "He was such an ass he couldn't hold the slippery thing!"

"Well, it is an extraordinary matter. I must ask the gardener. Do you think, Edwin, it could have been the boy who comes in to weed the garden? Did you see him anywhere near the fountain while I was out?"

"I told you I am not a sneak, aunt; but I didn't see him anywhere about all the afternoon."

The following Saturday would be Edwin's birthday. He had been long looking forward to the occasion with glad anticipations. His aunt always made the anniversary as happy for him as she could. She let him invite any of his friends at Highfield to spend the afternoon, and she meant this time to invite some youthful members of the fair sex to meet them.

The privilege of asking his friends was much valued by Edwin. It was a potent engine with which he wrought for himself no small advantage in social politics. Boys at preparatory schools (for whom these Highfield stories are specially intended) enjoy being asked out for an "exeat" beyond everything. Afterwards when they pass on to a public school and become "men" by one gigantic leap, and develop perhaps into "mashers," they are apt to take a different view of such pleasures. It is wonderful how the climate of some public schools assists this sudden development of manhood. Like as tadpoles suddenly find themselves frogs, so do boys suddenly find themselves men. Little Tommy Tucker leaves his preparatory school at the end of a term, and enters his public school after the holidays, and has not been there a week before he writes to his bosom friend Hop-o-my-thumb: "I like Winchester awfully. We have jolly fun. Last remedy I and another man went a long walk, and had no end of grub."

Edwin was very particular about the boys whom he should favour with a birthday invitation. You may be sure

that every one who thought he had a ghost of a chance did his utmost to secure the treat. For weeks beforehand Edwin was courted with marked deference by many a companion who at other times gave no special heed to make himself agreeable. The great Dumpling, for example, would come up to him patronisingly in the playground, and lay his great fat hand round Edwin's neck, and smear and crumple his clean Eton collar with greasy dirty fingers, and say,

"Astun, you're a jolly fellow. I like you awfully. Come on. I'll give you a cake from Puncheys's basket."

Buffles and Guzzling Jim too would "suck up" to him with cringing pertinacity. By varied methods, equally obvious in their intention, many a companion competed vigorously for the longed-for favour.

But Edwin received their overtures with scornful contempt, and set his face like a heathen idol against all such undisguised demonstrations of cupboard love. His genuine friends, of course, made no difference in their behaviour, and reposed secure in the assurance of an invitation. The list of favoured guests was known beforehand only to the happy initiated. And this time three boys were basking in the delightful prospect of the next Saturday afternoon. These were Harry Dawson, Dickey Stephenson—his brother had left or he too would certainly have been asked—and who was the third? None other than our old friend Hercules!

Yes, Hercules, the hero of that escapade with the donkey Cacus which has rendered Highfield House School famous all the world over. It is no presumption to assert that the fame of that celebrated episode has spread in all the four quarters of the globe! The Boy's Own Paper is not read in a corner! It is nothing for the author to be proud of. Virgil draws such a picture of FAME as should make few persons anxious to have much to do with her.

He describes her as a monster hideous and huge, swift-footed, many-tongued, all-seeing, growing as she runs, rearing her gigantic form from earth to heaven, terrifying cities, shrieking in the darkness, never closing her eyes in sleep! Ugh! we should not like to have much to do with her, boys!

The wished-for day at last arrived, and a glorious summer day it was, without a cloud upon the sunny skies. But such an occasion deserves another chapter.

(To be continued.)

#### THE TEMPTATION OF TO-DAY.

Canon Liddon writes:—There is no temptation to be ashamed of Christ when all the world around is at any rate professing Him; but the temptation was formidable when His Church was young. Wonderful it is how, in those first ages of the faith, men and women, boys and girls, joyfully accepted a painful death rather than be disloyal to their Saviour. It was otherwise when the Church had conquered society; then, during long ages, however much Christians might differ from one another, none would have been ashamed to own the name of Christ. This, however, can now be no longer said; throughout Christendom there is a section who reject the name of Christ, not only in practice, but professedly, and this change clearly imposes upon us the duty of confessing Christ before men more explicitly than when none openly rejected Him. Ashamed of Jesus Christ! What a perversion of the emotion of shame!



## IVAN DOBROFF: A RUSSIAN STORY.

BY PROFESSOR J. F. HODGETTS,

*Late Examiner in the University of Moscow, Professor in the Russian Imperial College of Practical Science,**Author of "Harold, the Boy Earl," etc.*

CHAPTER XVII.—(continued.)

FEW persons could imagine the rage of Abrazoff.

"What!" he cried, "does anybody dare to cast such a slur on my name as to suppose me guilty of conduct requiring police investigation? If any such person exists I hurl the imputation back in his teeth. I brand each and every such accuser as a liar, unworthy of the notice of a gentleman, and if he be of noble rank I demand the satisfaction which one gentleman demands of another."

"Mr. Abrazoff," exclaimed Count Schaafstadt, "we are assembled here to-night in peace. We have invited you as a member of the circle of the nobility of Moscow to ask you whether you will satisfy us on certain grave points of conduct imputed to you. If you decline to have the matter looked into by us the law shall take its course and your arrest shall follow—to our extreme regret, because we, being Russian nobles, are unwilling to have the disgrace cast on our order which this conduct implies. With your permission, Mr. Brandt, in whose hands the legal points have been entrusted, will explain the circumstances under which we have invited you to this house to-day."

Livid with rage, Abrazoff snarled, "Let the fellow read the farrago you have concocted."

Without noticing the insult, the count begged Brandt to read, which he did to the following effect:

"Alexander Sergevitch Abrazoff had two sons, Ivan and Nicolai. Ivan was ten years older than Nicolai, and was heir to a large property left solely to him by his grandfather, subject to certain conditions to be decided upon by the father. Serge married a young lady without fortune whom he met at a ball at St. Petersburg."

"It is false!" shouted Abrazoff; "she was a mere peasant. Of that I have proofs."

"Let me beg you," said Kakaroff, "not to abuse our kindness in laying the whole of the case before you for your guidance; and with regard to the birth of the lady in question, I may inform you that she was first cousin to my wife."

"A conspiracy!" hissed Abrazoff between his teeth.

"Will you allow Mr. Brandt to continue, or do you prefer arrest at once?" enquired Kakaroff.

Abrazoff flung himself back in the chair, and Brandt went on.

"When the father heard from the younger son that Ivan had married without consulting him he formally disinherited the elder and settled every acre of land and every kopek of money on the younger."

"So far that's true," growled Abrazoff.

"The elder son, as a chivalric young fellow, had chosen the military profession, and had joined the Preabojenski regiment of Guards, and was the chosen

friend and companion of the famous Skobeleff. Now the 'White General,' as Skobeleff was called, was greatly interested in the private affairs of his officers, and was touched by the tale which he heard from Abrazoff of the manner in which he had been supplanted in his father's love by the younger brother, and taking advantage of a chance meeting with the old gentleman, completely satisfied him as to the perfect respectability of his son's wife, who in her noble devotion had prepared to follow her husband to the field. The father executed a legal revocation of the first will, and signed a new one, which was witnessed by Skobeleff himself."

"It is false—all false!" now fairly shrieked Abrazoff.

"Unfortunately for that statement," said Brandt, "we have the document."

"Will you oblige me by letting me see it?"

"Certainly, if you wish it."

Brandt here unlocked the portfolio and drew out a document, which he began to read, giving all the legal absurdities of phraseology their full swing with extreme relish. Abrazoff listened until Brandt read the words, "Therefore, and upon these and other such-like cogent and fitting grounds, I hereby utterly revoke, recall, and annul my previous will and testament in favour of my younger son Nicolai, and reinstate my eldest son Ivan in all the rights, privileges, and possessions named in my said will hereby revoked, cancelled, and annulled, such possessions being—"

"The whole thing is a forgery! All the letters of my father, all the documents except the will which conferred the estate on me—all other documents perished in the flames when my house at Berozovo was burnt!"

"I beg your pardon," said Tenterton; "I had the good fortune to save all those documents from the fire!"

"You—you contemptible self! How could you know anything about those papers, when I had hunted for them for years and could not find them?"

"They were," said Tenterton, "in the writing-table in my room, and I took them with me by mistake amongst my own."

"Holy saints!" cried Abrazoff, now thoroughly taken off his guard; "how could we have overlooked that? And so the house was burnt—that is to say, the—accident of the fire brought me no security!"

Brandt looked at Tenterton, who, answering the look with a glance, said, "Yes, I see you are right now, but I should not have thought it possible."

Here Abrazoff lost all control, became fearfully excited, and before he could be prevented flung himself like a wild beast on Brandt. There was a sharp struggle, and the document was wrenched from the lawyer's hand and torn into a thousand fragments!

"Now," he roared, "you may remember

that two can play a dangerous game like this!"

Brandt picked himself up from the floor, and, although in as great a rage as Abrazoff, contrived to calm himself, and, addressing Kakaroff, said, "I appeal to your Excellency for protection in the exercise of my functions as legal adviser to the heir of the estates unlawfully held by Nicolai Abrazoff, whom I denounce in your presence as guilty of perjury, arson, and other crimes. With regard to the destruction of the document just now, I need only say that, as it was but a copy, no harm is done. The original papers are in my strong box, quite out of the reach of the criminal whom I, in the presence of these gentlemen, formally denounce."

Kakaroff turned to Tenterton, who had been an amazed spectator of the scene, and requested him to touch the electric bell, asking at the same time Smirnoff's permission to have it done.

"Certainly, only I can ring myself," said Smirnoff.

He accordingly rose from the sofa and rang.

On the approach of the servant, Kakaroff said, "Will you oblige me by allowing this man to go down to the street door and tell the police-sergeant whom he will find there to whistle and bring in aid? Tell him to whistle twice shrilly and once faintly; aid will arrive at once."

A look from Smirnoff was sufficient. The signal whistle was heard repeated as Kakaroff had desired, and in an incredibly short time the heavy tramp of armed men was heard on the staircase.

"Mr. Brandt, will you kindly reduce to writing a report of this meeting so far, with the admissions of the prisoner that he had sought for the documents all over his house at Berozovo with a view to their destruction; that to ensure that end he set fire to his own house at Berozovo; that, under the impression that the paper read by Mr. Brandt, the advocate, was the original will in favour of his elder brother and that brother's child, he committed a savage assault upon the person of Mr. Brandt, the aforesaid advocate, this assault being committed in the house of Mr. Smirnoff, in the presence of the Count Schaafstadt, of General Kakaroff, Mr. Smirnoff aforesaid, and of Edward Tenterton, all and each of whom heard the admissions and confessions aforesaid? It has become incumbent upon the said Smirnoff to denounce the said Abrazoff to the nearest officer of police in his district as a dangerous person, likely to bring discord into the city of Moscow, and to cause trouble amongst the peaceful inhabitants thereof. Further, that the said Abrazoff, by suppressing the fact of the existence in this life of his nephew, Ivan Abrazoff, commonly called Ivan Dobroff, has deprived the said Ivan of his rights, privileges, and possessions arising, accruing, and situate in the government of Riazan. In consequence of these and other such



evil deeds and practices the said Nicolai Abrazoff is hereby denounced as a malefactor and a felon."

When this remarkable production was ready for signature, all those who were present signed it in the order in which they were mentioned, the armed men were admitted, and the prisoner was carried off to the tschast.

As soon as he had been removed the gentlemen who had met on this most important question drew round the table to read the copies of the other documents which Mr. Brandt had provided. There was convincing proof that Abrazoff had placed his nephew with a peasant woman at Berozovo, that the priest of Ozoonovo had given the boy to Smirnoff, calling him Ivan Dobroff, that this Ivan Dobroff was therefore heir to the estates of the Abrazoff family in the Riazan government, subject to charges for the maintenance of the family of the uncle. The proof of the identity of the boy called Ivan Dobroff was very perfect. It seemed that General Zakoffsky had declared to Kakaroff that he had known Madame Abrazoff, who died during the Turkish war; that he had observed the rage and confusion of Nicolai Abrazoff at hearing of the death of Olga Ivanovna, and of the loss of the boy entrusted to her charge.

Here Tenterton interrupted the account of the various charges against Abrazoff by stating that he was in the carriage at the time of the announcement of the death of the old peasant woman, and was perfectly astounded at the rage into which this news had thrown Abrazoff. Tenterton's evidence was also added to the rest, and was thought important as a corroboration. A striking link in this chain of evidence was the resemblance observed by the boys at the railway station between Ivan in his girl's dress and Abrazoff's sister, which was more than an ordinary family likeness.

At this point Smirnoff spoke.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am deeply sensible of your extreme kindness to my adopted child, to whom, as it seems, wealth is about to flow in such profusion as to render the inheritance with which I have endowed him quite superfluous. But where is he? By some extraordinary fate he is taken from me again just as I was beginning to realise the fact of his return. The house was a happy one for a few days only. Mr. Tenterton knows that I had only just completed an arrangement with him for the more careful training of Ivan, when the boy was mysteriously taken from me, and that on the very day on which Mr. Tenterton came to see him for the first time, a week ago. What can have become of him? I trust, General Kakaroff, that you will now permit me to offer a reward. You see my offer last time produced the boy. I must say that I am quite indifferent to the amount of money that I have to pay so long as I only have him back, the more so as at present any sum that I may pay will not affect his future, seeing that he is provided for so amply by his grandfather's will, and the rewards I now offer will not reduce his capital to any very great extent. I am most wretched about the boy, and I shall be only too glad when General Kakaroff sees his way to the publication of the rewards."

"What do you think of offering?"

"Just as much as I offered before; or more if required."

"You must be uncommonly fond of the boy!"

"I am, and you cannot give me a greater pleasure than to find him for me, and to allow the reward to be given to the actual agents in his discovery."

"To-day is Monday. Will you let the matter remain until Wednesday? I have a series of inspections to make all through the north-east districts of Moscow tomorrow, and I shall put the matter before all the officers of the tschast, place the reward before them, and see what the result may be. I should prefer this to a public reward, which would only open the door to his being stolen again as a fruitful source of income to the thieves."

"But that was not the case on the last occasion. He was found by the police, not by the criminals whom you suspect of taking him."

"That is quite true, but I am not at all sure that the large reward which you then offered may not have influenced this second attempt. Certainly the student Palitzki did not steal him for gain, nor did Annie conceal him with a view to the reward; but hosts of thieves heard of the amount you offered, and you may depend upon it they resolved to have him if another chance should offer. I think it was unwise, and should strongly advise you to do nothing until you hear from me on Wednesday afternoon or Thursday morning."

"As you like. Of course, you are Prefect of Moscow, and your will is law, but I feel wretchedly uneasy about my boy!"

"That you can be as much as you like, so long as you keep the uneasiness to yourself and don't talk about rewards until the boy is brought home; then give what you like privately, but don't invite the vagabonds of Moscow to empty your pockets through the goodness of your heart."

Smirnoff yielded to this view of the case, although, like many who believe in money, he believed it to be omnipotent.

The next point of importance to be discussed was the mode of action to be adopted with Abrazoff. Smirnoff suggested that as they had been two hours and a half at work, they should first refresh exhausted nature. Accordingly the whole party adjourned to an adjoining room, or rather hall, where a sumptuous cold collation had been prepared under the name of "tea," which was justified by the magnificent silver tea-service and gorgeous samovar of the same metal that stood upon the table.

At Smirnoff's table there was some special delicacy in the flavour of the tea, which had been imported for him by the celebrated Popoffs of Moscow, and the price he paid would have certainly been something utterly beyond the comprehension of English housekeepers, who would never dream of paying fifty shillings per pound for tea!

After tea the whole party retired to the "cabinet," or study as we should call it.

They were not very long about the deliberation, for they had already taken the initiative by drawing up the "denunciation" of Abrazoff, and it was now resolved to follow this up by a regular lawsuit to be conducted by Brandt, who had shown such skill in getting the evidence together.

Said Count Schaafstadt, "You were remarkably clever about that original document and the copy. I was very

much scared when I saw it torn. Where are the originals?"

"Safe in my strong box, but any of you can see them at any time, and if General Kakaroff thinks it safer I will deposit them with the case as I draw it up in the hands of the Crown prosecutor, to be produced at the trial."

"No necessity for that," said Kakaroff. "I am only too glad that the matter is in your hands, and am thankful to Tenterton for having made me acquainted with such a lawyer. I am only too happy to think that the success of this cause, which I believe to be certain, will at once bring you before the public at the head of the legal profession. I speak for myself and my friend Count Schaafstadt when I say that the nobility of Moscow will be personally grateful to you for any steps you may take to keep the order from being contaminated in the public mind by the evil deeds of one individual."

Before any reply could be made a servant appeared announcing the arrival of a police corporal with a note for Kakaroff. He was at once admitted, and the prefect opened and read the note, which he handed over to Brandt. Its contents were as follows:

"I am inclined to make terms rather than expose myself and family to a public trial. The evidence is too strong, and I shall be ready to yield up possession to my nephew, of whose existence I was not aware, on being satisfied of his identity. My terms are immediate release and sufficient provision for myself and family.

(Signed) "N. ABRAZOFF."

"It is too late now," observed the count. "The thing will be all over Moscow to-morrow, and if we withdraw it will be seen to be a matter of favour and arrangement."

"It need not be 'all over Moscow' unless you like. My men don't talk, and I have only to suppress it," said Kakaroff. "No person need be a bit the wiser."

"How about the written denunciation," said Smirnoff, "to which we have all affixed our signatures?"

"That has to come before me before it has any force, and then I can suppress it," said the prefect.

"But you have already signed it," observed Brandt; "will it come before you again?"

"Yes, for the stamp and official signature as prefect. Of course, I could stop it, but I am afraid from what I have seen of Abrazoff to-day that if we compromise the matter he will do something very desperate to Ivan; and should he make away with the boy by some means which would keep suspicion from himself, why, all the property would revert to him and his family, and we should have been working for him."

"What singular people you are!" said Tenterton. "In England there would be no possibility of concealing such dreadful things. There the majesty of the law asserts itself!"

This was received with great applause and much laughter, his auditors believing, evidently, that the practices in England were every bit as bad as those in Russia, only not so much talked about.

Kakaroff wrote upon his visiting card the following words: "Received your application. It is too late to suppress the case, instructions having been



issued." He enclosed this in an envelope from Smirnoff's writing-table, sealed it with black wax (the court was in mourn-

ing), and, pressing his signet-ring on the wax, completed the missive, which he then sent off by the soldier. Tenterton

and Brandt now left, and the official business was over.

(To be continued.)

## ON SPECIAL SERVICE: A NAVAL STORY.

BY GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.,

Author of "The Cruise of the Snowbird," "Stanley O'Grahame," etc.

### CHAPTER IV.—LIFE IN A TRAINING-SHIP.

To say that Colin was unhappy all that day would convey but little notion of the state of his feelings. Under arrest! He had plenty of time to think—he was wretchedly miserable, and, naturally enough, he conjured up the very worst that could possibly happen.

He moved about, when he did move at all, like one in a dream. All the noise and bustle of duty going on around him seemed far away. It did not concern him—so he felt. These happy cadets had probably never disgraced themselves as he had done. How little he knew!

The men too looked so jolly and careless, he would gladly have changed places with any of them. Under arrest! Disgraced and dishonoured already, and hardly a day in uniform! He would be tried by court-martial or by "court of inquiry," and turned out of the service! And his dear mother. Oh! it would break her heart. And his uncle—well, there was some little consolation in thinking that it was on his account he had fought.

He could neither eat nor rest. At times he stood gazing out of the port. He had half a mind to jump in and swim on shore—it was not so very far. But then that would be desertion, and not only desertion but downright cowardice. No, he would stay and brave it all. It would make matters worse to run.

He wished so much to have some one to talk with, but all were busy, and the cadet who had proved his friend the day before, and whose name was Quentin Steele, had gone on twenty-four leave.

The day wore away at length, and night fell; he was glad when he found himself in his hammock with all quiet around him, only the steady tread of the sentry heard overhead, or the noise of laughing voices in the distant wardroom. The night before he had fallen asleep with the semi-musical shout of "All's well" from the upper-deck sentries ringing in his ear. The sound was new to him, it breathed romance; it was a sound that he would hear every night of his life for years to come, a sound that was part and parcel of the career that was before him. To-night he heard it, and turned in his hammock and sighed. Gradually all sounds save and alone the sentry's tread died away, but Colin still lay awake, and every time the bells were struck he started as if they rung the funeral knells of his departed ambition.

He did manage to fall asleep at last, and his dreams were weary toilsome ones. No wonder that he awoke unrefreshed in the morning.

His friend Quentin Steele was still absent, so Colin had few he cared to speak to. His brother cadets chaffed Burgess and chaffed Colin through Bur-

"You'll be hanged this time, Burgess," said one.

"And your co-belligerent will be hung up by the toes."

"Doesn't Sawney look white?"

"White, did you say, he looks precious black about the eyes, anyhow."

"He'll look blue enough before long."

"Scotchmen are all green."

Colin took no notice. Twelve o'clock came round at last, and both delinquents were brought up before the commander, "planked," as it is called.

"Keep your pecker up, old man," said a voice close to Colin's ear as he was going on deck. Colin looked round; it was Steele. He had just come on board.

The commander—gold lace half up to the elbows—looked very stern. Colin was not sure though whether he was gazing at him or at Burgess, for, truth to tell, he squinted.

"Oh! Ah!" he grunted, as he heard the complaint, "fighting, eh? I know you, Mr. Burgess, but who is this young gentleman? A fresh face."

"Only came the day before yesterday, sir," said the quartermaster.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the commander, and it was a laugh that boded no good.

"Only joined the day before yesterday. Pretty beginning, pretty mess you've made of it. Both equally guilty, I suppose!"

The prisoners did not speak.

"Well, we'll make short work of

Poor Colin's heart felt like lead at these words.

"One moment, if you please, sir," said Quentin Steele, coming boldly up in front of the commander and saluting him.

The commander looked at him over a book of some mysterious kind which he held in his hand—but did not speak.

Quentin told the whole story of Colin's arrival with his one-legged uncle, as the reader already knows it, and the scene next morning, Colin's forbearance, great provocation, and so forth.

"That's enough," said the commander. "Mr. McLeod you may go. Don't take the law in your own hands again. Mr. Steele, I'm obliged to you for enabling me to put the saddle on the right horse."

The right horse *was* saddled, and so effectually that he did not leave the ship for a fortnight.

From that very hour Quentin Steele and Colin McLeod were fast friends.

It was not long now ere Colin settled thoroughly down in his new and certainly novel situation. He made many friends, perhaps even a few foes, for Colin was imperturbable. His first experience served him in good part. He was wise. He had learned a lesson, and a bitter one it was, so he determined to profit by it. He tried never to lose his temper, and

when chaffed about either his accent or the land of his birth he took it in good part, and if he possibly could he laughed it off; if he really felt angry he kept silent.

So his messmates soon came to know his peculiarity.

"Look out," some one would cry, "McLeod's in a wrath."

"He's too quiet by one-half," another would add.

"It's the lull before the storm."

"Look out, boys, the Assyrian'll be down presently like a wolf on the fold."

But Colin did not keep his anger long. He was soon pleasant and happy again and singing.

Even Bully Burgess made friends with him at last. This lad was always up to mischief and practical joking. He even endeavoured to get Colin to join him in some of his mad pranks, but in vain.

"Now, I say," continued Bully one day, "those fellows Smith, O'Brien, Marvell, Rae, and that lot, are constantly chaffing you about your country. Why don't you hit 'em? That's what I'd do if I had an arm like you; I'd have them out down here into the orlop-deck, one by one—take a day to each, you know, and some days you might polish two off. Think of it. Take my advice. I would simply say after lunch some day, Capital day Friday—work of the week about through, and if you half kill a fellow our old Sawbones will put him on the list till Monday. Do you catch?"

"Yes," replied Colin, "I catch, as you call it, but I won't hold. No, Burgess, the bait isn't tempting enough."

"Well, you're a dough-eater."

"Thank you, I prefer to continue on the same loathsome tack, Burgess; better be a dough-eater than a fire-eater."

"Very well," cried Bully, jumping up; "good-bye."

"The world is half made up of fools like you, So—live in peace—adieu!"

Poor Bully Burgess, he was never long out of mischief, nor long out of hot water. And as for idleness—well, he used to say to himself that it was his strong point.

"You've heard," he said to Colin once, "or," he added, sarcastically, "your reading has doubtless carried you as far as the story of the truant schoolboy who went on a fine day to a dog and then to a bird and then to a bee and so on, asking them time about to come and play with him?"

"I know, I know;" cried Colin, impatiently; "and they each and all refused. They had something else to do, and at last the boy went to school and settled down to his work like a man."

"Ah, yes," said Bully, "but only the first part of the fable suits my book. Mind that, and if I can't get anybody to



play with me, why, I'll play alone." Bully Burgess did play alone, and to some purpose, as will presently be seen.

Colin McLeod liked his new life very well indeed after a time. The ship he was in was an immensely great craft in our hero's eyes at all events. She was partly school and partly man-o'-war. The lessons were not very hard, and there were about half a dozen naval instructors, to say nothing of French and drawing masters.

The life led was extremely regular ;

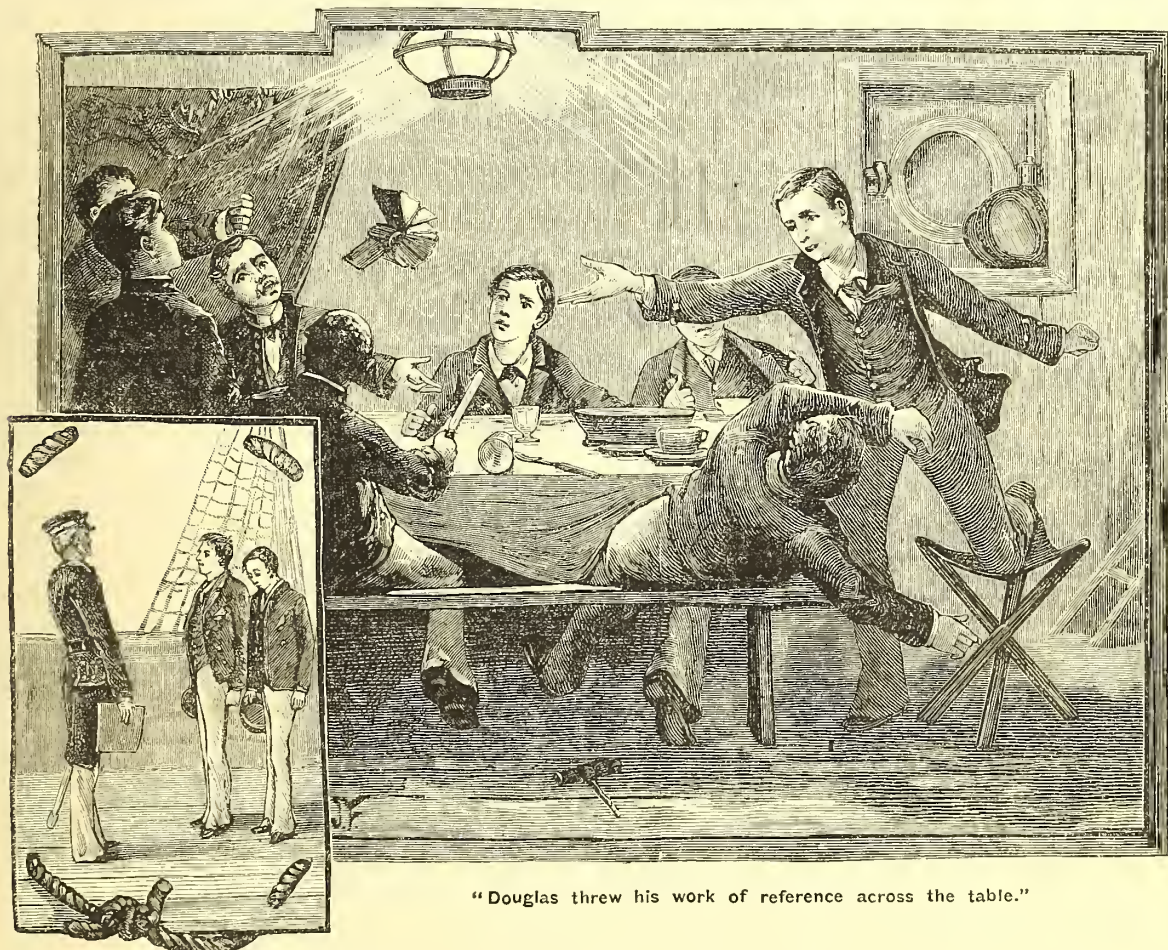
day when I'm not in. And when I *do* come in you are not to take that as a hint to fly away. Whenever I want you to leave I'll tell you straight. Only don't speak unless you're spoken to, and don't expect me to help you with your lessons ; at all events don't ask me, because I won't. I'm paid for doing my duty, and I do it. I'm not paid for doing anything extra, and I don't."

It was such a prettily furnished cabin this of Mr. Baker's. Not very large. There was the cot, covered with rich,

now ships and shipping only, now the far-off hills, and anon the sea itself. This latter Colin never tired looking at. It was never, never the same, but whether tossed and foam-flecked with roaring winds or calmly sleeping under a blue and windless sky, Colin felt he loved it. Was it not his future home ?

Yes, it would be his future home if he worked now, worked and worked and worked and never tired.

The rocking-chair was very luxurious. One lovely afternoon—it was a Saturday



"Douglas threw his work of reference across the table."

even games and amusements were conducted with method. The strictness of the service routine was for a time rather irksome to Colin, newly from the wild, free hills as he was, but he soon came to like even that. For when duty *was* over, when work *was* done, then he could play with an easy mind and a clear conscience.

There was a naval instructor of the name of Baker, a man of some standing in the service, who, seeing how earnest Colin was in the pursuit of his studies, took a great interest in him.

"Come along," he said one day, "into my cabin. Bring your books ; you'll be quieter here.

"Now let us understand each other thoroughly. You can come in here every

soft rugs, two tiny cushioned chairs, and a neat rocking-chair upholstered [ugly word that, "upholstered"] in blue satin, a fairy chest of fairy drawers, a fairy washhandstand, a fairy bookcase with the best authors in the smallest possible compass, and fairy pictures—chiefly of ships and scenery—all round the bulkheads, with brackets in the corners with flowers. Then there were curtains and hangings wherever they seemed in place, so the whole cabin had an air of quiet refinement that was not only refreshing, but calmly impressive.

The great port windows were nearly always open, and the view that Colin saw therefrom was for ever changing as the ship swung with tide or wind. Now it would be the romantic old town itself,

—Colin gave way to temptation ; he took his Euclid and sat down in the rocking-chair.

It was very pleasant. Colin tried to study. "Let  $A B C$  be a given triangle, the angle  $C A B$  a right angle, then the angles  $A C B$  and  $C B A$  are together—"

Colin never got any further, for the simple reason that he had fallen asleep. That rocking-chair was far too pleasant.

By-and-by Baker came in. He smiled to himself and said nothing, but when Colin at length awoke his Euclid was gone, and in its place on his lap lay a Bible, with a pin stuck through this verse—Proverbs vi. 9.

Colin never ventured to sit again in that rocking-chair.



"Look here," said Bully Burgess one morning, "I'm going to have some rare fun to-night. I'm going to give a quiet spread, and we'll have it out about the Scotch and English battles. I'm so sorry you are going on shore to-night and can't come."

Now, Bully really possessed talent, though he put it to a bad use, as may be seen from the following brief account of the last of his doings on board the cadet-ship.

All he invited came willingly enough to Bully's spread. He had managed to get together quite enough of the "good things," as he called them, of this life to make a decent show, and everybody said Bully wasn't a bad fellow at heart, though he often had somewhat queer ways with him.

Now Bully had managed to get to his party a fair sprinkling of Scotch cadets, and these he also managed to seat all at one side of the board. I am not going to say what were the viands Bully placed before his guests; some of them were contraband and of a rather exciting nature. It was not difficult to lead the conversation back to the old days of history, when England and Scotland were at deadly enmity. Then, some argument arising about the amount of slain at a certain battle, Bully quietly produced a couple of books of reference, putting one at each side of the table. They were old books, one written by a Scotch author, another by an English. It is needless to say that both gave a bigoted account of the battle. And it is almost needless to say that, their patriotism fired by Bully's contraband viands, argument soon raged high. Sad to say, words soon came to blows. A Scotch boy was kicked from under the table, apparently from the other side, but I doubt that Bully knew something about it. Then the boy who had been kicked and whose name was Douglas threw his work

of reference across the table, crying in a mock heroic tone,

"On as thou wert wont, brave heart,  
Douglas shall follow thee."

Douglas did follow, and the row that arose defies description; but there are one or two wearing epaulets now in the service who remember it well.

This was the result. Three days after the battle Bully Burgess's father came down for him, and Bully went away from the ship *in plain clothes*. No one pitied Bully, but I'm sure that many were sorry for the tall aristocratic soldier his father; he looked very sad, and felt his son's disgrace.

Many a time in after life did Colin McLeod look back with pleasure on the happy and uneventful days he spent in that dear old training-ship. I believe when he left he had none but friends on board.

He passed with flying colours. His uncle was delighted. His mother was so glad to have him home for what she in her innocence imagined would be a long "spell" of leave—much longer than any of the previous vacations.

True to his word, Duncan Robb had joined the marines. Colin's brother did the best he could for him; he, too, was glad to have his brother back, and planned all sorts of fishing excursions for him, to say nothing of the pleasant days they were to spend together on the moors.

But in less than a fortnight Colin was ordered off.

"It is the exigencies of the service, my dear," Captain Peter explained to his sister. "Colin no longer belongs to us, but to his country."

Colin's mother was very sad, but somewhat proud withal to think that his country apparently could not get on at all without her boy Colin.

The truth is that Captain Peter himself was at the bottom of Colin's hurried

departure. He had a friend or two at Court, and when one of these, who was down in Scotland shooting, offered to get his nephew appointed to a flagship.—

"Flagship!" cried the old captain—"flagship! Fiddlesticks! I want my boy to be a sailor. Send him down the coast a year; let him rough it. If he behaves himself, then we'll get a good ship for him, but no flagships—no feather-bed business. I roughed it; let Colin do the same!"

So off down the coast (of Africa) went Colin in a gunboat. He did rough it, and when he returned to his father's glen, just one year after, with six weeks' leave to do as he pleased, he was as brown as a huckleberry, and as tough and hard as hickory.

Then he set himself to enjoy his leave, and I am bound to say he did. Well, he had earned it.

But one forenoon Uncle Peter was heard coming along the hall towards the drawing-room, where Colin was quietly reading to his mother, and the old man was making such a clattering noise with his wooden leg that it was quite evident to everybody that something more than common was in the wind.

"Here you are!" he cried, bursting into the room and waving a long white official envelope over his head—"here you are! What a lucky young dog to be sure! Appointed to the Theodora! Think o' that! And you're only a baby! You're off on special service too! You'll go everywhere and see everything! Lucky young dog, you! lucky young dog!"

Colin's mother turned somewhat pale, and laid down her work. Colin went and kissed her.

"Bid me joy, mother," he said. "It will be a long cruise—a whole commission—but I mean to come back with my epaulets on!"

(To be continued.)

## THE TROUT, AND HOW TO CATCH IT.

By J. HARRINGTON KEENE,

Author of "The Practical Fisherman," "Fishing Tackle, and How to Make It," etc.

### III.—FISHING WITH THE ARTIFICIAL FLY—FLIES AND TACKLE.

THE flies which the fly-fisher must needs imitate with fur and feather if he would catch trout are in England comprised by the entomologist under several specific names. The Ephemeriæ, Phryganidæ, Perlidæ, and Muscidæ include most of these, and indeed, on clear streams, may be said to form the chief of the food of the trout inhabiting them. These families may in turn be simplified and rendered easier of remembrance by dividing them into two classes—namely, the Up-winged (Ephemeriæ, Perlidæ, etc.) and the Flat-winged (Phryganidæ, etc.). The former are flies which proceed from the larvæ on the water, and float with wings erect; the latter have their wings placed flat on their bodies. As a rule, the former are gauzy, veined, and

almost transparent, and the latter much more coarse of texture, and almost opaque.

Now, it behoves the fly-fisherman to know something about the natural history of the flies he is about to imitate, and, as I detest long formularies and unnecessary technicalities, I shall endeavour to make my remarks as simple and practical as possible. The great family of the Ephemeriæ has been divided and subdivided by naturalists almost to infinity, and I doubt not this has to them been a labour of love worthy of all respect. But so far as we are concerned we may safely say, what careful study and research on my part has convinced me to be true, that for the angler there exists but four different species of the Up-winged insects, and these are the

Olive Duns, the Iron Blues, the large Brown Duns, and the Mayfly. On the Itchen, over the best part of which I have control, this is absolutely the case. The Mayfly, being the largest and chief of these flies, though not the earliest, I shall give a slight sketch of its history, at the same time premising that in effect the history of the Mayfly is the history of all the family with but little variation. The Mayfly in its larval and imago states is well known, and when it is added that it is found in all shades from yellow to yellow-brown, and even brown-black, you will confess it is a marvellously beautiful insect, I am sure.

The most important season to the fly-fisher also is that which witnesses the advent of the



Mayfly. During the last week in May or the first in June myriads of these gauzy-winged creatures rise from their whilom watery dwellings, and, after a period of fluttering in the air, descend to the water's marge on its circling eddies, to be sucked in by the trout till each fish is absolutely gorged. Then, above all periods, is the harvest-time of the fisher. With cunning imitation of the green or grey drake he plies his art, or even, be it regretfully said, with the natural fly itself. In either case his success is sure; and even if the fish do not require so much killing as at other times, the aggregate result at the day's end amply compensates him for his discounted sport.

The analogy existing between the transformations which the lepidopterous insects undergo during the course of their life-cycle, and the life, death, and resurrection of man, has often been brought forward by theological naturalists, and very apt and appropriate the analogue seems to be. The Rev. Mr. Kirby, in his "Introduction to Entomology," amongst others, has delightfully applied this series of embryonic developments to the changes of human existence. The changes, for instance, in the life of a butterfly are briefly as follows. First it is found in the form of an egg; this, when hatched, becomes the larva (from the Latin, signifying a mask). In this stage—as Linnaeus knew when he bestowed the name—the creature is the ultimate butterfly, with all its colours and beauties unwrapped and marked. Next it becomes a pupa (from the Latin, meaning an infant), and its covering folds it in like the wrappings of a mummy, in which manner it was customary at one time to case children. At last the comparatively inert chrysalis or pupa bursts its fetters and emerges to the light and sunshine of day a gorgeous insect rejoicing in its freedom. This last is termed its imago state.

The insect under consideration, however, has an additional and intermediate development between the pupa and full imago state, which unfits it for the analogue referred to, though perhaps one of the profoundest satires ever written on human nature is to be found in Franklin's address, supposed to have been spoken by an aged member of the Ephemeride, which had lived just four hundred and twenty minutes. This intermediate stage is termed the "semi-completa," or pseudimago state, and it is precisely because anglers have not been good enough entomologists to observe it that the green drake and greydrake have been generally regarded as the male and female. Really, as was pointed out long ago by Nichol, the former is the pseudimago, and the latter the perfected form or imago of the same insect.

The life-history of the Mayfly may be thus summarised. The ova are dropped into the water in such immense numbers, that though probably no more than one in a thousand survives its various enemies, yet wherever the fly is found it is in large quantities. As soon as the egg is hatched it turns to and commences to revenge itself on its former enemies, and consumes the eggs of other insects and fish with a voracity not easily credible. This in obedience to the grand law of the balance of life referred to probably by the moody Prince of Denmark: "A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath eat of the worm," which in turn is but an amplification of "eat and be eaten."

Being aquatic animals, the larvæ breathe through a most beautiful provision of nature in the shape of spiraculous filaments extending down the thorax. These are distinctly finished breathing apparatus, and by no means either analogous or similar to the rudimentary gill-like processes of the tadpole or axolotl. After remaining in this stage of existence a period greater or less according to temperature, but probably not exceeding a year, the pupa stage supervenes. In no instances, it may be remarked, do the larvæ

of the Ephemeride form cases like the larvæ of the stone-fly or caddis, although this has been stated to be so. The pupa differs but little from the larva except in size, which is considerably increased. It feeds similarly, and only at the conclusion of this part of its existence does it exhibit any marks of the great change in its appearance which is approaching.

It lives as a pupa often as long as four years, and just prior to its migration airwards the wings of the ultimate fly may be detected folded tightly across the thorax. Eventually the moment arrives for its advent, or "rising," as it is colloquially termed. Seeking the shore, it emerges, climbing some convenient water-plant; its wings unfold, and, ere it has been more than a few minutes in the sunshine, they are extended. The insect then flutters them or flies, and has attained to the full development of its pseudimago state. It does not, however, in this position remain long. The rays of the sun arouse latent energies, and supply vitality for the ultimate change. In the semi-complete stage the Mayfly possesses a thin pellicle as a sort of overcoat protecting his full-dress for the water, and a trimming of delicate fringes is to be seen on the caudal filament and margin of the wings. Suddenly it may be seen that this splits in somewhat the same manner as does the shell of a lobster when the crustacean is shedding its coat, and the insect, instantly fulfilling its instincts, completes its airy nuptials in the space of a few hours or even less, to fall exhausted and dying, and is then swallowed by some swift-skimming swallow or voracious trout.

The distribution of the Mayfly is limited, and as uncertain as that of the mistletoe or grayling, or nightingale. The midland brooks of England possess it in abundance; the Colne in Middlesex, and the Hampshire and Derbyshire rivers, are also plentifully stocked with it. Some parts of the Thames abound with multitudes of a very large size; notably is this the case near Windsor. On the other hand, the Surrey Wandle and the Axe, as well as the chief lakes of England, seldom produce it; whilst the trout of some Irish loughs are perfectly glutted with the beautiful creature. And, as has been before observed, wherever it is found the number which arise almost simultaneously is truly prodigious. Reaumur gives a description of a scene of this kind witnessed by him on the banks of the Marne, which would be discredited did it not emanate from such an unimpeachably veracious observer. He says, "When the snow falls with the largest flakes, and with the least interval between them, the air is not so filled as it was around us with Ephemeræ; scarcely had I remained in one place a few minutes when the step on which I had stood was quite concealed by a layer of them from two to four inches deep." Mr. Pinkerton has also described a similar phenomenon which occurred under his observation, and further corroboration is not wanting to prove the multitudinous and fishy importance of what trout-fishers well know as the "rising" of the Mayfly.

This, therefore, is in brief the life-history of the chief of the *up-winged* flies. The small Duns—viz., Olive, Blue, Yellow, and Golden—are really only the different pseudimago stages, according to weather, of what eventually develop into the small Red-spinner. The large Browns, such as the March Brown and the Iron-blue Dun, are flies bearing a very close resemblance to the Mayflies, but only attain to about half their size. They are eagerly taken by the fish, and their different appellations will be given further on, when the most approved flies are named. Most of them, however, finally emerge as the large Red-spinner.

The *flat-winged* flies consist of a far greater number and variety of species, though they are quite of secondary importance in trout-fishing. The chief of those employed by the angler are the Red, Sand, Cinnamon

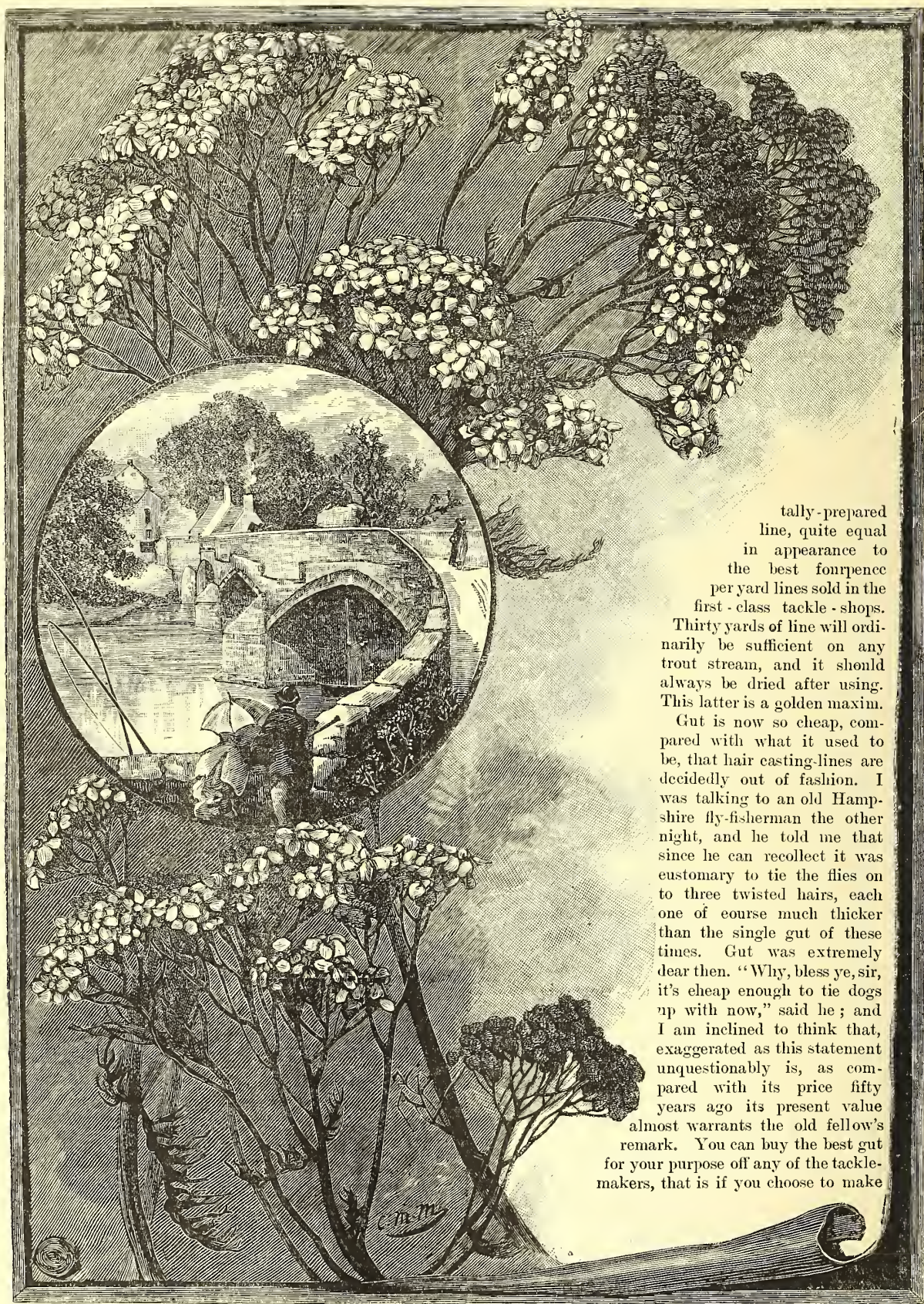
Stonefly, Yellow Sally, Willow, and Needle flies. These emerge from cases, and belong in their larval state to the large caddis family. Thousands of the caddis, cases and all, are devoured by trout; but when the fly is on the water the trout seem to care for them in a degree quite inferior to that which is exhibited by them for the up-winged species. I shall have a good deal to say about the imitations of the best of these three orders of flies, but in the meantime let me impress on you the wisdom conveyed in the words of David Foster, of Ashbourne, "The real essence of the art lies in deceiving the fish by a correct copy of any fly that may be at any time absorbing their attention."

To revert from the theoretical to the practical, I now proceed to refer to the tackle necessary for artificial fly-fishing, and the first consideration in this connection is the rod. No boy of my acquaintance is possessed of sufficient skill to make a satisfactory fly-rod, and I therefore must advise that the tyro save up his money and buy what he wants from some respectable tackle-maker, such as Farlow, of the Strand, or Little, of Fetter Lane, or Foster, of Ashbourne. For a single-handed weapon ten feet is quite long enough; and, if you can afford it, the very best are made of split cane glued up—i.e., the cane is selected and split into segments, and then accurately glued together and bound with silk at intervals. I saw a little beauty the other day with German-silver mountings—ferules, joints, etc.—ten feet long, and what do you think it weighed? Just eight ounces; but it cost seven guineas at the great International Fisheries Exhibition. Of course the buyer of this was extravagant, for a rod costing half as much would have lasted a lifetime with care, and that is why I counsel the buying of a good one. Unless you step on a glued-up cane rod, the trout does not exist that can break it fairly.

The *winch* is another consideration, and beware of multiplying reels is my first note of warning. They are a delusion and a snare, and are always out of order. An ordinary bronzed check or check-reel will do for all purposes, whether for fly or bottom-fishing, or angling for the strong and impetuous pike. If the barrel of the winch—or, in other words, the axle on which the line is wound—be not more than three-eighths of an inch in diameter, and it is pretty certain not to be, it is a capital "dodge" to wind tape round it till it is quite half an inch through. This of course increases the rapidity with which a fish can be wound up, and also enables you without straining the line to pull out what is required for casting.

The *line* is of great consequence, and its selection requires a little attention. Do not buy too fine a winch-line. An eight-plait line dressed hard is quite fine enough; indeed, the "Acme" line, sold by Messrs. Foster, of Ashbourne, which possesses a fine copper wire woven with it, is the best line in the market. It is not too clumsy as regards size, nor is it too light—the copper gives it both weight and strength, and so increases the facility with which it can be cast as to make it a very pleasant and easy line to fish with. By all means get an "Acme" line in preference to any other if you can afford it. If you cannot spare the money you may economise thus. Send to Mr. Martin, of Lover's Lane, Newark-on-Trent, for an eight-plait silk line, undressed, and dress it yourself thus: Take of pure solid paraffin one pound, pure white resin a quarter of a pound—this can be increased according to experiment; melt them together in a pipkin, and whilst in a melted state—not too hot—soak the line. Let it remain in the solution till you think it is quite permeated with it. Then draw it out through a cork with a split in it. This takes off the superfluous dressing. Next, having stretched it out between nails, polish it with some powdered talc or finely-pulverised pumice-stone, and then you have a capi-





tally-prepared  
line, quite equal  
in appearance to  
the best fourpence  
per yard lines sold in the  
first-class tackle-shops.

Thirty yards of line will ordinarily be sufficient on any trout stream, and it should always be dried after using. This latter is a golden maxim.

Gut is now so cheap, compared with what it used to be, that hair casting-lines are decidedly out of fashion. I was talking to an old Hampshire fly-fisherman the other night, and he told me that since he can recollect it was customary to tie the flies on to three twisted hairs, each one of course much thicker than the single gut of these times. Gut was extremely dear then. "Why, bless ye, sir, it's cheap enough to tie dogs up with now," said he; and I am inclined to think that, exaggerated as this statement unquestionably is, as compared with its price fifty years ago its present value almost warrants the old fellow's remark. You can buy the best gut for your purpose off any of the tackle-makers, that is if you choose to make

your own casting-lines; and you can get the lines themselves for a trifle over what they would cost you if you made them. Not less than three yards the line should be—four yards is even better; and the finer you can use the better will be your chance with the fish.

The next and perhaps most important part

of the whole subject is that of the flies. In Vol. III. B. O. P. will be found the whole *modus operandi* of fly-making, with remarks on their killing powers and natural history. I shall not go out of the way to repeat what was there said, but what I now put before my readers must be taken as supplementary.

Since those articles were written I have had two years' intimate experience of the chief and most difficult river in England as regards trout; and what I now put forward is the result of it in conjunction with the masters of the art dwelling in the locality. For a great deal of the following I am indebted to



Mr. Hall, of Weymouth, who is perhaps one of the most accomplished amateur fly-tiers in England, if not the world, especially as regards the smaller up-winged flies. In a recent communication published in the "Fishing Gazette" he has some capital dressings, which I quote with apologies to the editor of that paper.

**Olive Dun.**—Hooks, 0 and 00. Body, olive, a ribbing of fine gold wire is an improvement; wings, dark starling feather; legs and whisks at tail—a hackle stained olive—a dull brown. Another dressing is quill from the fibre of a peacock herl, wings and hackle as before; sometimes a gold tag is added. This is a pattern admitting of several shades, and is the best all-round pattern that can possibly be used in Hampshire. Another, same pattern as last, with light-brown fibres of hare's fur tied in for legs. Very good in April, and an excellent floater. Another—body, leveret's fur dyed olive, ribbed with gold wire; hackle and wings as before. This is known as the rough spring olive—a very useful variety. A very useful olive dun is also made from india-rubber for the body, which is continued from the hook, and cocks up like the actual fly. The wings are of starling, like the others.

**Hare's Ear Dun.**—Hook, 0 or 00. Body, hare's fur from the ear, ribbed with gold, and fibres picked out for legs, winged with dark starling, or (2) body, yellow silk, slightly waxed, hare's fur tied in at shoulder for legs. Wings as before.

**Red, Grey, and Ginger Quill.**—Hook, 0 or 00, usually the smaller size. Body, undyed quill. There is room for variety in choice of quill. The red one has for legs and whisk red hackle; wings, darkish starling. The grey and ginger are dressed with slighter wings.

The "Little Marryat."—Body, very pale buff opossum fur spun on light-yellow silk; wings, medium starling; legs and whisks, the patent feather from a buff Cochinchina cockerel.

**The Iron-blue.**—Body, quill peacock or condor (if it can be got) dyed a dark-blue with a violet shade; some prefer mauve silk with mole's fur. Legs and whisks, dark honey dun, the natural fly having yellow tips to its dusky-blue legs; wings, from the breast of the water-hen or from the tail-feather of the gooter titmouse.

**The Red-spinner.**—Body, quill dyed in

Judson's light-brown; wings, two hackle points chosen from bright shiny cock's feather, with golden tips; legs and whisks, a red hackle with black central rib. The natural fly has a thick shoulder and thorax which are unmistakably black.

**The Badger Quill.**—Body, greenish-olive quill, with a couple of white turns at the tail; legs and wings, a badger hackle—that is to say, a hackle with a rusty-grey centre and bright shining yellowish-grey points. The feathers are not easy to get. It does well with a quill body dyed in Judson's light-red. Hook 0 or 00.

**Wickham's Fancy.**—Hook 00 to 1 and 2. "Whenever the rise of fly is scanty or uncertain use a Wickham," says Mr. Hall. "If a stubborn old trout has refused all your delicate duns and spinners, try a Wickham, and in rough, wet weather, when dry fly-fishing is hopeless, the attractive Wickham is sometimes capable of digging up a few trout from the weedy depths when they can be tempted by nothing else. It should be made as follows: Body, gold tinsel, ribbed from tail to head with red cock's hackle; wings, dark starling. Landrail makes a nice variety.

**Flight's Fancy.**—Body, pale yellow or primrose silk ribbed with fine flat gold tinsel. Wings, light starling; legs and whisks, pale buff—or, for a change, honey-dun.

**The Sedge-fly.**—The silver sedge is thus made: Body, white floss silk ribbed with silver, hackled over with buff or light-red hackle; wings, landrail. Hooks, 00 to 1.

**The Red Sedge.**—Hook as before. Body, red fur from hare's face or fox's ear, or from the reddest part of the opossum's skin. Rib it with gold thread, wind on a red hackle from tail to head, ring it with a ruddy wing feather from a landrail's wing.

**The Big Sedge or Cinnamon.**—Same dressing as for red sedge, winged with the reddest part of a cock landrail's wing. Though true to nature, it is not well to dress the body thick, for the fly is apt to be lumpy and float badly. Hook No. 2.

**The Alder.**—Body, bronze-coloured peacock herl; hackle, black or dull-coloured feather with black centre and bronze tips. Wings, from the tail-feather of a hen-pheasant. Hook No. 2.

**Brown Quill.**—Body, light quill dyed in Judson's dyes a light-brown; legs and whisks, ginger; wings, starling. Hook, 00.

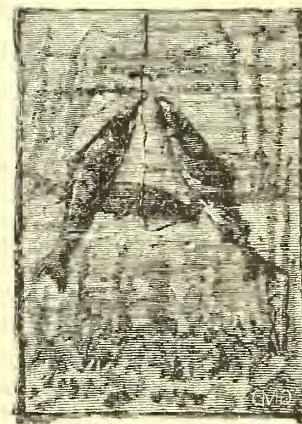
**The Indian Yellow.**—Body, delicate brown silk ribbed with bright yellow; legs and whisks, a rich buff; wings, from the under-wing feathers of a young grouse. Hook, 00. The head is of an orange hue, and is formed by a couple of turns of a rich dark orange.

**The Little Sky-blue.**—Body, pale straw-colour of silk, quill a fur; legs and whisks, light honey dun; wings, a pale delicate blue from a jay's wing-feather. Hook 00 or 000.

**The Red Tag.**—Body peacock herl, short and fat, with a tiny tag of red wool at the tail; at the shoulder a few turns of a dark rich red hackle. Hook, 00.

With these flies an angler may produce fish from any trout stream. They are easily tied if you go about it neatly and follow the directions given in Vol. III. B.O.P., or any tackle-maker would make them for you. Mr. G. Currell, of Jewry Street, Winchester, is especially and deservedly famed for all the patterns I have enumerated, and is reasonable in price. After all, however, everything depends on how you use these lures. If you put them clumsily on the water no amount of excellence in the fly will enable you to take fish. These patterns are in themselves killers on all the most difficult as well as easy streams, and if you do not find them successful it will be because you do not carefully attend to the instructions I am going to give you in throwing the fly. I therefore earnestly bespeak your careful attention to what follows.

(To be continued.)



## MONK THE MARINE.

THE "party" so named was not a man, but a monkey, and one, too, of most infinite humour. He went to sea, accompanied by a bear, with a relation of mine, who was captain of a small sloop of war, and who professed to take them with a view to keeping his men in good-humour. I believe it was to minister to his own amusement. Probably both objects were attained.

The monkey principally extracted his fun from the bear. This beast, which was of a saturnine character, indulged himself much in sleeping on the sunny side of the deck. On these occasions the monkey would overhaul his paws and twitch out any hair which he found matted by tar or pitch, the suffering which to remain seemed to be a great scandal in his opinion.

At other times he would open Bruin's eyelids and peep into his eyes, as if to ascertain what he was dreaming about. The bear, irritated at such liberties being taken with him, used to make clumsy attempts to revenge himself; but his persecutor was off in an instant. The rigging was, on these occasions, his place of refuge. Thither he

was indeed followed by his enemy; but poor Bruin was but an indifferent topman, and seldom got beyond the "lubber's hole."

The monkey, on the contrary, was famous for his activity, and for some time was named by the sailors "deputy captain of the foretop." He obtained this designation from a very singular practice. Having observed the excitement produced on board by the announcement of a sail ahead, which, as well as the chase which followed, seemed to be highly agreeable to him, the foretop became his favourite station, from whence he made his signals with great energy, chattering with a peculiar scream when any vessel was in sight, and indicating by signs in what direction it appeared.

Pug continued to volunteer his services for some time in this manner, and constantly found his reward. But at length, upon the sloop's getting on bad cruising-ground, he found his employment dull, and, by way of enlivening it, amused himself with giving false alarms.

He was started for this by the boatswain's mate, and lost his rank as deputy-captain of

the foretop. In lieu of which, moreover, he was new-named "Monk the Marine," a denomination which he certainly knew to be opprobrious, as he resented it with grimaces, chatter, and, whenever he dared, with blows.

Though he was fond of the excitement of a chase, he was not supposed to have good nerves; and those who had seen him in action (he was, after the first experiment, always sent below) made but an ill report of his steadiness under fire.

Poor Pug came to a melancholy end. He had observed a sick lieutenant, who breakfasted after the rest of his mess, making his tea, and being accidentally left alone in the gunroom, determined to imitate him. He, however, succeeded ill in his mixture; for he infused a paper of tobacco which was lying on the table, in the pot, instead of tea, and afterwards swallowed the concoction with its accompaniments of milk and sugar. This ill-imagined beverage produced the most fearful commotion in his inside, attended with long and loathsome vomitings, of which he finally died.



## SCHOOL CRICKET.

SCHOOL CRICKET is ever on the increase, and in its growth has now attained a certain level of excellence which has rendered the pre-eminence of the more fashionable establishments a thing of the past. The public schools coming under the Commissioners no longer have the monopoly of cricket teaching, and the game is practised as a study throughout the country. The change is a welcome one now that the old idea of merely playing at playing has been exploded. There is no healthier lesson to be learnt in life than that happiness depends on putting the heart into all we have to do; dawdling neither in work nor play, but in play as in work being earnest and thorough.

So numerous are the schools claiming the notice of the cricket reviewer, that unless with inordinate space his article is likely to descend into a mere statistical summary. In an article on 1881 this danger is particularly to be feared owing to there having been hardly a team or an individual of conspicuous merit. The average was far higher than usual, but there were few shining lights or striking failures. Perhaps we had better, therefore, adhere to our old plan and take a selection from the schools in alphabetical order.

Many a close election has been decided in these balloting days by the position of a name on the paper. We have all such a tendency to vote for the first thing we see that the name at the head of a list is always sure of a good reception. To this fact Ardingly owed some of the attention which the excellent cricket of Bettsworth, Blackman, Newham, and Brann has now secured for good. As usual, the M.C.C. match resulted in a win for the school, this time by 117 runs; and, as usual, the highest batting average, Brann's 46, is almost the highest of the year. His total included two scores of over 100.

The two great Bedford schools, the Grammar and the Modern, are better known for their prowess on the water than in the cricket-field; but that they are not entirely given over to pursuits aquatic their records for the season clearly show. The Grammar School eleven included P. Christopherson, who took his 65 wickets for an average of 9; and P. T. Bell, who among his scores counted two centuries—one of 122 against Wollaston Park—and in sixteen innings secured an average of 32. The three Birmingham schools—King Edward's, the Oratory, and Oscott—were also busy. The High School won 4 matches out of 11, the Oratory won 5 out of 11, and Oscott won 4 out of 9.

Brighton lost the Lancing match and the Dulwich match; and, in fact, out of a card of twelve engagements only secured one victory. The season was, however, noticeable for the excellent play of the captain, G. H. Cotterill, who made almost a third of the runs obtained by the team, and had the really good average of 35.

Charterhouse won six matches out of fourteen. Two of its eleven, Causton and Coulby, made nearly half the runs, and their averages of 23 and 30 are separated by a wide interval from those of their comrades. The best scores were made by Coulby, who secured 118 against the Cavalry Brigade, and 123 against the Racquet Players. The Westminster match was won; the Wellington match was lost.

Cheltenham were unfortunate in having to draw both their Clifton and Marlborough matches when going well in their favour. The averages were very level; those of ten of the team ran to double figures. E. M. Hamilton distinguished himself in the Clifton match by a long innings of 130, and the captain, Heath, showed himself to be a really good bat, though his average, 21, was equalled by Glass and exceeded by Robinson.

The great school on the Thames Embankment, the City of London, won but a fifth of its matches, and rejoiced in a curiously modest average return, with only one instance of double figures. Clifton found a wicket-keeper in R. H. Johnston destined to make his mark in the world, but otherwise the season was poor. Two matches out of eleven is not a very cheering report, though six draws, including the school matches with Cheltenham and Sherborne, reduced the losses to three—one of them, the Lord's engagement, being a crushing defeat to the extent of an innings and 46 runs.

Devon County School boasted five bowlers, the most expensive of whom required only six runs per wicket, and the best of whom, Hill, required only four. Its summary gives eight wins out of eleven. Dulwich won eight out of fifteen and lost six, its averages being headed by A. P. Douglas with 31, who scored 138 in the Surrey Sessions match. Though Eastbourne won seven matches out of fifteen and lost five, its record was of that topsyturvy character in which the runs lost on the bowling averaged more than those gained on the batting.

Eton won the Winchester match by five wickets, although in the first innings none of the eleven got into double figures. It was a very fortunate thing for the Light Blues that the weather interfered to make the Harrow match a draw. The results of the season—five losses out of ten, and only three wins—show that the team was hardly up to its level, although in Lucas, Thomas, Philipson, and Forster it had four good men. Forster in the Oriel match made 102—the highest score of the team during the year—and he also distinguished himself in the bowling department, having the capital average of 24 for eleven. The averages were headed by R. J. Lucas, the captain, with 27, F. Thomas, this year's captain, coming next with 23.

The doings of the Scotch schools are kept very much in the dark, owing doubtless to the innate modesty of their pupils. At the same time when Mr. Holms can make 303 not out for Blair Lodge, Mr. Bettsworth not out 203 for the same school, and Mr. H. L. Fleming 168 and 114 for the same school, it is, we think, a pity more details do not find their way to this side of the Tweed. Perhaps as the teams have a strong element of masters and professionals there may be an objection to this until the boys are skilled enough to trust entirely to themselves. Should such be the case we wish Blair Lodge and its fellows a speedy growth in that cricket proficiency of which there is good promise. Fettes had a strong eleven in 1884, and lost but two matches out of a dozen, its average list showing eight of its team with double figures, and four bowlers with singles. Loretto, which touches the English lists owing to the Rossall match, had a somewhat unsatisfactory season considering the excellent bats in the eleven. The main matches against Rossall and Fettes were drawn, but the Stonyhurst and Merchiston engagements were lost, though those with Blair Lodge and Craigmount were won. Altogether out of sixteen trials 8 were lost and 5 won. L. R. Patterson with 27 heads the averages, having made two scores over the hundred, one against the Edinburgh Garrison, the other against Edinburgh Royal Academy, J. B. Harvey, who scored a splendid innings of 106 against Rossall, averaging only 12. But in order to find fitting company for Fettes we have strayed from our order, and must resume.

Haileybury beat Wellington by an innings and 69 runs. The team was an exceptionally good one, and, like a bear, had no tail to speak of. Nine of its members averaged double figures, and one of them, D'Aeth, compiled a century against the Marlborough

Blues. Campbell's thirty-four wickets for ten runs a piece was also a notable performance, his best achievements having been in the Wellington match, when he took five wickets for eight runs, and in the Old Boys match, when he cleared out the eleven for 32. Five wins out of eight engagements is a greater measure of success than usually falls to school teams.

Harrow drew the Eton match very much in its favour, and won four matches out of ten. The Lord's match was the sixtieth of the series, and the tenth draw, six of the draws having occurred during the last ten years. Each side claims half of the fifty played out, so that some interest attached to the meeting, especially as in the two previous years the match had had to be abandoned. In the Harrow score of 126 and 152 for six wickets W. A. R. Young was top scorer with not out 23 and not out 35. In the Eton innings of 82, in which, by-the-by, the five first wickets went for 31, Lord George Scott headed the total with 32. The best batting average of the team was Buxton's 24, Butler, the captain for last year and this, only securing 13.

Lancing covered itself with glory by drawing the match with Brighton "owing to unavoidable circumstances." The other side had not a chance at the wickets. Lancing went in first and remained all day to score 465, of which H. Hammond contributed 214, and A. Hammond 120. The return match played at home was won by nine runs and seven wickets, which means that Brighton were all out for 78, and that Lancing had lost only three wickets and made 87 when the stumps were drawn. As a set-off to these successes came the loss of the Tonbridge match by 150 runs. The season's result shows four wins and five losses out of eleven. The averages are headed by H. Hammond with 30, W. H. Brown coming next with 20. In addition to this 120 against Brighton College, A. Hammond also scored 137 against East Somerset.

Remarkable as was the scoring of Lancing against Brighton, that of Leamington against Coventry Grammar School threw it into the shade. Leamington lost only eight wickets during the day and scored 509. Four of the batsmen did not reach double figures, but of the others A. Passman made 121, J. B. Wood 106, D. R. Adye 90, A. Hepburn 66, and G. A. Floyd 60, giving an average for the five of 88, and for the eight wickets of 63!

Malvern had a very fair eleven, and, though it lost the Repton and Bradfield matches, secured seven victories out of fourteen engagements. Its averages were headed by J. H. Copleston, who, with the captain, F. Yardley, is now at Oxford. His high return of 44 owed a good deal to his splendid innings of 132 against the Old Boys, the said 132 being his second century for the year.

Marlborough was unlucky in 1884. It had a good level eleven, and yet only gained one match. Fortunately this was the Rugby fixture at Lord's, which was won by eight wickets; the Cheltenham match was drawn. The averages were headed by J. P. Cheales, whose 171 against the Hampshire Gentlemen went well towards his high return of 36.

Norfolk County School won ten matches out of thirteen, Radley five out of fourteen, Repton six out of eleven, including both the Malvern and Uppingham matches. Rossall beat Shrewsbury by ten wickets, though the summary of three wins out of eleven matches was not as satisfactory as was hoped.

Rugby only won twice out of ten tries, the old experience of the uselessness of a purely batting team for winning purposes being once more confirmed. When the bats fail, as they did in the Marlborough match, their chance is hopeless. Eleven out for 49, and no double figures amongst them, is, however, a run of



ill luck that does not often occur. Let us "hope that it will not occur again," more particularly when Marlborough is this year met on the 29th of July. Of the twenty-seven matches Rugby has, however, won eighteen, so that a few losses to the Wiltshire school can be well afforded.

Sherborne won three matches out of nine, the Clifton match being one of the draws; the averages were headed by E. A. Nepean with 37, and J. B. G. Lester with 21, both batsmen of great promise. Shrewsbury won four matches out of ten, losing the Rossall match by ten wickets; the averages were headed by F. W. Burbury with 39, and by Kemp with 28.

Tonbridge had the best record of the year, seven wins out of ten, and only one loss, that to the M.C.C. The best batsman of the year, W. Rashleigh, was in the team, which averaged no less than 230 runs per innings. Rashleigh's average of 64 was swelled by his long score of 203 against Dulwich; and his 160 against Lancing and 134 against the Assyrians all came in aid thereof. A. O. Hubbard, the second on the list, also claimed a century—that secured against the Old Boys. Such entries in the "Remarks" column as "Won by 380 runs," "Won by 150 runs," "Won by 231 runs," "Won by 142 runs," receive due appreciation among the happy members of a school club, and especially when the team that earned them is generally acknowledged to be the best of the year.

Uppingham is feeling the inevitable ebb-tide which surely overtakes for a while every school, though three wins out of nine is not so bad a return on paper as the fact that the

wins were all in May and the losses and draws all in June and July would seem to imply. Wellington, under the new rule which obliges every boy in the Lower School to play at least one game of cricket a week, has undergone an awakening; though the want of a bowler told heavily against the team. In the victorious match with Charterhouse, nine of the team gained double figures, an unusual and healthy sign. This year Prince Christian Victor will captain a very promising eleven.

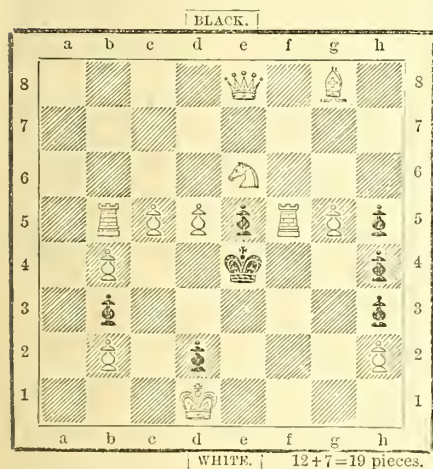
The Westminster team of 1884 was a poor one, and so was that of Winchester. Westminster had two good men in Hurst and Armitage; Winchester had two good men in Watson and Jones; and Westminster and Winchester had each a tail of nine. The parallel can be carried even farther. Westminster played ten matches, Winchester played ten matches; Westminster won two matches, Winchester won two matches; Westminster lost seven matches, Winchester lost seven matches. The match drawn by Westminster was against the Free Foresters, the match drawn by Winchester was against I Zingari. Westminster lost its great match of the season, that against Charterhouse; Winchester lost its great match of the season, that against Eton. Even the batting averages correspond, Armitage heading those of Westminster with 20, and Watson heading those of Winchester with 20. And also do the bowling averages, both Nicholls for Westminster and Hurst for Winchester claiming 13. And with this the most curious of curiosities we end our summary with the usual "Floreat Cricketa!"

## CHESS.

(Continued from page 474.)

### Problem No. 99.

By F. MÖLLER.



White to play, and mate in three (3) moves.

### SOLUTIONS,

PROBLEM No. 92.—1, R×P (ch.), K—R sq. 2, R—Kt 8 (ch.), K—R 2. 3, Q—Kt 7 (ch.), Kt×Q. 4, Q R×Kt mate.

PROBLEM No. 93.—1, Castles, P×R. 2, B—B 5, K—Q 4. 3, R—B sq., K—K 4. 4, R—B 5 mate.

PROBLEM No. 94, page 351.—1, Q—B 8, any move. 2, Q mates at Kt 4, K R 8 or B 4 accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 95.—1, K—Q sq., B—Kt 7 (or a, b, c, d). 2, R—K 3, K×R. 3, Q—Kt 4, any move. 4, Q or B mates accordingly.—(a) R×P. 2, R—Q 3 (ch.), K×P. 3, Q—Kt 6, any move. 4, Q×R P mate.—(b)

Kt—B 4. 2, Q—K 8, Kt—K 4. 3, R—Q 3 (ch.), any move. 4, Q mates at K 4 or R 4.—(c) Kt—K 3. 2, P×Kt, B—B 3. 3, Q—Kt 7, any move. 4, Q mates.—(d) P—R 4. 2, Q—Kt 5, Kt—K 4. 3, R—K 3, any move. 4, Q or R mates accordingly.

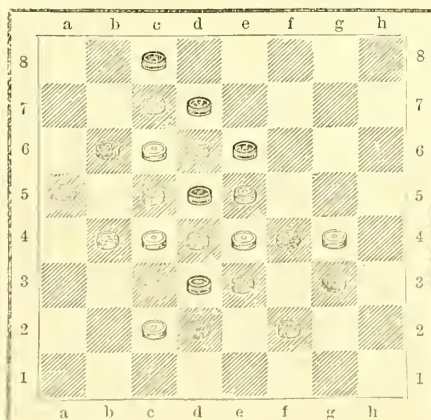
PROBLEM No. 96.—1, Kt—K 4, K×Kt (or a, b, c). 2, Q—Kt 7 (ch.), any move. 3, Q mates at K R 7.—(a) P—Kt 5. 2, Q—Kt 7 (ch.), K—B 5. 3, P—Q 3 mate.—(b) P—Q 6. 2, P×P, any move. 3, Kt or Q mates.—(c) Kt—Kt 4 or takes P. 2, P—Q 3, any. 3, Q mates.

## GO-BAN.

(See pages 6, 31, 62, 221, and 474.)

### Game No. 5.

Played between H. M. (White) and L. S. (Black).



White to play, and win in five moves.

The white men are on the squares b1, c2, c4, c5, c6, c7, d4, c3, c4, c5, f2, and g4.

## OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(SEVENTH SERIES.)

### Writing Competition.

(Continued from page 478.)

SENIOR DIVISION (ages 21 to 24).

Prize—One Guinea.

CHARLES N. NAPIER (aged 22), care of M. W. Ness, 7, Radnor Terrace, Dumbarton Road, Glasgow, N.E.

### Certificates.

JOHN S. DE VLETER, care of J. G. Fraser, Esq., attorney-at-law, Bloemfontein.

HENRY MORRIS, Bower Place, Maidstone.

HERBERT E. HURD, Elmcroft, Tottenham Lane, Horessey, N.

HENRY KNIGHT, 27, Rangemore Street, Burton-on-Trent.

ARTHUR J. DURRANT, 63, Farringdon Street, E.C.

W. E. BULL, Staunton Harold, Ashby-de-la-Zouch.

HENRY POLGREEN, St. Germans, Cornwall.

WILLIAM L. VARNON, Castle Street, Hinkley.

JAMES B. CRAIGIE, 22, Apsley Place, Glasgow.

ALBERT E. NIXON, 171, Downham Road, Southgate Road, N.

G. T. F. CLARKE, Ingestre, Stafford.

CHAS. F. PETERS, 67, Bengel Street, Liverpool, E.

JOSEPH G. ROWLEY, 37, Holms Street, Great Cambridge Street, Hackney Road, E.

FREDK. WAITE, 40, Moscow Road, Bayswater, W.

W. R. MARTIN, Old Bank, Altrincham, Cheshire.

JAMES E. CHURCH, 40, Embrook Street, Queen's Park, W.

HARRY METCALFE, 3, York Place, Richmond, Yorks.

FREDK. D. ALLEN, 45, Ellington Street, Barnsbury, N.

JAMES P. STEPHENSON, Baldock Street, Ware, Herts.

EDWIN MORRIS, 32, Castle Street, Shrewsbury.

J. W. CROWTHER, Victoria Road, Tadmorden.

JOHN ROBERTSON, 18, Kenmare Street, Pollokshields, near Glasgow.

JAMES LOVELAND, 24, Plymouth Place, Leamington.

JOSEPH S. UPTON, Highbridge Street, Waltham Abbey.

J. W. BIRTLEY, 27, Mulgrave Terrace, Gateshead.

JAMES A. CATTO, care of Messrs. Wyld Brock and Co., Toronto, Canada.

D. MACDONALD, 43, Penrose Street, Plymouth.

JOHN JAMES SIMPSON, 25, Chester Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

TERRILL KENNEY, Savings Bank Department, General Post Office, Cape Town, South Africa.

## THE "BOY'S OWN" GORDON MEMORIAL FUND.

(Continued from page 479.)

SINCE our last number went to press—and, as our readers understand, our large circulation necessitates our printing at least a month in advance of the actual date of publication—we have received a spontaneous letter from the Editor of the "Globe," the well-known London evening newspaper, which it may be well to quote. Of course, when he wrote he could have known nothing of what we had actually done and were doing in the matter. His letter, which is dated Wednesday, March 25th, but did not reach us until the following day, asks:—

As the recognised organ of British boyhood, your journal could give the project sketched in the enclosed cuttings a most powerful helping hand. Could you see your way to do so? . . . Gordon's love for the young and helpless could not, I think, be more fittingly commemorated than by a Refuge for Waifs and Strays, erected at the cost of English boys.

The cuttings referred to in this letter were as follows—the first being an Editorial paragraph from the "Globe" of March 19th, and the second from the edition of March 25th:—

The suggestion made in our "By the Way" column on Tuesday, that the boys of England should get up a memorial of their own to the dead hero who loved them so deeply, has already elicited a chorus of approval. Among numerous correspondents who have addressed us on the subject, the headmaster of St. Ives School, Huntingdon, writes that on putting the matter before his pupils he found them as enthusiastic as mannikins in their desire to give effect to our suggestion. Our correspondent further expresses his conviction, with which we entirely agree, that if other headmasters were to follow his example the same response would be given. . . . We cannot undertake to receive subscriptions—a proposal which has come



to us from several quarters—but we should be most willing to help the movement by all other means in our power. . . . It will afford us much pleasure to publish, from time to time, such particulars of the progress made by the good work as may be forwarded to us. The matter now rests with the boys of England and their teachers.

Since last week we have received a number of communications highly approving of our suggestion that the boys of England should get up a memorial of their own to the heroic Gordon. The only difficulty appears to be that of organisation. At every school where the subject has been brought forward the pupils have given a most enthusiastic response, not merely in words, but in donations made on the spot. The head master of one of the leading private schools at the West End gave out subscription sheets to each form, and entrusted all the rest to the boys themselves. In a very short time several pounds were collected, and the only question now is where to send the money. . . . The boys are ready, their money is ready, their masters are ready, and it would be a thousand pities if a most praiseworthy enterprise of philanthropy, so happily begun, were to end in nothing for want of organisation.

We at once wrote in reply:—

"May I venture to trespass on your columns, *apropos* of the suggestion in your Notes of yesterday, to state that, in response to solicitations from all parts of the kingdom—alike from parents and their sons—we have resolved to open a BOYS' GORDON MEMORIAL FUND in connection with the BOY'S OWN PAPER, acknowledging in our columns all subscriptions received, issuing collecting-cards, and in other ways seeking effectively to help on the good work.

"The precise form that the memorial should take has been carefully considered; and though all the details are not yet finally settled, it has been definitely determined that the memorial shall be wholly on the lines known to be in accordance with Gordon's own wishes. A Working Boys' Home of Rest, at the seaside, is included in the scheme.

"When I mention that British boyhood has already, through our columns, recently placed two Lifeboats on the coast—at a cost of over £1,200—and also subscribed £400 for a Cot in the London Hospital, it will be readily understood how genuine a success the BOYS' GORDON MEMORIAL is likely to be.

"56, Paternoster Row, E.C.,  
March 26th, 1885."

This, then, for the present, sufficiently explains our project, of which the details will be supplied from time to time; and now let us see how the work is to be done.

#### WAYS OF WORKING.

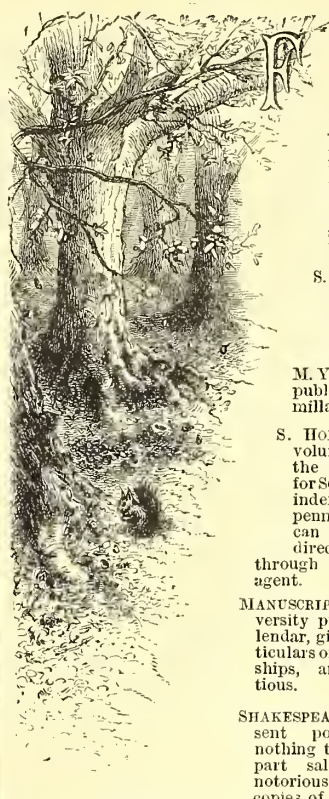
1. First, it is well to remember that it will be best in all cases where it can be managed—as in schools, families, etc.—that one correspondent should undertake to collect the various smaller sums and forward them in one amount. The decided saving in postage and trouble is not the only gain here.

2. In the villages—as in offices and workshops—one person might suitably be appointed to act as secretary or collector; and in the larger towns district committees might be formed, with the clergyman, minister, or other known and responsible person, as treasurer. In schools, both public and private, the masters would in most cases, we doubt not, be found willing heartily to co-operate, and to act as treasurers if needs be.

3. *Collecting-cards* will be furnished to all who, in applying for them, enclose a properly addressed and stamped envelope, accompanied by a letter of recommendation from clergyman, tutor, employer, or other responsible person. The necessity for this must be obvious. *All cards thus sent out will be duly numbered, and registered with the names and addresses of the applicants, and thus the chances of any cards getting into the wrong hands will be effectively guarded against.*

4. *Donations may be sent at once*, and all amounts received will be acknowledged in due course in the columns of the "BOY'S OWN PAPER." Cheques should be crossed, and P.O.O. made payable to H. WILLIAMS. *Coins should in no case be sent through the post.* Postage stamps will be received, but by far the best way of sending small amounts is by POSTAL ORDER. These may be obtained of any value, from 1s. upwards, at any post-office, the charge being ½d. for 1s. or 1s. 6d.; 1d. for 2s. 6d., 5s., or 7s. 6d.; 2d. for 10s., 12s. 6d., 15s., 17s. 6d., or 20s.

## Correspondence.



J. R.—Have nothing to do with photographs of pictures unless you purchase them at some well-known shop. Those that you mention are probably pirated.

S. H. RAY.—You will find the particulars regarding Bishop Patteson in Miss C. M. Yonge's "Life," published by Macmillan and Co.

S. HOPEWELL.—The volume ends with the last number for September. The indexes cost one penny each, and can be obtained direct from us or through your news-agent.

MANUSCRIPT.—Each University publishes a calendar, giving the particulars of fees, scholarships, and examinations.

SHAKESPEAR.—The present popularity has nothing to do with the part sale, and it is notorious that more copies of the Waverley novels have been sold than of any other works of fiction in the world.

S. T. MENGINE.—The steam-pipe is usually made of copper.

HARRY.—For the origin of the term "Black Watch" see back numbers, or consult the Index.

T. F. P.—1. Rome is now the capital of Italy. The reason that Florence is given in some books is that the change has been made since they were published. 2. No. is an abbreviation of "numero"—hence the o.

J. McMILLAN.—Never be too certain of the nationality of a tune. Even the "Lochaber no more" you quote is claimed as an Irish air.

E. L. O.—The Haarlem organ is by Christian Müller, and has sixty stops and 4,088 pipes. The Weingarten organ has seventy stops, and originally had 6,666 pipes; and it is said that the monks, who were very rich, were so pleased with it, that they gave Gabler, the maker, 6,666 florins over and above his charges.

CUSSY.—We should leave the mouse alone, but see that he did not want for food. "A black-spotted mouse, that follows us from room to room, and even sits on the fender and washes its face while we are sitting by the fireside, and sings away, and will feed out of your hand," is a treasure that when found should be made the most of.

C. W. H.—Even a lawyer would be in doubt, as the matter is so obscure. Speaking generally, rivers are not open unless they have a towing-path.

T. C. D.—The Royal Marines are under the jurisdiction of the Admiralty.

D. T. MITCHELL.—The Great Eastern is now at New Orleans as one of the attractions of the exhibition.

W. KNIGHT.—We have not an enlarged copy of the fretwork design for the cover, but you can make one by means of the pantograph, described in the fifth volume.

BOY BELLS.—1. The bridge of a violin should be placed in a line with the nicks of the sound-holes. 2. A genuine Stradivarius is worth from £100 to £500, but the possessors of nearly all the genuine instruments are known by the dealers. Cremona fiddles are like old masters, and every change of ownership is carefully noted by those whose interest it is to effect the transfer. 3. Spell as we spell now. Never refer to an old book as an authority on the subject. The instance you give is a queer one, but what do you say to your friends the drum and fife under their old guise of the "drumme and phiph"? A tutor for the "phiph" is still in existence.

LAMINA.—Soak the leaves in soft water till they rot. Pick the decayed matter off with a pin. Wash carefully in running water, and bleach with chloride of lime. Another and quicker plan is to place a layer of leaves on a thin layer of soap, on it lay more soap, and build up a series of layers. Then put them in a mass into a saucepan and boil slowly.

LIGHT.—For books on electric lighting look up in the library catalogue A. Bromley Holmes on "Practical Electric Lighting;" R. E. Crompton on "The Electric Light for Industrial Uses;" T. B. Grierson on "Electric Lighting by Water Power;" Killingworth Hedges on "Useful Information on Electric Lighting;" and J. B. Hammond on "The Electric Light."

G. COLLIER.—Such fun is but folly after all. The examples are so numerous. Here is one of American origin, which, if not that you require, may serve your purpose just as well:—

Oh, for some deep secluded dell,  
Where brick and mortar's line may cease;  
To sit down in a pot of grease—  
No, no—I mean a grot of peace!  
I'd choose a home by Erin's wave,  
With not a sound to mar life's lot;  
I'd by the cannon have a shot—  
No—by the Shaunon have a cot!

How fair that rocky isle around,  
That wide expanse to scan it o'er  
I love a shiver with a roar—  
No—I mean a river with a shore!  
Romantic Erin's sea-girl land,  
How sweet with one you love the most  
To watch the cocks upon the roost—  
No—I mean the rocks upon the coast!

'Twere sweet, at moonlight's mystic hour,  
To wander forth where few frequent,  
And come upon a tipsy gent—  
No—I mean a gipsy tent!

In that retirement lone I would  
Pursue some rustic industry,  
And make myself a boiling tea—  
No, no—I mean a toiling bee!

Beneath a shady sycamore,  
How sweet to breathe love's tender vow;  
Your dear one bitten by a sow—  
No—I mean sitting by a bough!

Or, sweet with your fond wife to sit  
Outside your door at daylight's close,  
While she's hard hitting at your nose—  
No—I mean hard knitting at your hose!

Perhaps on early cares you brood  
While sympathy her sweet face shows,  
'Tis good to walk upon one's toes—  
No—I mean to talk upon one's woes!  
She smiles you into jest at last,  
As pleased to see the spell is broke,  
And draw from you a gentle joke—  
No, no—I mean a mental joke!

HOPEFUL.—We never answer legal questions, or give information that we are informed may lead to litigation. If you want to learn the law, go to a lawyer; he is supposed to know all about it, and on account of that supposition he earns his living. He will enlighten you as to the way in which a man, fancying he can shuffle out of an engagement owing to the omission of a stamp, can be painlessly undeceived.

SHINER.—Yes, from a tree—the lacquer-tree, *Rhus vernicifera*. It is met with all over the main island, and Kinshin and Shikoku; but it is from Tokio northwards that it chiefly flourishes. The lacquer-tree is grown from seeds; the first year it reaches the height of a foot, the following spring the young are transplanted about six feet apart, and in ten years the average tree is ten feet high, with a trunk three inches in diameter, and a yield of lacquer sufficient to fill a three-ounce bottle. About 140,000 gallons of lacquer are annually produced in Japan.

H. G. B.—There is no children's hospital supported by subscribers to the BOY'S OWN PAPER, but there is a BOY'S OWN PAPER cot in the children's ward at the London Hospital, the great hospital in the east of London.

C. A. B.—The inhabitants of Hungary—the Hungarians—call themselves Magyars; and all stamps with Magyar on them are Hungarian.

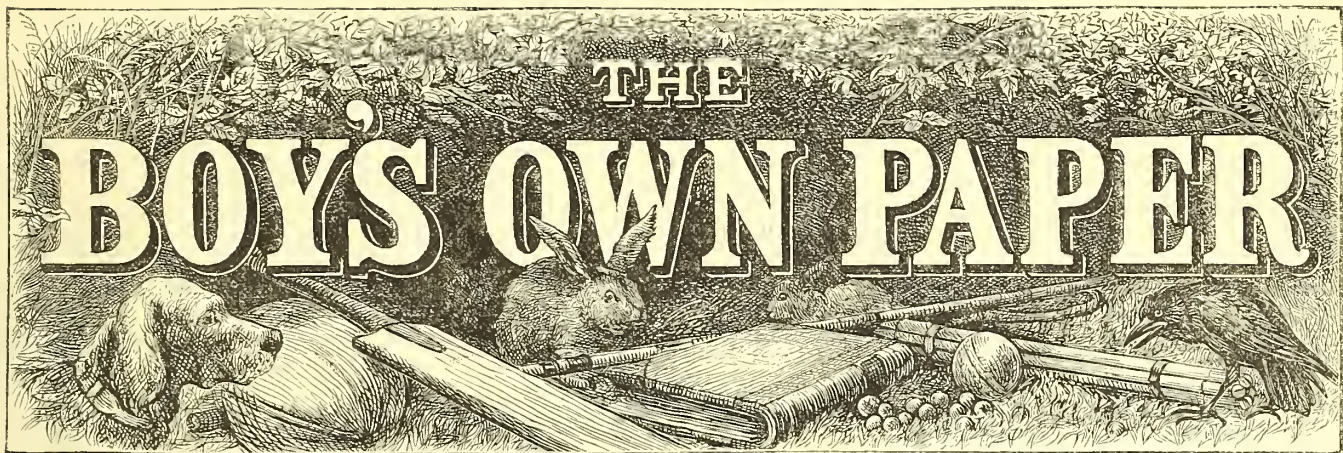
O. YORKE.—1. The idea that the metre is really a measurable portion of a quadrant of the earth's circumference is no longer entertained. The metre was intended to be so, and that is all you can say. The earth is not a perfect geometrical figure. 2. A gallon of water weighs ten pounds, and a yard of inch-square forged iron weighs ten pounds, so that a gallon of water is of the same weight as thirty-six cubic inches of iron. 3. The real standard of the French system is the platinum kilogramme weight deposited at Paris. The theoretical standard is that a cubic decimetre of distilled water at 39.1 Fahrenheit will weigh a kilogramme.

G. L. N.—The lobelia was named after Lobel, Queen Elizabeth's physician, who is famous as having discovered the two great divisions of the vegetable kingdom—the dicotyledons and the monocotyledons.

P. D.—It is quite true. By the twitchings of the man's muscles, Dr. Hughes Bennett discovered that a tumour of limited dimensions was ensconced at a particular point on the ascending frontal convolution on the right side of the brain, and so he opened the patient's skull, and exactly at the spot indicated a tumour about the size of a walnut was found. The tumour was removed, and the patient recovered.

T. WYCOMBE.—Most of the lead now comes from Spain. About 120,000 tons are thence exported annually. America exports 100,000 tons; Germany 90,000 tons.





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Gedge and Reginald in the Composing-room.

## REGINALD CRUDEN: A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

By TALBOT BAINES REED,  
*Author of "My Friend Smith," etc., etc.*

### CHAPTER VI.

REGINALD'S PROSPECTS DEVELOP.

IT was in anything but exuberant spirits that the two Crudens presented themselves on the following morning at the workmen's entrance of the Rocket Newspaper Company, Limited. The bell was



beginning to sound as they did so, and their enemy the timekeeper looked as though he would fain discover a pretext for pouncing on them and giving them a specimen of his importance. But even his ingenuity failed in this respect, and as Horace passed him with a good-humoured nod, he had, much against his will, to nod back and forego his amiable intentions.

The brothers naturally turned their steps to the room presided over by Mr. Durfy. That magnate had not yet arrived, much to their relief, and they consoled themselves in his absence by standing at the table watching their fellow-workmen as they crowded in and proceeded with more or less alacrity to settle down to their day's work.

Among those who displayed no unseemly haste in applying themselves to their tasks was Barber, who, with the dust of the back case-room still in his mind, and equally on his countenance, considered the present opportunity of squaring up accounts with Reginald too good to be neglected. For reasons best known to himself, Mr. Barber determined that his victim's flagellation should be moral rather than physical. He would have liked to punch Reginald's head, or, better still, to have knocked Reginald's and Horace's heads together. But he saw reasons for denying himself that pleasure, and fell back on the more ethereal weapons of his own wit.

"Hullo, puddin'ead," he began, "'ow's your pa and your ma to-day? Find the Old Bailey a 'ealthy place, don't they?"

Reginald favoured the speaker by way of answer with a stare of mingled scorn and wrath, which greatly elevated that gentleman's spirits.

"'Ow long is it they've got? Seven years, ain't it? My eye, they won't know you when they come out, you'll be so growed."

The wrath slowly faded from Reginald's face as the speaker proceeded, leaving only the scorn to testify to the interest he took in this intellectual display.

Horace, delighted to see there was no prospect of a "flare-up," smiled and began almost to enjoy himself.

"I say," continued Barber, just a little disappointed to find that his exquisite humour was not as electrical in its effect as it would have been on any one less dense than the Crudens, "'ow is it you ain't got a clean collar on to-day, and no scent on your 'andkerchers—eh?"

This was getting feeble. Even Mr. Barber felt it, for he continued, in a more lively tone,

"Glad we ain't got many of your sickening sort 'ere; snivelling school-boy brats, that's what you are, tired of pickin' pockets and think you're goin' to show us your manners. Yah! if you wasn't such a dirty ugly pair of puppy dogs I'd stick you under the pump—so I would."

Reginald yawned and walked off to watch a compositor picking up type out of a case. Horace, on the other hand, appeared to be deeply interested in Mr. Barber's eloquent observations, and inquired quite artlessly, but with a twinkle in his eye,

"Is the pump near here? I was looking for it everywhere yesterday."

It was Mr. Barber's turn to stare. He had not expected this, and he did not like it, especially when one or two of the

men and boys near who had failed to be convulsed by his wit laughed at Horace's question.

After all, moral flagellation does not always answer, and when one of the victims yawns and the other asks a matter-of-fact question it is disconcerting even to an accomplished operator. However, Barber gallantly determined on one more effort.

"Ugh—trying to be funny, are you, Mr. Snub-nose? Best try and be honest if you can, you and your mealy-mug brother. It'll be 'ard work, I know, to keep your 'ands in your own pockets, but you best do it, do you 'ear—pair of psalm-singin' twopenny-ha'penny puppy dogs!"

This picturesque peroration certainly deserved some recognition, and might possibly have received it had not Mr. Durfy's entrance at that particular moment sent the idlers back suddenly to their cases.

Reginald, either heedless of or unconcerned at the new arrival, remained listlessly watching the operations of the compositor near him, an act of audacity which highly exasperated the overseer, and furnished the key-note for the day's entertainment.

For Mr. Durfy, to use an expressive term, had "got out of bed the wrong side" this morning. For the matter of that, after the blowing-up about the back case-room, he had got into it the wrong side last night, so that he was doubly perturbed in spirit, and a short conversation he had just had with the manager below had not tended to compose him.

"Durfy," said that brusque official as the overseer passed his open door, "come in. What about those two lads I sent up to you yesterday? Are they any good?"

"Not a bit," growled Mr. Durfy; "fools both of them."

"Which is the bigger fool?"

"The old one."

"Then keep him for yourself—put him to composing and send the other one down here. Send him at once, Durfy, do you hear?"

With this considerably worded injunction in his ears it is hardly to be wondered at that Mr. Durfy was not all smiles as he entered the domain which owned his sway.

His eye naturally lit on Reginald as the most suitable object on which to relieve his feelings.

"Now then, there," he called out. "What do you mean by interfering with the men in their work?"

"I'm not interfering with anybody," said Reginald, looking up with glowing cheeks, "I'm watching this man."

"Come out of it, do you hear me. 'Why don't you go about your own work?"

"I've been waiting here ten minutes for you."

"Look here," said Mr. Durfy, his tones getting lower as his passion rose; "if you think we're going to keep you here to give us any of your impudence, you're mistaken; so I can tell you. It's bad enough to have a big fool put into the place for charity, without any of your nonsense. If I had my way I'd give you your beggarly eighteen shillings a week to keep you away. Go to your work."

Reginald's eyes blazed out for a moment on the speaker in a way which made Horace, who heard and saw all, tremble. But he overcame himself with a mighty effort, and said,

"Where?"

Mr. Durfy glanced round the room.

"Young Gedge!" he called out.

A boy answered the summons.

"Clear that rack between you and Barber, and put up a pair of cases for this fool here, and look after him. Off you go! and off *you* go," added he, rounding on Reginald, "and if we don't make it hot for you among us I'm precious mistaken."

It was a proud moment certainly for the cock of the Fifth at Wilderham to find himself following meekly at the heels of a youngster like Gedge, who had been commissioned to put him to work and look after him. But Reginald was too sick at heart and disgusted to care what became of himself as long as Mr. Durfy's odious voice ceased to torment his ears. The only thing he did care about was what was to become of Horace. Was he to be put in charge of some one too, or was he to remain a printer's devil?

Mr. Durfy soon answered that question.

"What are you standing there for?" demanded he, turning round on the younger brother as soon as he had disposed of the elder. "Go down to the manager's room at once, you're not wanted here."

So they were to be separated! There was only time to exchange one glance of mutual commiseration, and then Horace slowly left the room with sad forebodings, more on his brother's account than his own, and feeling that as far as helping one another was concerned they might as well be doomed to serve their time at opposite ends of London.

Gedge, under whose imposing auspices Reginald was to begin his typographical career, was a diminutive youth who, to all outward appearances, was somewhere about the tender age of fourteen, instead of, as was really the case, being almost as old as Reginald himself. He was facetiously styled "Magog" by his shop-mates, in allusion to his small stature, which required the assistance of a good-sized box under his feet to enable him to reach his "upper case." His face was not an unpleasant one, and his voice, which still retained its boyish treble, was an agreeable contrast to that of most of the "gentlemen of the case" in Mr. Durfy's department.

For all that Reginald considered himself much outraged by being put in charge of this chit of a child, and glowered down on him much as a mastiff might glower on a terrier who presumed to do the honour of his back yard for his benefit.

However, the terrier in this case was not at all disheartened by his reception, and said cheerily as he began to clear the frame,

"You don't seem to fancy it, I say. I don't wonder. Never mind, I shan't lick you unless you make me."

"Thanks," said Reginald, drily, but scarcely able to conceal a smile at this magnanimous declaration.

"Magog" worked busily away putting away cases in the rack, dusting the frame down with his apron, and whistling softly to himself.

"Thanks for helping me," said he, after a time, as Reginald still stood by doing nothing. "I could never have done it all by myself."

Reginald blushed a little at this broad hint, and proceeded to lift down a case.



But he nearly upset it in doing so, greatly to his companion's horror.

"You'd better rest," he said, "you'll be fagged out. Here, let me do it. There you are. Now we're ready to start you. I've a good mind to go and get old Tacker to ring up the big bell and let them know you're just going to begin."

Reginald could hardly be offended at this good-natured banter, and, as Gedge was after all a decent-looking boy, and aspirated his "h's" and did not smell of onions, he began to think that if he were doomed to drudge in this place he might have been saddled with a more offensive companion.

"It's a pity to put Tacker to the trouble, young un," said he; "he'll probably ring when I'm going to leave off, and that'll do as well."

"That's not bad for you," said Gedge, approvingly, "not half bad. Go on like that, and you'll make a joke in about a fortnight."

"Look here," said Reginald, smiling at last. "I shall either have to punch your head or begin work. You'd better decide which you'd like best."

"Well, as Durfy is looking this way," said Gedge, "I suppose you'd better begin work. Stick that pair of empty cases up there—the one with the big holes below and the other one above. You needn't stick them upside down, though, unless you particularly want to; they look quite as well the right way. Now, then, you'd better watch me fill them, and see what boxes the sorts go in. No larks, now. Here goes for the 'm's.'"

So saying, Mr. "Magog" proceeded to fill up one box with types of the letter "m," and another box some distance off with "a's," and another with "b's," and so on, till presently the lower of the two cases was nearly full. Reginald watched him with something like admiration, inwardly wondering if he would ever be able to find his way about this labyrinth of boxes, and strongly of opinion that only muffs like printers would think of arranging the alphabet in such an absurdly haphazard manner. The lower case being full up, Gedge meekly suggested that as he was yet several feet from his full size, they might as well lift the upper case down while it was being filled. Which done, the same process was repeated, only with more apparent regularity, and the case having been finally tilted up on the frame above the lower case, the operator turned round with a pleased expression, and said,

"What do you think of that?"

"Why, I think it's very ridiculous not to put the 'capital J' next to the 'capital I,'" said Reginald.

Gedge laughed.

"Go and tell Durfy that; he'd like to hear it."

Reginald, however, denied himself the pleasure of entertaining Mr. Durfy on this occasion, and occupied himself with picking up the types and inspecting them, and trying to learn the geography of his cases.

"Now," said "Magog," mounting his box and taking his composing-stick in his hand. "Keep your eye on me, young fellow, and you'll know all about it."

And he proceeded to "set up" a paragraph for the newspaper from a manuscript in front of him at a speed which bewildered Reginald and baffled any

attempt on his part to follow the movements of the operator's hand among the boxes. He watched for several minutes in silence until Gedge, considering he had exhibited his agility sufficiently, halted in his work, and with a passing shade across his face turned to his companion, and said,

"I say, isn't this a beastly place?"

There was something in his voice and manner which struck Reginald. It was unlike a common workman, and still more unlike a boy of Gedge's size and age.

"It is beastly," he said.

"I'm awfully sorry for you, you know," continued Gedge, in a half-whisper, and going on with his work at the same time, "because I guess it's not what you're used to."

"I'm not used to it," said Reginald.

"Nor was I when I came. My old screw of an uncle took it into his head to apprentice me here because he'd been an apprentice once and didn't see why I should start higher up the ladder than he did. Are you an apprentice?"

"No, not that I know of," said Reginald, not knowing exactly what he was.

"Lucky beggar! I'm booked here for nobody knows how much longer. I'd have cut it long ago if I could. I say, what's your name?"

"Cruden."

"Well, Cruden, I'm precious glad you've turned up. It'll make all the difference to me. I was getting as big a cad as any of those fellows there, for you're bound to be sociable. But you're a nicer sort, and it's a good job for me, I can tell you."

Apart from the flattery of these words, there was a touch of earnestness in the boy's voice which struck a sympathetic chord in Reginald's nature and drew him mysteriously to this new hour-old acquaintance. He told him of his own hard fortunes, and by what means he had come down to his present position. Gedge listened to it all eagerly.

"Were you really captain of the Fifth at your school?" said he, almost reverentially. "I say! what an awful drop this must be! You must feel as if you'd sooner be dead."

"I do sometimes," said Reginald.

"I know I would," replied Gedge, solemnly, "if I was you. Was that other fellow your brother, then?"

"Yes."

Gedge mused a bit, and then laughed quietly.

"How beautifully you two shut up Barber between you just now," he said: "it's the first snub he's had since I've been here, and all the fellows swear by him. I say, Cruden, it's a merciful thing for me you've come. I was bound to go to the dogs if I'd gone on as I was much longer."

Reginald brightened. It pleased him just now to think any one was glad to see him, and the spontaneous way in which this boy had come under his wing won him over completely.

"We must manage to stick together," he said. "Horace, you know, is working in another part of the office. It's awfully hard lines, for we set our minds on being together. But it can't be helped; and I'm glad, any way, you're here, young un."

The young un beamed gratefully by way of response.

The paragraph by this time was nearly set up, and the conversation was inter-

rupted by the critical operation of lifting the "matter" from the stick and transferring it to a "galley," a feat which the experienced "Magog" accomplished very deftly, and greatly to the amazement of his companion. Just as it was over, and Reginald was laughingly hoping he would not soon be expected to arrive at such a pitch of dexterity, Mr. Durfy walked up.

"So that's what you call doing your work, is it? playing the fool and getting in another man's way. Is that all you've done?"

Reginald glared at him, and answered, "I'm not playing the fool."

"Hold your tongue and don't answer me, you miserable puppy. Let me see what you have done."

"I've been learning the boxes in the case," said Reginald.

Mr. Durfy sneered.

"You have, have you? That's what you've been doing the last hour, I suppose. Since you've been so industrious, pick me out a lower-case 'x,' do you hear?"

Reginald made a vague dive at one of the boxes, but not the right one, for he produced a "z."

"Ah, I thought so," said Mr. Durfy, with a sneer that made Reginald long to cram the type into his mouth. "Now let's try a capital 'J.'"

As it happened, Reginald knew where the capital "J" was, but he made no attempt to reach it, and answered,

"If you want a capital 'J,' Mr. Durfy, you can help yourself."

"Magog" nearly jumped out of his skin as he heard this audacious reply, and scarcely ventured to look round to notice the effect of it on Mr. Durfy. The effect was on the whole not bad. For a moment the overseer was dumb-founded and could not speak. But a glance at the resolute pale boy in front of him checked him in his impulse to use some other retort but the tongue. As soon as words came he snarled,

"Ho! is it that you mean, my beauty? All right, we'll see who's master here; and if I am, I'm sorry for you."

And he turned on his heel and went.

"You've done it now," said "Magog," in an agitated whisper—"done it clean."

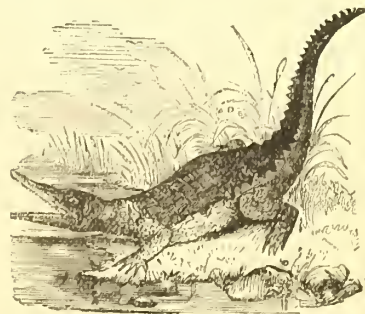
"Done what?" asked Reginald.

"Done it with Durfy. He will make it hot for you, and no mistake. Never mind, if the worst comes to the worst you can cut. But hold on as long as you can. He'll make you go some time or other."

"He won't make me go till I choose," replied Reginald. "I'll stick here to disappoint him, if I do nothing else."

The reader may have made up his mind already that Reginald was a fool. I'm afraid he was. But do not judge him harshly yet, for his troubles are only beginning.

(To be continued.)





## IVAN DOBROFF: A RUSSIAN STORY.

BY PROFESSOR J. F. HODGETTS,

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## CHAPTER XVIII.—THE KATMIEWSKIE TSCHAST.

MOSCOW is divided into a certain number of districts, to each of which belongs a police-station, called the *tschast*. This division is also called the *tschast*, and is divided into certain subdivisions called *qvartals*.

The police-captain commanding a *qvartal* is called a *qvartalnik*, and his duties are to see that the passports of all the inhabitants of his *qvartal* are in due order, that the police-soldiers are duly posted, that the *dvorniks* from the various houses report the arrival and departure of all lodgers, servants, and guests in his district.

The *qvartalnik* generally has a little house in some convenient part of his *qvartal*, but when that *qvartal* is that in which the house of the *tschast* is situated, his lodging is in the house, which contains the dwellings of many of the more than half military civil authorities. Here are the headquarters of the *posjarniks*, or firemen, with all the host of engines, fire-escapes, pumps, long ladders, vans for the firemen, and so forth. Here are the barracks of the police-soldiers as well as of the firemen, and the stables for all the police horses and those of the fire-brigade as well.

We have already described the quarters inhabited by the gallant Captain Malutin in the grand composite house forming the Katmiewskie Tschast, and we left him in the company of our little hero discussing the hopes, fears, and adventures of the latter. The officer became more and more convinced of the truth of Ivan's assertions and more and more delighted with the anticipations of a grand reward. But what to do with the boy for the moment was a difficulty.

He had a son of his own of about Ivan's size, who was a pupil in the Second Gymnasium, and was on a visit to a friend's house at the other extremity of Moscow with permission to remain there the night and the next day, which was a "prashnik," or grand holiday. Malutin therefore advised Ivan, after partaking of some excellent tea with various kinds of cold viands—bread, butter, sardines, and cold meat—quietly to undress, go to bed, and get to sleep as soon as he could, and in the morning to assume the habiliments of the captain's son Serge.

The plan met with Ivan's perfect approbation, and, being half dead with fatigue and excitement, he most gladly accepted the offer of a bed on the sofa in Egor Sergevitch's study. But before undressing—if taking off the red calico shirt and the wretched trousers can be dignified by that term—Ivan "pitched into" the viands before him in splendid style, and even brought a smile to the calm, melancholy countenance of the captain himself. At last he was fairly beaten and declared himself ready for bed.

By this time the handmaiden came home, and at her master's command made up the bed on the sofa, and in a shorter

space of time than we can very well imagine they had Ivan fast asleep and snoring most melodiously.

Captain Malutin walked up and down in his oddly furnished lodgings until two o'clock in the morning, when a violent pull was given to the bell of the *tschast*, because the great gates had long since been closed. The fireman sentry had long been fast asleep, so had the *dvornik*, but the police-soldier on duty was wakeful and speedily opened the wide gates. This prompt attendance pleased the ladies who were driving in, and they gave the driver five kopecks over his fare, which was not an ordinary act on the part of Madame Malutin.

She ascended the queer staircase, followed by her daughter, and the dim lamp, which hardly served to illumine the way, was not sufficient to allow the peculiarities of face, figure, and dress, remarkable in these two ladies, to be discerned by an ordinary spectator. They reached the landing where they found the door leading to their rooms open and the captain just coming forward with a little lamp.

"Captain Malutin!" exclaimed his better half, "how can you leave the door open that way, letting all the heat escape? It is certainly three degrees of cold to-night, and our rooms are never too warm!"

"My dear, I only hastened to keep you from waiting in the cold. Make haste in."

"Make haste in! What next? Do you think you are commanding some poor wretch of a *dvornik*? I shall walk in as I please!"

On entering the room in which Ivan had been regaled, Madame Malutin exclaimed,

"Oh! I see, when the cat's away the mice will play! So you have been enjoying yourself in my absence?"

"Yes, my dear, I have had the most extraordinary and mysterious visitor I ever had in my life, and there may be good times coming to us yet, according to our treatment of him, for I have him still here."

"Batuschka! Where? What is he? Let me see."

"He is in bed on my sofa-bedstead."

"Impossible! How could you do such a thing as put goodness knows whom to sleep on a bed of *ours*? I am astonished. You might have waited until I came home, at least! Let me see!"

The lady ran forward, and rushing into the room found Ivan comfortably snoring on the sofa. One arm was thrown carelessly over the quilt and disclosed the nocturnal garment of her son, which the mother's quick eye at once detected, as well as the wretchedly dirty and miserable *rubashka*, or red shirt, which, with the still more wretched trousers, was lying on the floor.

"Are those the ordinary garments of the gentleman who is to make our for-

tune? I congratulate you, General!" (she always said this when particularly cross); "and when do you think the good times are coming? Ah! you have given your young benefactor the very night-shirt of your own son! Captain Malutin, what does it mean?"

"I can only beg as a favour," he replied to this outburst, "that you will allow this young gentleman whom I have rescued from worse than death to remain in undisturbed possession of the couch. As to Serge's night-shirt, I am confident that kindness to that little neglected child will more than repay you for any quantity of linen or anything else that may be in our power to give him. Come into this room and do not make a sound to wake him—I know what I am about and mean what I say."

Awed by a new manner in her husband's address, Madame Malutin followed him, uncertain whether to break out into open rebellion or to repress the feelings which prompted her to attack him. She was not a stupid woman, but constant disappointment had soured her disposition fearfully. She had not been taught *where* to look for help in need. All her prayers were passionate petitions to the picture of her patron saint (that hung in the corner of her bedroom next to that of her husband) for aid in worldly matters. She looked upon her husband as the source of all her sufferings, and although the patience with which he accepted his lot occasionally impressed her, her general attitude towards him was hostile.

He soon explained in a few words, and then flung himself down upon the sofa in the sitting-room. This sofa had no accommodations for sleepers, being (as all state sofas in Germany and in Russia invariably are) made like two stiff arm-chairs with a piece joined in between them to unite them into one piece of furniture, the left arm of one and the right arm of the other having been removed to permit of this.

Lying down on such an article of furniture is a difficult problem, and one which Captain Malutin would never have sought to solve. But he did not think about it, his thoughts were all concentrated on Ivan. He fully believed in him, for he had answered all his questions most satisfactorily. He determined, however, to apply to the First Gymnasium to be sure of what he was about, and then to have him well clad in the first instance before taking him to Smirnov or to Kakaroff.

He wanted to gain time so as to allow the reward, of which he stood grievously in need, to augment. To keep him where he was would gain time, and the reward might increase to any amount, but how could he account for detaining the boy after his clear and unquestionably true statement respecting his misfortune? His duty was clearly to take him home at once, and this was his interest too.



As one means of gaining time he resolved to order a suit of clothes, if he could get a tailor to trust him (a difficult task for a poor man in Moscow), for he could not take him home in the wretched garments in which he was clad when brought to the *tschast*. The day or two which must elapse before these things could be got ready, added to the *prasniki* of to-morrow, would give him about a week, he thought, and this seemed ample time for him to

where Ivan lay tossing in the disturbed sleep of fever. The doctor felt his pulse and shook his head.

"He will want careful attention. He has taken a severe cold under circumstances probably of very great excitement. I shall just give him a saline draught, and beg you to keep his head cool. It may pass off with care, or it may, if he be neglected, take a very awkward turn. Is he related to you?"

ber the fearful sufferings of that fellow who was such a favourite with Skobelev? I forget his name. He was captain of the second company. Surely you remember him?"

"You mean Abrazoff?"

"Of course; yes, that was his family name—I remember now. The *case* I shall never forget. Poor fellow, how he was cut to pieces!"

"Don't talk about it. Write the pre-



"The lady ran forward and rushed into the room."

turn round in, and for the reward offered to be increased.

Malutin rose early next morning and went out. In a very short time he returned, however, accompanied by the doctor. The doctor bowed to Madame Malutin, and complimented her on her early rising; then, turning to the captain, he observed,

"I must ask you to let me see the boy at once, for I have many calls to make, and my time is precious."

He led the way into the little room

"Not related at all, but he has come to me under circumstances of peculiar interest. I think I may venture to say that your attention will be well considered. He is not a poor boy."

"My dear Malutin, I never thought of fees. In your house every inmate has a sacred claim. I have not forgotten the Balkan and Plevna!"

"Don't talk nonsense; but, *apropos* of Plevna, you remember the carnage there. After that all human suffering seems mild and comfortable. Do you remem-

scription and take a glass of tea with us; you have taken none yet."

"No, thanks—no time. I'm off—good-bye. Adieu, ladies!" And he was gone.

Malutin sent Prascovia to the apothecary's shop attached to the "*tschast*," and during her absence Madame Malutin asked her husband to tell her more in detail how he had become possessed of the boy, and what was the reason of his saying that their fortunes might be greatly improved by his means.

"The boy is Ivan Dobroff, for whom so



large a reward was offered not long since by the great merchant Smirnov, and my wish was to keep him until the reward offered should be considerable. I was in doubt how to do this, when this morning I found his head burning and his sleep unnatural. This at once gave me the idea of keeping him quiet until we are able to remove him in comfort to his friends. You see, the state in which he came to me, half naked, wretched, and miserable, gave me grounds to suspect his story. It is known all over Moscow that such a boy has been missing. How easy it is for any young street Arab to say that he is Ivan Dobroff! If it only procure him food and warmth for a day or two, that is always a considerable gain in that class of the community. The doctor says that he must be kept perfectly quiet. So that Sascha must not practise her music, and I shall send a man to the Barsoffs with the request that they will keep Serge for a few days. I don't want it talked about."

"The boy must be carefully tended," she said, "and I will do my best; but I think you should go to his friends and put them at their ease regarding him. Depend upon it, you will not lose in the end. Besides, there is this to consider—the boy has told you where he lives and all about himself, so that you have no excuse for not seeing Mr. Smirnov."

"Your view is very just, but I can always say that the story was incredible, and that I believed it to be a lie to escape the charge of theft."

"Then the question would arise, How, imagining him to be a thief, you could have decided on bringing him home and treating him like a member of the family. Either you should have put him into a cell as a felon or taken him to Mr. Smirnov. You had no right to bring him here, and I fear greatly that the good which might have arisen from the reward offered may be undone by this error in judgment."

"I do not think," he replied, "there is any danger in keeping him. Nobody believed his statements, and I was drawn to the child by some undefined attraction in his face that reminded me of times long past. I could not have told you yesterday whom he resembled, but I know now: it was Abrazoff. Do you not remember Abrazoff, formerly of the Prebrojenski Guard, but attached afterwards to us by Skobelev's own wish—'Because we were such brave fellows,' as he said, 'that we ought to have some guardsmen with us to show the guards the art of war.' Some say it was only to infuse new blood into the mess as we were getting rather sluggish from want of work. But would you believe it, the doctor mentioned Abrazoff this morning, and then I knew whom the boy resembled. He is as like him as possible, allowing for the difference between a man of thirty and a child of twelve. And so I have my story. A child is brought to me charged with theft; he tells a rambling tale which no one credits, but I am attracted by the striking likeness to an old comrade. I see that he is ill; I bring him home, call the doctor, ask you to tend him for the sake of my old friend; and when, in the course of a few days, good nursing and kind treatment have brought him round, I take him to the Loubiyanka and gain the increased reward."

"Well, Egor, you must know best. It

may be all as we hope in the near future, but I fancy the better policy would be to go to Smirnov's now."

Malutin got up and paced the room nervously for some time. At last he said, "No; as I have brought him home, and he is really ill, I'll risk it. I am sure it is better so. But the moment when I find him well enough to speak of all these things I'll talk to him, and then I'll fetch Smirnov. It would not do before."

When Ivan woke he was slightly delirious, but did not rave. He saw Sascha, whom he called Annie, and begged her to fetch him some cold water. This she did, and he seemed refreshed and altogether better after the draught. Madame Malutin he did not seem to see or notice. He sipped cold spring water from the hands of the girl, and talked to "Annie" very strangely and incoherently about monks and cannibals and cellars until Sascha grew rather scared. At last he fell asleep, and slept soundly until noon, at which time the doctor, according to his promise, arrived.

His examination of Ivan was satisfactory. He could not pronounce distinctly, but he did not think that there were any signs of typhoid fever or anything really very bad. He attributed the delirium to overwrought sensitiveness, and commanded absolute quiet. As he was leaving, Malutin arrived, and the doctor asked whether he had sent the letter requesting his friends to retain Serge still longer.

"Oh, yes, I sent off a budeschnik with a note first thing this morning."

"That's as it should be. If the boy grows worse we must send him to a hospital, but if within forty-eight hours there should be no change of that kind, or if there should be an improvement (as I hope there will), why, then it would be best to leave him here. Your ladies seem to have taken to him in the most marvellous way."

"Does he remind you of anybody, doctor?"

"There is a vague feeling in my mind of a family likeness to somebody, but for the life of me I cannot tell to whom."

"Then why did you feel reminded of Abrazoff this morning, eh?"

"Batuschka! you are a witch! Yes, that's it. If Abrazoff's son had lived he would have been as old as this little chap, and doubtless would have been like him. Only there's no accounting for these things. Sons are more often unlike their fathers than like them, while the resemblance comes out in another generation. But you are right. The boy unconsciously reminded me of Abrazoff, poor fellow!"

"Do you recollect what Skobelev used to call Abrazoff?"

"No. Oh, yes I do, though. He used to call him Dobrie Ivan" (*i.e.*, Good John).

"What do you think that little chap told me his name was?"

"Can't imagine."

"Ivan Dobroff!"

"I say, Malutin, this is getting unpleasant. Serving in the police makes you too mysterious. I'm off."

And he was off, leaving the captain in a brown study. At last he was roused by his wife knocking at the door to know what the doctor had reported.

Some days passed over Ivan's head before the truth of the doctor's assertion became manifest. There was no malig-

nant fever to dread, no evidence of its existence. It was the ordinary feverish condition of a very severe cold, aggravated by overwrought sensitiveness. The tender care of the two ladies was rewarded by the rapid advance in health made by the boy. At last the day arrived when he could sit up and walk and talk. The idea of sending for the tailor had been given up. Poor Malutin did not much care to see him, to tell the truth, on account of a "small balance" against him. So, having provided for his son's stay at the house of the friends whom he was visiting when our hero arrived, he encased Ivan in an old suit of clothes which had belonged to Serge.

One day, being much stronger, Ivan was sitting with Sascha and her mother when the latter asked him who Annie was, about whom he had so often raved during his illness. So he told them all his adventures since his escape with the student from Maziellovo. He told them of the way in which he had been taken to Kupsk, and of his recovery by Colonel Masloff, and how he had run off to try "to find Annie who had been so good to him," how he had been entrapped into the den and stripped and dressed in the the wretched rubashka and trousers and boots in which he had been brought to the tschast. "One thing," he said, in conclusion of his long story, "I am sure of, they have sent Annie and her father to Siberia. And another thing is this—I mean to get them back."

They both laughed at his boyish enthusiasm, but later, when the mother had gone out, Ivan opened out his plans more fully to the girl.

"You tell me where you keep your passport," he said, "and I will borrow it; or better make a bundle of some of your things instead of the old clothes, which I shall tell your father I mean to keep all my life in memory of him. I shall make up two bundles exactly alike, and leave the one with my old things for you to get rid of the best way you can, and you must get me a passport. If you will do this I will be ever so good, and I promise you to learn Latin and please Mr. Smirnov in every possible way. I will tell him what good people you all are, and how you are almost as good as Annie. At least you are perhaps better—I mean I like you almost as much. Funny, isn't it, that two girls should have been so good to me? I shall begin to like girls better. Must be something in them, after all!"

After this long speech, Ivan paused. Sascha did not know what to say. She did not like to promise to aid him in a breach of the laws, and to connive at the escape of a prisoner. But she could not bear to disappoint the warm-hearted little fellow, and to wreck his hopes of serving one to whom he seemed to owe such a boundless debt of gratitude. She tried to gain time by saying, "I'll see about it."

"That won't do," said Ivan. "I must have this help. Look here! It isn't much to ask you for, is it?—a bundle of old clothes of last year and a bit of paper! That's all I want; and your father will have twenty thousand roubles for finding me!"

"Nonsense, Ivan!"

"Fact. Masloff got that, and he had no trouble with me at all, except the fun I had out of him in the railway car-



riage, and that was so little that it was not worth mentioning. Here I have had great care shown me. Your father found me a bundle of rags, and not many of them, sick, poor, and wretched, and now I am as happy as a rat in a corn-bin! Well, if the old colonel got twenty thousand roubles for me without any trouble on his part, your father ought to get forty thousand, at least. And then to refuse me the few old clothes 'in' after a bargain like that, I call downright mean. You are not the girl I took you for."

"I'll see what I can do."

"Won't do! I must have your promise to give me the things and the passport. I have the whole plan arranged, and when I bring back Annie you and she will be friends."

Seeing how his heart was set upon the matter she said,

"I will promise you the clothes, and I will promise to try to get the passport, but that is very difficult because they are kept by the police."

"Well, are you not in the police?"

She laughed and said, "Well, perhaps I have better chances of getting at those things than outsiders would have, but it is so difficult that I can only promise to try. Now tell me what shall you ask Mr. Smirnoff to let you do?"

"You won't tell?"

"No, I promise not to tell. You will ask him to let you what?"

"Serve in the cavalry."

A hearty laugh showed that this secret was not what the young lady had expected to hear. And Ivan was much offended at having the secret desire of his heart laughed at.

At this juncture Captain Malutin en-

tered the room, and, seeing his daughter so amused, began to ask questions about the cause of her mirth.

"Well," he said, "whatever you were laughing at, there must be some truth in what Ivan says about the reward. It seems that for some days a reward has been offered, but not publicly, to the police. It has been communicated to the head of each tschast in Moscow, but by some means the notice has not reached me. I was busy with many extra duties, and have not been to the head office yonder for a week at least. This is a week ago, and the people of my qvartal have never thought of betraying your safe keeping here! It is altogether miraculous! I must ask you in speaking to Mr. Smirnoff about the matter to dwell on two facts, namely, first, that your identity was not, at first, believed in by any of us at the qvartal; and, secondly, that I have been, as well as my wife, much occupied in attending upon you during your sickness."

"All right," said Ivan. "I will say anything and everything you like, only I want you to let me have a bundle of all the old clothes I have worn on this expedition! I want the rubaschka, the brukie, and the old boots, as well as what I have worn belonging to Serge."

"That reminds me," said Malutin, "you must have a respectable schuba, for the snow is beginning to fall—and, in fact, it is winter."

"How jolly! That is the time to travel. Horses, bells, sledges! How they go! How the snow crackles! How the yamschik bullies the cattle! Don't talk to me of railways; they are well enough for miserable people like the

English, who live in a fog, have no horses, and never see snow. I mean to buy a sledge with three black horses and snow-nets over them."

The details of the schuba and fur cap were all satisfactorily arranged. The tailor had heard of the reward from a sergeant who had read the notice in the office, and he was only too glad to have a chance of obliging one of the richest merchants in Moscow, and in a very short time everything was ready to Ivan's satisfaction. He contrived to whisper to Sascha that the representation he should make of his treatment in their house should depend entirely upon the punctual performance of his request to have the bundle of girls' clothes and the passport. She had not been idle, and had actually been able to obtain the document he required from a heap of papers on her father's desk, knowing that he could easily replace it. She had put this in an envelope for Ivan, and put it into his hand at parting. The bundle of his clothes as packed by Helena Petrovna had been removed, and one closely resembling it substituted.

There was a tender leavetaking between Ivan and the two ladies, who had begun to like him hugely; and in a very short time Ivan once more found himself in the grand house of Mr. Smirnoff.

"Come up into my room, captain," cried Ivan. "I want to show you that I spoke the truth about my civil paletôt and cap. There is the peg from which I took the mantle and kepi. Haloah, Yuri! Don't you know me?"

"Is it possible? Yes, it certainly is Ivan Dobrofi; and here is Mr. Smirnoff!"

(To be continued.)

## THE GOLD FISH.

By THE REV. A. N. MALAN, M.A., F.G.S.,

Author of "*Cacus and Hercules*," "*One of Mother Carey's Chickens*," etc.

### CHAPTER V.

THE excitement about who were going to share in the enjoyment of Edwin's birthday festivities was only finally allayed on Saturday morning, when the three boys, Harry, Dickey, and Hercules, alone appeared decked in their Sunday clothes. Admired by all, envied by most, for these were now among the influential of the Highfield boys, the trio waited for Edwin Aston after school, and accompanied him to the home of his spinster aunt. Full of spirits at the prospect of the holiday, they laughed and chaffed and experienced the keen delight of freedom.

Miss Davis received them at the door of her mansion with a smile of genial, open-hearted hospitality. With all her crotchets and vagaries, she was a most charming old lady when concerned in the entertainment of young people.

Edwin was delighted at his aunt's gracious reception of his friends. The luncheon was spread with substantial elegance, the table garnished with fair flowers and fruits. Mirth and good-humour flowed apace. The boys discussed their school doings, and never an ill omened word was spoken to mar the harmony of the feast. Miss Davis entered

with lively interest into the details of cricket matches, which she understood about as well as a tortoiseshell cat understands the merits of Dresden china. She followed them in the history of woodland rambles and bathing adventures. She affected horror at the mark of the adder's fangs on Harry's wrist. She laughed for the twentieth time over the ludicrous conduct of Cacus in the school-room.

Then after lunch was over they went and sat under the verandah to enjoy the cool western breezes that were wafted through clustering traceries of clematis and jessamine and honeysuckle and vine. Miss Davis issued orders to James to bring out a table, and on it was placed an imposing square parcel carefully concealed by paper. This was her birthday present to Edwin, and proved when unpacked to be a handsome "Compendium of Games," containing chess, backgammon, draughts, steeplechase, and a host of other games, all turned out in the highest class of workmanship, such as a boy cannot fail to admire. Edwin's delight knew no bounds. The boys examined every item of the contents of the box, and played a game of steeplechase

with all the zest that attends the use of a new toy, and were so engrossed in the exciting sport that they were loth to leave it when the sound of carriage wheels announced the arrival of the young ladies.

Then there were shy shakings of hands, and tongues that before had seemed incapable of ever growing tired became on a sudden slow of speech and awkward in utterance, and it needed the full force of Miss Davis's arts to dispel the shyness of the boys and the coyness of the girls. But that good lady was equal to the emergency. Croquet, La Grace, and battledore upon the lawn gradually prevailed to remove all embarrassment.

And when they were tired of these amusements it was time for tea; which repast, in honour of the auspicious occasion, was to take the form of a picnic under the beech-trees by the pond. It was to be a genuine picnic, with no nonsense about it—as much a picnic as if the guests were on the wild slopes of a Welsh mountain or among the banks and braes of bonnie Scotland.

Baskets of provisions were brought out upon the lawn, and the boys carried them down to a grassy slope near the pond,



where beech and elm trees overshadowed the ground. The young ladies bore the teapots and kettle and lighter articles of the furniture of the feast. Two of the softer sex laid the cloth and set out the delicacies in appetising array, while two were told off to gather sticks for the fire. These were Molly Stephenson and Louise Delamere. Hercules was squire to the latter upon this occasion, and showed her assiduous attentions. Kitty Brown, the blonde, and Edith Grey, the brunette, presided over the teapots, and a blazing fire was soon crackling and sputtering beneath a gipsy tripod of stakes. It was a period of thorough enjoyment to all concerned, not least so to Miss Davis, who seemed to live over again one of her own sunny birthdays in the days long ago of her childhood. The happiness of the children around her brought back memories of the past. To quote the beautiful words of Charles Dickens—which of you boys can tell me from where they come?—"The tear which starts unbidden to the eye, when the recollection of old times and the happiness of many years ago is suddenly recalled, stole down the old lady's face as she shook her head with a melancholy smile."

Merely a passing cloud to dim for a moment the sunny scene.

Tea could not last for ever, and some one suggested a row on the pond. The old punt was soon manned—a craft warranted, if needs were, to carry a brood of young elephants. Harry Dawson and jolly old Hercules rowed three or four of the girls up the deep and shallow reaches, where perch and tench lurked through the hot summer afternoons, as cool as cucumbers, enjoying life while weary masters and boys labour at lessons.

And now we are approaching the crisis of this tale.

"Oh, do let us fish!" cried Edith Grey. "May we, Miss Davis? We can put what we catch into the basin of the fountain."

(You think, my boy, that you can guess what's going to happen, don't you? Not exactly, though!)

"To be sure, my love," answered the kind old lady. "Edwin, dear, fetch the fishing-rods from the stables, and ask cook to make you some dough-paste. We will not use worms, it is so cruel."

The tackle was soon procured, and two of the girls began to angle. Mademoiselle Louise was not slow to capture a perch, which Hercules gallantly took off the hook for her, and got his hand well pricked by the back fin during the operation.

Then the young ladies declared that Miss Davis must come upon the water—a thing she had never dreamed of during all the years she had been at Chesterton House. A garden-chair was placed in the punt, and a chorus of silvery voices begged their kind hostess to embark. Edwin insisted on being captain of the vessel on that voyage. He declared he could not trust his aunt on the water alone. Miss Davis's nerves seemed inspired with supernatural strength that afternoon. "The old lady stuck at nothing," as Edwin expressed it when afterwards talking over the glorious birthday festivities with Harry Dawson.

She actually stepped into the punt and sat in the chair, and suffered herself to be rowed about; and when the oarsmen rested for awhile, and Edwin put a fishing-rod into his aunt's hand, it seemed to her the most natural thing in the world that she should hold it! Miss Davis fishing in a punt! Such a wonder had never been known! It was the first and last time she ever fished in all her life.

Miss Davis did not find her patience long taxed. See, the float bobs—ducks its white head—dives—furiously disappears. The fisherwoman nearly lets go the rod.

"Hold hard, aunt! don't give in! you've got something grand!"

Miss Davis holds hard with both hands. The hazel wand bends like a shepherd's crook! Crack! the top joint has sprung a leak—that's not quite the correct ex-

pression, but the excitement is so intense that we cannot stop to alter it. She grasps the line. She hauls it in hand over hand! She refuses all assistance! Victory is hers! There lies gasping and floundering at the bottom of the punt

#### THE GOLD FISH!

\* \* \* \*

All things must have an end.

The shadows of evening had lengthened. The sun had set. The cool calm holy twilight had followed. The guests at last were gone. Edwin and his aunt stood alone upon the lawn.

"Well, aunt, you have given me the best birthday I ever had. I do thank you with all my heart. And it was *you* who caught the gold fish after all!"

"Edwin, I must beg your pardon. I have misjudged you. In spite of your telling me you had not disobeyed me, I could not help having some misgivings about the disappearance of the fish. I think now it must have found its way into the pond down the overflow-pipe."

"You're right, aunt. I'll tell you all how it happened."

And the boy told the whole story, which need not be repeated here.

In his latter days the burly fish once more reigned supreme in the fountain basin, monarch of all he surveyed; and never again did he escape; for a piece of wire gauze was fastened over the mouth of the pipe. He may have sometimes sighed for the deeper waters and broader pastures of the pond, but, at any rate, he had little to complain of in his declining years, and continued as of yore to be his mistress's only animal pet.

And as for the question of cribbing and cheating, like many a similar misunderstanding, it was soon forgotten by all concerned; and, somehow, from that day forward, Edwin and his aunt seemed to understand each other better; and so, like the hero and heroine in the dear old children's stories, they lived happily ever afterwards.

(THE END.)

## ON SPECIAL SERVICE: A NAVAL STORY.

By GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.,

Author of "The Cruise of the Snowbird," "Stanley O'Grahame," etc.

### CHAPTER V.—"GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART, GOOD-BYE."

IT was a glorious day, breezy, exhilarating. You would have said so had you been walking among the woods of Mount Edgcombe, that fringe the sea to the west of Plymouth Sound. The autumn tints were on the trees, the leaves came whirling down in showers; on some parts of the pathways they lay inches deep, and the bare-legged picturesque-looking children returning townwards with baskets laden with ripe, fat acorns danced among them and skipped among them, and laughed to hear them rustle, while high in the branches above dark-tailed squirrels squatted and swung, eyeing the children's baskets with envious glances.

A glorious day among the woods, and a glorious day anywhere you might roam in all the romantic country. But across the wilds of Dartmoor, had you been

making your way, you would have felt the full force of the breeze, and, had you been a sportsman, you hardly would have thought it so glorious there.

Then seaward had you looked you would have noticed that Neptune's lambs had come out to play, for the wind blew stiff and strong directly down Channel, and skippers of ships and craft of every kind beating havenwards with scanty canvas could scarce have said it was a glorious day at all. Yet they might have had worse weather, for the sky was blue overhead, and the few white clouds there were gave ample promise that, however stiff the breeze might be, it would be a steady one.

"A glorious day, sir," said Lieutenant Mildmay to his commander as they stood together on the quarter-deck of the Theodora.

The vessel lay at anchor in the harbour, the outermost ship, and some considerable distance astern of the Royal Adelaide, on which the admiral hoisted his flag.

The captain gave no direct answer just then. There was a frown on his not over-handsome face, so it was perhaps as well he did not speak at once.

He was looking at the stores with which the decks were littered, he was listening to the clang, clang, clang of the carpenters' hammers in the ward-room beneath their feet, he was sniffing with supercilious nostrils at the odour of fresh paint.

He gave one impatient glance around him at last, up at the sky, and out across the Sound to the Breakwater, then he took two or three rapid turns up and down the somewhat dirty deck, as lions



chafing at their thralldom do in their cages; then he stopped short, just where he had done before, but he did not look at his lieutenant as he replied,

"A glorious day! Was that what you said, Mr. Mildmay? Of course it is a glorious day, that is the worst of it. A glorious day, and we ought to be out in it instead of hanging here by the nose, like an old hulkus-culkus. A glorious day, indeed, and a glorious wind blowing right down Channel, and we ought to be feeling it, and half way across the bay by this time. But just look at the abominable mess we're in."

"Well, sir, I've been a bit short-handed for the last fortnight. If they won't send me more men from the dockyard when I apply for them, what am I to do?"

And Lieutenant Mildmay smiled in a conciliatory kind of way. The smile did not move nor mollify the commander in the least.

"Yes, yes," he replied, curtly, and somewhat cruelly, "laugh away, laugh away. I can't afford to laugh."

He paused, then he stamped on the deck so loudly that one blue-jacket at work beside the windlass looked round, and, noticing the dark look on the captain's face, winked to his companion.

"Ain't he in a flame, Bill?" he said.

"He's a hot un, I guess," said Bill. "But heave round."

"I used to be considered a smart officer," continued Captain Blunderbore, "but now, sir, under the circumstances, I could positively excuse Admiral Fuzz-gig if he tried us by court of inquiry. I really could, sir."

"Mr. Steele joined yet?" he added.

"No, sir; he will to-day, I believe."

"There again, you see--there again; only that useless young sprat of a McLeod to help the stores on board."

"Yonder he comes now, sir," said Mr. Mildmay; "and I really think the boy does all he can."

For the first time since they had commenced speaking the captain looked his

lieutenant in the face; and there was a curl on his lips, half sneer, half smile, as he said,

"I've been shipmate with you before, Mr. Mildmay."

"Yes, you were," replied Mr. Mildmay. "We were in the gunroom together for a year in the old Duncan. I was then mate, and you were middy."

"I did not refer to that time," the

bows, a few red-coated marines crouching down wherever they can find room; the ship's steward, the messman, and two other marines in the stern-sheets, with the cox'ain perched up right aft, tiller in hand, while he himself has barely standing-room.

A glorious day indeed! He is so tired now; he has had nothing to eat since morning, and his face looks pale as he

lifts his cap to wipe away the perspiration with a handkerchief which—pardon the comparison—looks absurdly like a bicycle rag.

A glorious day! It has been the hardest day, or one of the hardest days, ever he remembers. In that cutter he has been, off and on, 'twixt ship and shore, since one bell—half-past eight—in the forenoon watch; and now it has just gone one bell in the first dog watch from every ship in the harbour—a perfect babel of bells. He might have found time to dine, but he only took a standing bite, for there was nobody to take his place, and watches have not yet been set.

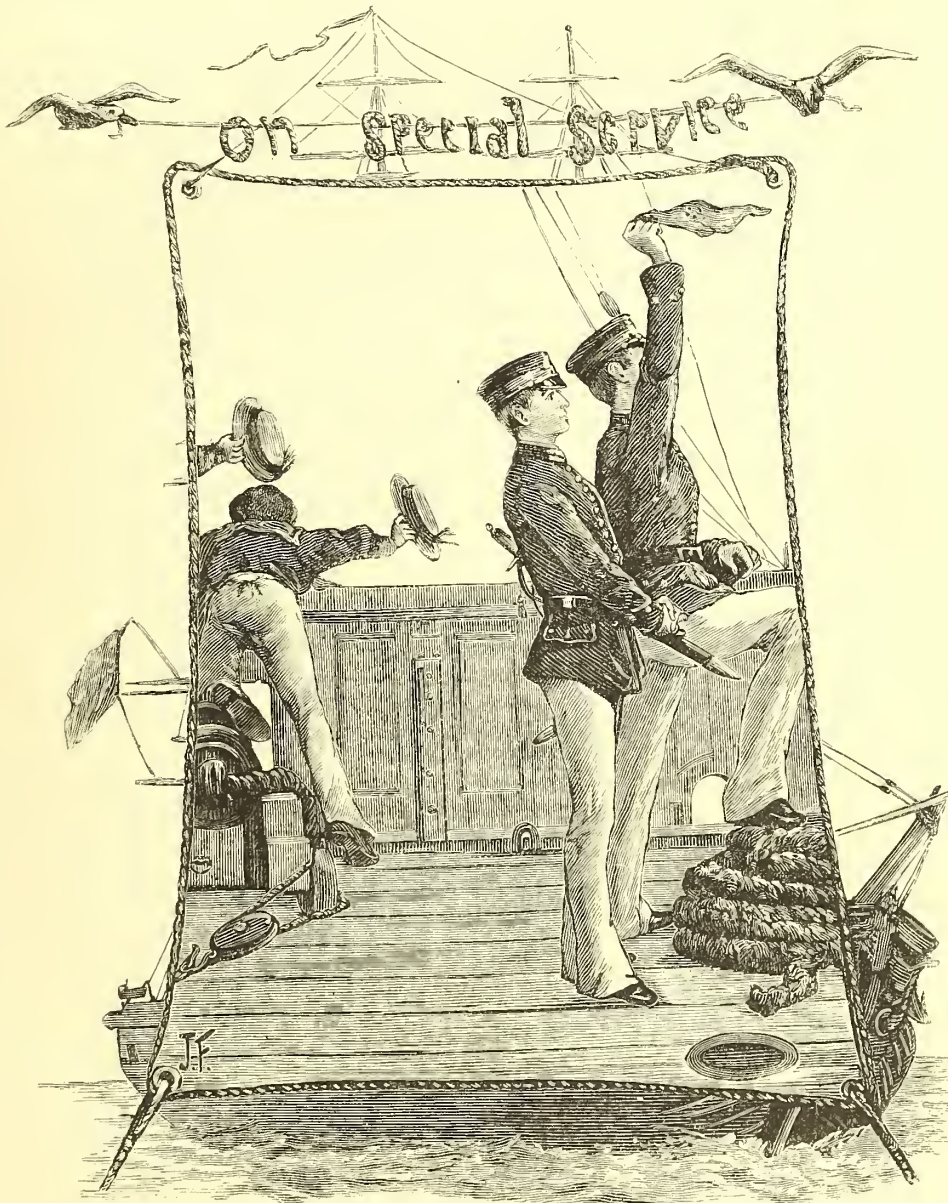
On shore he has had constant irritation. The working parties have been on better terms with themselves to-day than usual; which means that they have been more full of talk and joke, and chaff and song, and consequently not so full of work, so he has been worrying himself keeping them at it. He

knows all their names; he has been down here ten days, and a hundred times at least this day has he had to order "Jones" to keep silence, or "Harris" to go on hauling, or "Jack Brown" to keep his eyes at his work. Jones, Harris, or Jack Brown never failed to reply respectfully,

"Ay, ay, sir."

But that made little difference to the case in point, for what cared they for Middy McLeod? Well, he might report them, but well they knew he would do nothing of the sort.

He was only a mite of a middy even yet. Smaller even than he ought to



"Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye."

captain said, interrupting him. "Call away the gig," he added.

A glorious day for those on shore, among the woods or on the moors; a glorious day for those in ships in harbour, whose officers had little to do but walk on white, clean decks, or gaze listlessly overboard and watch the sea or the flocks of busy gulls that screamed around or floated on the water like miniature frigates. Hardly a glorious day, however, for Colin McLeod, who is now coming towards the Theodora in the biggest cutter, laden to the very gunwale with stores for the wardroom and gunroom, an extra hand or two in the



have been for his years ; small, but good-looking and smart withal, and strong as well. A mite of a middy, but a muscular mite, for all that.

In some streets adjoining the corner where his boats landed were shops with viands in the shape of rounds of roast beef, boiled hams stuck all over with cloves, and sausages swimming in steaming brown gravy. If it had not been for his uniform Colin would have rushed into one of these tempting emporiums and enjoyed what schoolboys call a "good tuck-in."

But the sorrows of hunger and hard work were not all that Colin had had to endure that day. He had had to stand a good deal of chaff from that good-natured but somewhat thoughtless animal the British public. They spoke at him, about him, or directly to him, but never unkindly.

"I say, Dick," said one immensity of a shore-porter, "he bees a little un, bean't he?"

"You shut up, 'Arry," was Dick's reply. "That's one of the bold defenders of our native land."

Passing a greengrocer's shop, where two women stood bargaining—

"Haven't you left your mammy too soon, dear?" said one.

"Let the child alone; he'll grow," said the other.

"And so will his sword," retorted the first speaker.

The men did not hesitate to titter at these remarks, though Colin grew scarlet with vexation.

Perhaps Phelim McKoy, an Irish blue-jacket, noticed the confusion of his officer, and it was to comfort him he said,

"Sorra a bit o' notice I'd take ov it, sorr. There's the makings av a man about, sorr, sure enough."

Well, it was vexing that when Colin was all ready to go off with the last boat two of his crew should be missing.

He went to find them, and did. They begged his pardon—said it was the first glass of beer they'd had to-day, and in triumph he marched them to the steps, only to find two more had gone. He found them next. They had only just run up, they said, for a "bit o' baccy," but when Colin got back the second time and found the other two had gone, then he lost his temper.

"Jump in, steward," he said, "we'll go off without them."

He was twenty yards from the shore when the truants returned.

Silly midshipman that he was. He ought to have gone right away off, and those two men would never have put foot on English ground again for years and years to come—if ever. But he had not the heart.

He is going off with the last boat, then, pale, tired, and worn. Now he meets the captain's gig swinging shorewards with the speed of a Thames racer.

Then oars have to be tossed, and Colin lifts his cap.

The only notice the man of four stripes takes of the salute is to draw the forefinger of one hand rapidly across his nose—a long hooked one—as if brushing a midge off.

The wind caught the bows and swept the cutter some way round till she seemed about to start down Channel, and the captain was heard by his own

crew to growl out the word "Awkward!"

But matters were soon put to rights, and at long last they are by the port-side, and Colin, all his feeling of fatigue departing in a moment, runs nimbly up the rope ladder and goes to report.

Down below he went next to have a wash, put on another jacket, and swallow some tea that his servant brought him.

Who do you think that servant was? You guess rightly, it was Duncan, the keeper's boy, but quite a soldier now, and as quiet and respectful to his master as if he had never played "dambrod" with him side by side in the old pine wood.

Captain Peter had managed this transition to the satisfaction and comfort of all concerned.

"Oh! Duncan," said Colin, when he was at length dressed and ready to go on deck, "I've been so hungry all day, but I don't feel it a bit now."

"Have you really, sir?" was the reply.

"Look here, Duncan," said Colin, in a low voice. "You are right to call me 'sir.' Let us begin as we are to go on. You are right to call me 'sir' on all service matters, on or off duty, but when we are quite alone, and it isn't a matter of service, let us be the same to each other we always used to be. Be thou my foster-brother as of old. Do not let the recollections of our boyhood's days fade quite away, Duncan. I would have every scene in our native glen—forest and moorland, lake and stream, the green woods and purple hills—to dwell in memory for ever, and wherever we go, as bright and clear as a painting on glass."

Duncan did not reply. He busied himself arranging his foster-brother's sea-chest. His heart was too full to reply, and Colin knew it, and said nothing more.

When Middy McLeod went on deck again a very joyful surprise awaited him. Quentin Steele was there!

There was an almost mischievous smile on his handsome face as he advanced to meet Colin with hand extended.

"Why, Quentin! My old sea-dad! You here! You've come to say good-bye?"

"Not yet a little. I've just joined the ship. We sail together."

"We do! And you never wrote to tell me!"

"No, old man, that was my joke. I wanted to give you a startling surprise."

"Well, it is a pleasant one. I'm as happy as happy now."

Arm-in-arm the two strolled away forward together, and were soon in deep confab under the fore rigging.

So interested were they indeed in their conversation that they did not hear a light springy footstep close behind them. They both started and looked up, for a hand was laid on the shoulder of each, and there, towering above them, for he was a tall and squarely-built man, stood the first lieutenant. He was all the sailor, not only in build, but in the way he wore his dress. His frock-coat was open, his waistcoat a white one, his cap well up over the brow, but not over the hair, his shirtfront and cuffs were faultless, and diamonds glittered in them, but the neck was very loose.

Poor Mildmay! he was a man who had positively turned grey in the service, waiting and waiting for the promotion that never came. He had no interest,

save the interest of honesty, bravery, and strict attention to duty; his very strictness in the matter of duty had on more than one occasion offended people in high places. Be this as it may, the fact remained that Mildmay continued a lieutenant at forty-two, when he ought to have been a post-captain.

Mildmay had a very handsome face, a shapely somewhat aquiline nose, a high white brow, thin mobile lips, and brown eyes, the expression of which was at times almost womanly in their serenity. He shaved all his face and permitted his hair to grow long—locks, in fact, that waved behind his ears and neck.

He looked very engaging when he smiled, and very sincere, but sword in hand on the day of battle Irving himself never showed a fiercer face.

Have you got him in your mind's eye, reader? I hope you have. The sketch is no fancy one—he was the writer's sea-dad.

"I'm glad to notice," he said, "that you two young gentlemen are old acquaintances. I want you both to come and dine with me."

"With pleasure, sir," said Colin, "but when?"

"To-night. Now. The first bugle has gone. The second will go in twenty minutes. Go and get ready."

Both Quentin and Colin were somewhat shy at first in the ward room. It was a very small dinner-party, however, for the officers had not all joined. Mildmay very soon set them at ease. He was all attention to their every want, though he did not seem to force attention on his young guests. It was evident he not only understood boys but loved them. He kept them laughing all the evening with his whimsical talk and his strange stories, and when he dismissed them at last both averred that they could not remember ever spending so pleasant an evening before either ashore or afloat.

Another week of hard work to all on board, then things began to grow ship-shape; the decks were cleared, the stores were stowed, painters and carpenters had done their work, the officers had all joined, and the good ship had left her moorings, slipped away out, and anchored—all ready to sail—between the Hoe and the Breakwater.

There they lay waiting for orders to leave.

They came at last, and steam was got up, and boats got in. Quite a fleet of small craft, however, surrounded her. In them was the blue-jacket's sweetheart, the blue-jacket's wife, the blue-jacket's mother, and sister, and children, and many were the tear-bedewed handkerchiefs waved after the brave Theodora as she moved slowly away at last.

And from over the water came the plaintive notes from the flagship's band of that sweet old song,

"Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye."

(To be continued.)



\* \* The Collecting Cards for the "Boy's Own" Gordon Memorial are now ready. Every reader of the B. O. P. should endeavour to do something to help on the good work.



## OUR PRIZE COMPETITION.

(SEVENTH SERIES.)

## Writing Competition.

(Continued from page 495.)

BEFORE dismissing this Competition for the next—"Illumination"—it may be well to make one or two remarks by way of information, advice, or warning. First let us mention that we have accepted all the "Versions" sent in, as there seemed to be some doubt in the minds of competitors as to the one it was intended should be used. Thus we received and accepted copies from the Bible, the Prayer-book, and the Scotch Psalters, as well as Welsh, French, and other versions. But here we made our stand. *Incorrect* copies, of whatever version, were at once rejected, errors in spelling being in many cases fatal, and omitted or duplicated words and sentences accounting for other failures where the handwriting itself was of a high class. We may state, too, that the copies of the Psalm sent in from Board and other schools have been conspicuously marked by the number of words omitted and wrongly spelt, etc. How is this? Once reading over after completion ought to have been sufficient to reveal the errors and omissions. The actual *writing* from some of our great public schools was about the worst received.

Turning now to the other side, we must congratulate our friends both on the number and quality of the papers sent in. The thou-

sands received by us—there were nearly ten thousand in all—prove the popularity of the subject; and in the case of some of the productions it would be very difficult indeed to suggest any improvements, so near are they to perfection in their several styles of penmanship. Regard has of course been paid to national as well as other differences in writing, that all might have a fair and equal chance. We should like to speak a special word of encouragement to those who have been handicapped by natural difficulties—to those lads, for instance, who have to work at manual labour from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m., and whose only opportunity of learning to write is that provided at the night school or some such useful institution. To such we would say, Do not be depressed because you have not been able to win a prize or certificate, for there are many who have had almost every advantage, so far as one could judge, who have failed quite as much as you, and you have certainly reaped benefit from the effort you have made. Some competitors have had peculiar odds against them. Thus one writes: "I lost my right arm 'stocking' the passenger train between Edinburgh and Dundee on 18th May, 1884." We are agreeably surprised at the style of the writing learned in

the short time that has elapsed since the accident, and very heartily wish our friend well.

Then a mother writes: "The specimen of writing sent herewith is penned *without hands* or even feet to aid in the construction of the letters. A living artist, I am told, achieves admirable work holding his brushes betwixt his toes. My poor dear boy holds his pen between his stumps, being possessed of only a portion of each forearm and of each thigh—like Mr. Kavanagh, late member for Wicklow. Competing for the prize is entirely his own conception." Some at least of our readers may remember seeing in one of the picture galleries of Belgium, as we did so recently as last autumn, an artist who copies the Masters, deftly plying his brush with his toes, and heartily shaking the hands of friends in the same way. We send our greetings to our competitor, with our hearty congratulations on the attempt he has made to win laurels in this competition—and, indeed, to all such as have had to face unusual difficulties in their work. These may meet even defeat cheerfully, in the consciousness of having done their best though confronted with obstacles that would have deterred many another.

## THE TROUT, AND HOW TO CATCH IT.

By J. HARRINGTON KEENE,

*Author of "The Practical Fisherman," "Fishing Tackle, and How to Make It," etc.*

## IV.—THE FLY-ROD—HOW TO USE IT.

IN the use of the rod the point to be aimed at is not the length one can throw a line, but the precision with which the bait can be put on the water and the general neatness and lightness of such operation, so that the fish may not be scared, as will ensue without fail on clear water if the angler be clumsy. Not that it is undesirable to cultivate long throwing; on the contrary, he who can command a long line will under some circumstances command fish which his less muscular brethren would be unable to reach.

Cotton, in his contribution to the "Complete Angler," says very truly, "The length of line is a mighty advantage to the fishing at a distance, and to fish *fine and far off* is the first and principal rule for trout angling;" and Professor Rennie adds in a footnote, "An artist may easily throw twelve yards of line with one hand, and with two he may easily throw eighteen." I wonder what he would say to the throwing at Hendon in June last at the "Anglers' Tournament" got up by Mr. R. B. Marston, where Mr. Mallock, of Perth, threw thirty-two yards with a single-handed fly-rod!

Let it be understood, then, that the style and precision of throwing the fly is the first consideration, and that distance is the next. To be a master fly-fisherman, as I have elsewhere insisted, the tyro must begin young and keep up his practice unremittently. It is the same with cricket and all other sports requiring manual skill and dexterity; the muscles must be taught to act in a certain way continuously, so that a habit is formed, and then almost independently of personal volition they operate towards a desired end without interference from the voluntary powers. In fact, in most exertions, if we pause to consider and frame them at each performance the chances are that nervousness

—i.e., excessive care—steps in and frustrates the good throw, or the high jump, or the finished "drive" at cricket. If, however, correct habits are formed—and practice forms them only—after a time, great or little, according to the facility of the pupil, the movement becomes a part of the recognised performances of the arms, and demands much less thought and guidance, just as my pen at this moment of writing trips over the paper, apparently framing words and sentences of its own will, whilst I am thinking the thoughts it puts down.

I hope you have caught my meaning, and, if not, let me advise you to go through the last paragraph again. If, however, you understand what I desired to convey, the next step is to set about the actual operation of casting a fly.

First let us throw the line from a single-handed fly-rod. Now at the commencement it is not necessary for you to throw the line on water. I rather advise you to select a broad expanse of lawn or field where the grass is short, and there seek to get your hand in. It is quite right to attach an artificial fly, but in order to save the "flicking off," which when you begin your lessons will exhaust a dozen flies in as many minutes, it is well to roll a piece of worsted round the hook. Having done this, it is time to make your first throw.

To do this, take the rod just above the reel with the right hand firmly, the thumb lying uppermost along the rod, pull out with the left hand a good length of line from the reel, then with a backward movement of the rod's point, keeping the elbow in to the side, urge the line behind you; then bring it forward, not too swiftly, but with an even rapid motion, till the rod's point is at about three to five feet from the ground. Your fly ought

to have fallen in a straight line before you if this movement is properly performed.

If you wish for more line from the reel now is the time, before recovering, to release some with the left hand from the reel or winch. This do, and as you lift the fly from the grass to send it behind you just give an extra rate of speed to it that the slack line may pass through the rings. Get some one to give you an illustration of how this should be performed, and then with the above description no false understanding can result. Continue to practise on a lawn with first a short line, gradually lengthening it as you proceed until the full limit of your skill and strength is reached, and until you lose the unpleasant popping sound which if your fly were not protected by the worsted would certainly proclaim that it had departed or been "flicked off."

Having managed to throw a line without difficulty in such a way that it faces straight on the water, the fly being at the end of the east, it next becomes necessary to cultivate precision. To this end I still advise lawn practice for some time. A sheet of white paper makes a good target, and as hitherto you have naturally thrown *with* the wind, it is very advisable to practise throwing sideways, and under and even against the breeze, making your paper the supposed fish to which you wish to present your lure. A heavy line is necessary for these latter manoeuvres, and, indeed, I do not myself favour a very light line at all. Having as you think succeeded in fairly mastering the rudiments of casting, you may now hope to take to the water with a chance of succeeding in getting a trout or two without frightening more than two-thirds of what you succeed in getting to rise at you, and if you have persistently practised you may also hope to escape the good-natured but slightly contemptuous laughter of the expert



angler which usually greets the uninitiated and clumsy fly-fisher.

Of course, your motto for a long time yet is, "Practice, practice, practice!" and especially is this necessary when your advancement is sufficient to warrant your taking to the water. If no fish be rising, take imaginary spots for your targets, and do not leave off till you can reach them satisfactorily—i.e., without splash or doubling of the line. If you cannot do this you are not fit to throw over a rising fish.

"But," you will be asking, "when I can do what you say, and see a fish rising, how is it to be fished for?" Verily, a question better replied to by the water than on paper. Half an ounce of practice is worth a bushel of mere theory—though, mind you, if one's theory is right the practice cannot be wrong, for one follows on the other as the night the day. However, these simple rules will aid the intelligent learner.

First let us suppose the fish is rising in open stream. The question primarily occurs, "What at?" Now herein comes your entomological knowledge. Watch carefully, and see if possible the exact fly that is coming down, and if you cannot quite discern the form pay attention to the *size and colour*. These are all-important in fly-fishing and fly-making. "But," you say, "I can distinguish it; it is an olive dun." Well and good. You thereupon attach an olive dun. What next? Well, I suppose you have not been stupid enough to get near your fish from above—for a trout always lies with head up stream. No, he lies ten yards above *you*, and is sucking in the fast-floating flies with quiet but unmistakable enjoyment.

Is your fly attached? Yes! Good! Now draw out some line as I told you before, and get a length in free working order by throwing a few times *in air*. This you will have learnt to do on the grass, or if you have not you ought to have done so after what I told you. Well, you have now, say, a dozen yards of line in working order, and you are keeping it, by alternate movements backwards and forwards, suspended in air. Your object is to drop the fly about three feet above the fish, and let it float over just as you saw the other flies do.

Can you do it? Try. Well done! But the line was not quite straight, and the stream dragged it ever so slightly, and this is enough to startle your fish. Oh, there is another rising fish just above to the right! Try him. Gently your line on a gentle breeze at your back sails through the air, and the fly just falls in front of the jewel-like eyes of *Salmo furio*. He rises, takes it. Mount your rod, don't strike; see you have him. Keep the top well up, and draw in what line is necessary with your left hand. Bring him down stream, gradually increasing your tension on his mouth. So! Into the bank with head slightly raised. Take out your landing-net from the band of your creel, and bring it round over his tail, and then lift. Gently again! See, you have a pound trout! That is a result of *up-stream dry fly-fishing*.

Why "dry" fly? you perhaps ask. Ah! I find that I have forgotten to explain that peculiarity of modern fly-fishing, so, with

your permission, fair brother anglers, let me digress somewhat and expound its "art and mystery." To do this effectually I must call your attention to a representative clear—or chalk, almost synonymous terms in trout-fishing—stream well known as the Itchen, in Hampshire. Here the water is so clear and gin-like that the wonder is that the fish take an artificial fly at all. But take the fly they do—and that to a pretty tune sometimes! What do you think of 287 brace of trout in one calendar month (Sundays, of course, excepted) caught by one rod? But this was some years ago. Even now, however, eight and ten brace of fish a day are not by any means uncommon.

But to return. Forty years ago the trout of the Itchen would take the fly if thrown on the water to some extent anyhow. They cared not for the "dry" fly, not they, but were glad to get a fly of any sort. Now things on most such streams are vastly different. Of course the fly by its being flicked in and out and on and off the water becomes soddened with wet, and does not float owing to the weight of the iron hook. Trout nowadays will have none of this, and a device is necessary to dry it. This consists in "flicking" it backwards and forwards in air several

times before delivering it to the rising fish. Some anglers dip the fly as soon as it is attached in paraffin oil so as to destroy the capillary attraction. It is a very good dodge, but has this unfortunate tendency—it loosens the binding of the fly, which is in nine cases out of ten waxed with a wax soluble in paraffin. The result therefore is that before you can call out Jack Robinson after hooking a fish, the said fish has taken his hook (or yours) in disgust, leaving you wiser—but not better pleased. This, therefore, is what is termed dry fly-fishing.

By-the-by, only one fly is used, and one of the chief excellencies of a good "dry"-fly angler is his ability to keep his eye on the fly as it falls. He never casts at comparative random, but selects his fish and studiously puts the lure before it with intent in all he does. If you can fish and kill on such a stream as the Itchen or the Dove, or the Test or the Gade in Hertfordshire, you can consider you have graduated, and all other tackle for trout will presently reveal itself without difficulty. I have purposely given you your hardest lesson first, whilst your enthusiasm is strong.

(To be continued.)



## GREAT SHIPWRECKS OF THE WORLD.

### THE WRECK OF THE ROTHESAY CASTLE.

TO the west of Penmon in Anglesey is Llanalgo, where, as told in our part for March, the Royal Charter was wrecked; to the east of it, about a mile and a half towards the Carnarvon coast, is the Dutchman's Bank, whereon a good many years ago there occurred a wreck which caused, if possible, even more consternation than that we have

described. The loss of the Rothesay Castle could not well be omitted from any group of the horrors of the sea, for it furnishes such a striking example of that kind of disaster which is due entirely to stupidity and bad management.

She was wrecked in 1831. She was then eighteen years old—a paddle steamer that

had originally been built as a river boat, with upper timbers only four inches thick. After trying to trade across the Irish Channel—when her men left her for unseaworthiness—she had been placed to run as a pleasure steamer between Liverpool and Beaumaris, to which latter place she was bound when she ended her career on the

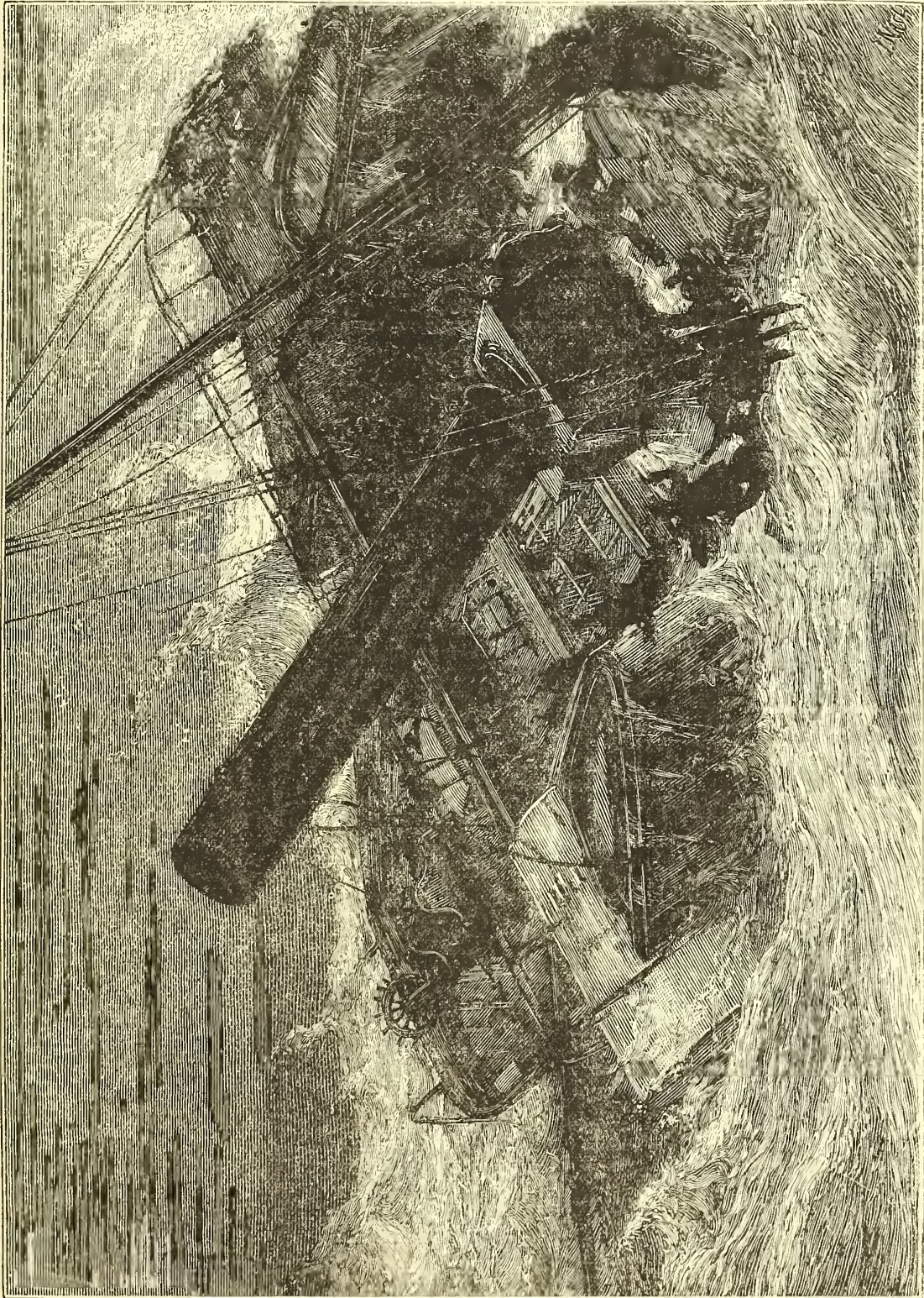


Dutchman. She left St. George's Pier, Liverpool, at eleven in the morning of the 17th of August. There were one hundred and fifty passengers on board, pleasure-

sengers, set-to rolling and pitching alarmingly. With the wind and sea against her she did but little good, and at three o'clock in the afternoon, after four hours' steaming,

and the boat drove labouring on. All that was done with regard to her management was—to collect the fares!

The sun set, and the storm grew, and the



Wreck of the "Rotthesay Castle."

seekers of all classes, some of whom had come in parties from a distance for the trip. As she left the pier her band struck up a lively air, the bright sun shone out cheerily, and all promised well.

As she made her way slowly down the Mersey the clouds began to bank, and when she passed New Brighton the sea grew angry, and the old boat, heavily crowded with pas-

she had only reached the Floating Light, fifteen miles from Liverpool.

As the weather threatened to grow worse, many of the passengers appealed to the captain to put back, but that individual having expressed his opinion that there was "a great deal of fear and very little danger," proceeded below to refresh himself. The "pleasant trip" was consequently continued,

steamer ploughed on in the teeth of the wind, and her hapless passengers were almost drowned with the spray that came dashing on board of her. Creaking and groaning, with her paddles alternately out of water, she rolled slowly on until at midnight she entered the Menai Straits and stopped dead on the Dutchman's Bank. The confusion may be imagined. There was no gas to



signal with, no light or lantern, and no oars in the boat which soon broke adrift. There was only one pump, and that was soon choked by the ashes from the engine-room. The water slowly rose below, for there was nothing to bale it out with. There was not even a bucket to be found. The bell was rung so furiously that the clapper broke, and it had to be struck with a stone. The bell was heard, but in the darkness of the night the spot whence the sound came could not be discovered. The long sandy spot called the Dutchman's Bank runs out into the centre of the channel, and at the spot where the vessel grounded was about a mile and a half from Penmon. Pilots were there ready to go out on receiving the signal; but no signal was made. There was not even a blue-light to give it.

For fourteen or fifteen times the *Rothsay Castle* bumped on to the sand before she came to her final rest. At the captain's orders the passengers ran together aft so as to shift the weight, but the manœuvre was useless. He then tried to ease her by running the passengers forward, which alike proved useless. And then he simply gave it up as a bad job—and did nothing.

As the boat settled the seas came sweeping over her. Out of the passengers and crew only twenty were saved. The scene was terrible. Let one of the survivors tell his story.

"My wife and some friends came to me and asked if I thought we should be lost. I thought we should, and they proposed going to prayer for the short time we had to live. We all went to prayer, myself and wife in particular, and when we got from our knees I saw four men getting upon the mast, and beginning to fasten themselves to it. I told my wife I would look out for a better situation for us; I took her towards the windlass, and began to fasten a rope to the frame where the bell hung; and when I had got the rope

made fast, and looked back for my wife, she had again joined our friends near to the place at which we kneeled down. A great wave almost took me overboard, but I held by the rope; there came a second, and a third wave, before I could see my wife again; and when I looked—they were all gone."

And with them many more. And throughout that night and early morning the steamer slowly broke to pieces, and the waves bit by bit devoured their prey. No attempt was made to launch a raft, or even to cheer the people with hopes of safety. They remained fast and helpless on the sand, until one after another they were all washed away. The bank is dry at low water. One of the passengers who knew the neighbourhood opened his umbrella, used it as a life buoy, floated for about half a mile, and then walked ashore. And although this man well knew that he could do this, and deliberately started with the intention of doing it, yet he never said a word to his fellow-passengers as to their nearness to safety, and left them to drown under the impression that they were hopelessly out at sea. The umbrella was not the only curious life-buoy that was used. One young fellow made a rush for the big drum, jumped overboard with it, and floated ashore at his ease.

A schooner was anchored off Penmon, and heard the bell, but could not make out the meaning or direction of the sound. Those on board of her caught sight of a man struggling in the water, and, taking him on board, heard the first news of the wreck. The boat went off to help, and the schooner's men saved seven in all. The thirteen others of the survivors either swam, floated, or walked to the beach.

The people clustered on the port side or hung round the masts waiting for daylight. The funnel and the masts were soon, however, jerked over. The foremast went last. When daylight came the Straits were dotted

with corpses, slowly floating to the Anglesey shore. One of the corpses was that of a magnificently-dressed lady of gentle birth, whom no friends ever came to own, and who was buried in the rough shell like the poorest of the poor. Among the corpses also was that of Mr. Forster, who had three hundred sovereigns in his pocket, and of whose party only one survived—the little dog.

The most pathetic incident, however, is that with which we will bring this horrible story to a close. Among the passengers was a father and his little boy. After the steamer grounded the two kept together hand in hand, resolved at first to die together. But danger is the great touchstone which brings out the innermost depths of a man's character. Slowly the frightened crowd lessened around them, and the waves seemed to grow bolder as they rose on to the wreck. At last there came a wave that rolled over the father and his boy. It seemed to be a case of one life or the other; and the father—to save himself—unclasped his child's hand.

"Father, father, do not leave me!" screamed the little fellow as the man clambered up out of danger. The father heard the cry as the boy was washed off into the water; and remorse seized him. He would have given his life to recall that moment of selfish weakness.

But the boy was not to die. He was one of those picked up by the schooner; and, weeping bitterly for his loss, he was taken to a cottage on shore and put to bed.

He cried himself to sleep, and woke late in the morning whispering the

"Father, father, do not leave me!" with which he had parted from him he loved. He was answered.

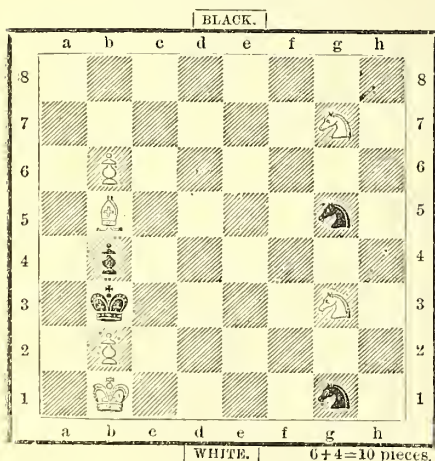
There came a shout of "My boy! My boy!" and he lay clasped in his father's arms. The man had drifted ashore insensible, been put to bed in the same room, and awoke to the words that haunted him.

## C H E S S.

(Continued from page 495.)

### Problem No. 100.

By H. F. L. MEYER.



White to play, and mate in four (4) moves.

### Solutions.

PROBLEM No. 97.—1, Q—Kt 4, any of five moves. 2, Q mates at Q6 or K4 accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 98.—1, Kt—R sq., any move. 2, Kt—B2, any. 3, Kt—Q3 mate.

PROBLEM No. 99.—1, R—Kt 7, K×P (or a, b, c). 2, Q—B6 (ch.), K×Q. 3, Kt—Q8

mate.—(a) K×R. 2, Q—Kt6 (ch.), K×Q. 3, B—R7 mate.—(b) K—K6. 2, Q×P, any move. 3, Q—K2 or K B3 mate accordingly.—(c) K—Q6. 2, R×P, K—B5. 3, Q—Kt5 mate.

### To Chess Correspondents.

W. A. PHILIDOR HARRIS.—Our centennial problem is dedicated to you in recognition of your superior horsemanship, and is described as "The four horses in a row."

J. S.—Observe that the following moves in Problem No. 89 lead to a draw: 1, R—B8, Q—Q2. 2, R—K Kt8 (ch.), K×R. 3, Q×R, P—R4. 4, Q—K7, Q—Kt5. 5, P—Q7, Q×B P (ch.), and draws by perpetual check.

—If 4, P—Kt3, then Q—R2, and White will either try to give check or attack the Q P, or push his R P forward.—The move of 1, R—B7 is more easily decided by Q×P (ch.). 2, Q×Q, R×Q. 3, P—Q7 (or a, b), R×P (ch.). 4, K—Kt3, R—Q5, and draws.—(a) P—Kt3, R—Q5.—(b) R—R7, R×P (ch.). 4, K—Kt3, R—Q5. 5, R×R P, K—B3, and White has the better game.—The variation c on page 367 might be shortened by move 8, Q×R.

J. B.—To page 351. Problems of three pieces consist of the two Kings, a Queen or Rook, or Pawn, and are therefore very easy, like

### PROBLEM No. 101.

White: K—Q B5; P—Q B7. Black: K—Q R sq. White to play, and mate in three moves.

Four pieces can produce some fine problems, as is shown by the following:—

### PROBLEM No. 102.

By W. A. Shinkman.

White: K—Q Kt 2; Q—K Kt 4; B—Q R 4. Black: K—Q R 4. White to play, and mate in four moves.

### PROBLEM No. 103.

By H. F. L. Meyer.

White: K—K 6; Q—K 2. Black: K—Q B8; P—Q B7. White to play, and mate in eight moves.

On the other hand, even a two-mover may require as many as 22 pieces, thus:

### PROBLEM No. 104.

By J. A. W. Hunter and H. F. L. Meyer.

White: K—Q R8; Q—Q B3; R—K R6; Bs—K B2 and 7; Kts—Q R7 and K R8; Ps—Q B6, Q2, Q5, K4, K Kt6. Black: K—Q3; Q—K R6; R—K R4; Bs—K B8 and Q R6; Kts—K4 and Q Kt7; Ps—K Kt4, K2, and Q B2.

Five pieces produce some very difficult positions, as for instance this, by J. Kling: White: K—K B6; R—Q Kt7; B—K B4. Black: K—K R sq.; R—Q R8. White to move and mate in sixty-four moves.—Or this, by B. von Guretzky-Cornitz: White: K—Q Kt2; Kts—K3 and K R3. Black: K—K Ktsq.; P—K R5. White to play, and mate in sixty-four moves.

C. J. F.—Notice in Problem No. 91 that not only White, but also Black, can promote the P to a Kt.



## THE "BOY'S OWN" GORDON MEMORIAL FUND.

(Continued from page 496.)

AFTER our last number had gone to press we learnt that the Editor of the "Globe"—who when he wrote to us knew nothing of our having already started a special "Boy's Own" Fund—intended by his letter to appeal for our co-operation in some other undertaking, and not to suggest that we should inaugurate a separate scheme. This merely by the way.

Since the "Boy's Own" Fund was started, many Gordon Memorial Funds have been suggested, and several have actually been begun. Though the needless multiplying of efforts having a somewhat similar object in view is, of course, for obvious reasons, to be deprecated, those now more prominently before the public need not, if a little care is exercised, in any way clash, nor present the remotest semblance of rivalry.

First, in order of time, amongst what we may call the *Home* efforts, as contradistinguished from the Port Said scheme, comes our "Boy's Own" Fund. Next a fund has been started that we should like to see assume national proportions, and do amongst adults what we hope to accomplish amongst and by the agency of our boys. Its joint-treasurers are Mr. John MacGregor ("Rob Roy"), whose interest in the Boy's OWN PAPER is well known to our readers, and Mr. H. R. Williams, who is one of the Religious Tract Society Committee by whom the Boy's OWN PAPER was started, and whose special interest in Ragged Schools is well known. Mr. Williams, in a letter to the daily press dated April 9th, thus explains what he and his coadjutors are aiming at: "A number of gentlemen interested in promoting the welfare of poor children have just met to consider in what way this object could be best promoted, when the following resolution was unanimously adopted: 'That the Committee of the Ragged School Union and the Council of the Reformatory and Refuge Union be requested to form themselves into a central committee (with power to add to their number) to raise a Gordon Memorial Fund for the benefit of poor children.' The resolution forming the committee, as well as the object itself, have, I have reason to know, the approval of the late General Gordon's family. I cannot at present state definitely the form which the memorial is likely to take."

We have chatted with Mr. Williams on this work, and he wishes us all success in our own special effort.

Thirdly, there is the proposed Gravesend Gordon Memorial—first, it would seem, for the purpose of building a Home at Gravesend for Poor Boys, and secondly for the purpose of providing a Public Recreation Ground there. With this effort, too, we have been invited to co-operate; but, while wishing the committee abundant success, we have thought it best to keep to our own definite work on our own lines.

Ours is essentially a Boys' Memorial to one whose memory English-speaking boys the world over may well delight to unite to honour. Our Fund is intended to be essentially representative of British boyhood—a memorial raised by boys for boys, in fond memory of a noble boy-lover. We hope that boys of all ages and conditions of life will take it up heartily and make it their very own. It will be specially graceful on the part of our leading public and private school-boys thus to stretch out a friendly, helping hand towards lads less happily circumstanced than themselves. But we should certainly not like the effort to be limited to schools. British boys everywhere, we hope, may join in the good work, and a "long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together" is bound to win success.

We rejoice in the proofs already received of the way the scheme commends itself not

only to boys, but also to their elders. Thus the Rev. A. N. Malan, M.A., of Eagle House School, Wimbledon, writes: "I think your idea about a Boys' Gordon Memorial Fund excellent, and I am sure my boys will support it with zest when they return." Other head masters write in the same spirit; and one, representing one of the largest London schools, adds: "I would make a suggestion. Would it not be better not to push collections in schools until the beginning of next term? Our boys here would be glad to make a collection then, but just now . . . they have about come to the end of their pocket-money. I intend to remind my boys of this again next term." Dr. Gordon Stables and Mr. Talbot Baines Reed both write for cards, the latter adding: "I am greatly pleased to see that the B. O. P. is starting a Gordon Memorial. His splendid example will always be a beacon light to English boys, and I am sure they will respond eagerly to your appeal. If I can be of any service beyond recommending the movement to my own boy friends, which I shall gladly do, please let me know."

The press, religious and secular, and of all shades of opinion, is equally favourable to our effort. To take but two examples. Says the "Rock": "The movement is an excellent one, and we heartily wish it all success." Says the "Baptist": "Amongst the many suggested 'memorials' of Gordon is one already started by the well-known Boy's OWN PAPER of the Religious Tract Society, that appears not only eminently appropriate in itself, but open to none of the objections that have been urged against the Port Said scheme. There seems a peculiar fitness in the 'boys,' whom Gordon loved so tenderly, *taking the matter in hand for themselves*. They will doubtless carry on their peaceful campaign with characteristic enthusiasm, and win the success they will deserve. The proceeds of the fund are to be 'wholly applied in accordance with Gordon's known wishes—that is, for the benefit of poor boys.'"

We shall now be glad to receive donations with all convenient speed. *All receipts will be duly acknowledged in our columns.* Collecting-cards may now be had, but many readers may prefer to give right out rather than collect. *All* should endeavour to do something, however small. Girl readers, of whom we rejoice to have many, may of course also assist. Amongst those who have already received collecting-cards we may mention the Hon. R. L. N. Brabazon, and Lady Brabazon has also intimated her interest. We hope to begin to print the names of donors in our next number.

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

## A SCHOOLMASTER'S TRIBUTE TO GORDON.

The happiest epitaph that we have seen on General Gordon is the following, published in the new number of the "Journal of Education." The verses are signed "E. D. A. M.," under which initials we have no doubt that we recognise Mr. E. D. A. Morhead, formerly Fellow of New College, and now an assistant-master at Winchester:—

FOR THE GRAVE OF GORDON.

"I had rather be dead than praised."—C. G. G.

By those for whom he lived, he died; his land

Awoke too late and crowned dead brows with praise.

He, 'neath the blue that burns o'er Libyan sand,

Put off the burden of heroic days.

There, strong by death, by failure glorified,  
O never proud in life, lie down in pride!

## AN AMERICAN TRIBUTE TO GORDON.

The following interesting extract is from a letter just written by Mr. J. G. Whittier, the Quaker poet of New England: "For years I have followed General Gordon's course with constantly increasing interest, wonder, and admiration, and I have felt his death as a great personal bereavement. A providential man, his mission in an unbelieving and selfish age revealed the mighty power of faith in God, self-abnegation, and the enthusiasm of humanity. For centuries no grander figure has crossed the disc of our planet. . . . We Americans, in common with all English-speaking people the world over, lament his death and share his glorious memory. . . . He has made not only England, but the world richer for his memory."

## OUR OPEN COLUMN.

## SIMPKINS PRIMUS.

BY F. EDMONDS, BRIGHTON.

My name is Simpkins primus, I'm a most unlucky lad,  
I sit by Brown secundus, who's a howling little cad;  
He ran a needle in my calves, and when I gave a yell,  
The master, that's old Boggles, said sarcastically:—

"Well,

My dear friend, Simpkins primus" (he knows that makes me sour),

"Your voice is very beautiful, but—stay in for an hour."

"Bother Boggles" is my motto, for he loves to wear a frown

Like a cheerful little thundercloud that's always dropping down

With "Simpkins, I am certain I distinctly heard you wink;

Do you think that it is right to polish up your nose with ink?"

In wiping all my tears away I hadn't time to think,  
But used a duster just employed for mopping up some ink!

My back is very tender, and I felt the brutal cane,  
For, as the poet somewhere says, "the blows came down like rain."

I frolicked round about the room in ecstasy of woe,  
And when at length my much-respected master let me go,

"Take your head, sir, to the housemaid, 'twill be handy as a mop,

If you wear such lovely collars you'll be taken for a fop."

Now tell me what on earth could be more innocent than peas?

But just because friend Boggles saw me with them, if you please,

He turned my pockets inside out and confiscated, then,  
A knife, a comb, a button-hook, some toffee, and a pen,  
Three peppermints, an apple-tart, and what has made me sad,

A sketch with an inscription, saying "Boggles is a cad."

## THE BIRCH-BARK CANOE.

A constant reader, A. H. Hardwick, writes from Mudgee, New South Wales, under date of Feb. 2nd:—"On looking through No. 245 of Vol. V. I read your article on the Canadian or birch-bark canoe, and at once determined to make one. I could not, however, swim at the time; so, taking your advice, I first learnt that art. Then I tackled the canoe. It only took me ten nights to build and paint it (I have no spare time during the day), and, thanks to your well-written instruction, I was very successful. I have sent you by same post as this one of our local newspapers, with a rather lengthy paragraph describing my canoe. It is twelve feet in length, twenty-seven inches beam, and twelve inches deep, and weighs seventy pounds. Not being able to obtain any of the wood you mention, I purchased some pine. The stringers are half an inch, and gunwales one inch thick; and for the ribs I have used hoops of casks. I have compartments each end filled with cork, and also lockers, leaving a space six feet long to sit in. It holds two persons comfortably. The canoe is quite a novelty in our town, which is 190 miles west of Sydney."

Here is an extract from the paragraph referred to in the Mudgee local paper: "It is refreshing to have to record, in these days of larrikindism and degeneracy which seem to have taken hold of a large number of



our Australian youths, a bright contrast. A. H. has devoted his leisure time in breeding fancy pigeons, always making his own cages, and has taken several prizes for his birds in Sydney and Bathurst. Whilst perusing the *BOY'S OWN PAPER*, in which a drawing and specification on how to construct a canoe caught his eye, he determined to try and construct one, and in about a fortnight he completed his self-imposed task, without any outside aid, in a most creditable manner. The framework is very light pine battens, bent to an even sweep. The bilge is formed of half hoops. There are two lockers for the reception of supplies, and a compartment at both ends filled with cork. The whole of the exterior of the canoe is covered with best navy canvas, and painted white, with a blue border around the top edge, and the word 'Mascotte' is painted on both sides. The weight of this neat little craft is about seventy pounds. She has been successfully launched on the Cudgegong, and can be seen any afternoon, after business, manned by her gallant and ingenious little owner, at the rear of Bleak House, or during the day at his boat-shed in Market Street.

#### CANVAS BOAT.

J. L. writes from the West End, South Brisbane: "I know you will be glad to hear that the B. O. P. is a great favourite in Queensland. I have seen boys and bullock-drivers reading it up in the bush two a time.

"I have built a canvas boat according to your directions, but not quite the same shape. She is double-ended, and two feet six inches of the ends are filled with cork, so if she swamps she will not sink. We made her to paddle, but have since fixed a pair of outriggers and use sculls; the iron of the outriggers runs through the inside of the boat like a rib. She is called 'Bob,' and is fifteen feet over all, two feet four inches beam, and three inches keel, and one foot deep. I have had two other fellows as big as myself in her, and I weigh about ten stones. The cost, £4, including a second coat of paint. Allow me to recommend Tarr and Wenson's metallic or copper paint to paint boat-bottoms with; it stands a great length of time without cleaning."

## Correspondence.

LLWYD.—Shot is made in tall brick towers with iron frames. In the top chamber is a melting-pot, whence the metal is dipped out in iron ladles, and poured into colanders whose orifices are somewhat smaller than the shot is desired to be. The metal drops down into a cistern, and the shot assume the globular form in their descent. The shot are of all sizes, but never smaller than the holes in the colander, and have to be sorted. The fall varies from a hundred to a hundred and fifty feet. Buckshot is cast in moulds, and is not made in the towers.

J. JONES.—You can mark your name on the knife-blade by first painting the blade over with Brunswick black, then scratching your name out so as to leave the steel exposed, and then pouring on it a little aquafortis or dilute nitric acid.

B. DEVON.—1. Clean the gilt frame with a weak solution of sal volatile in water. 2. Cut your stencils out of Whatman's hand-made double elephant paper. Continuous cartridge-paper is also suitable. Before using it coat each side with boiled oil or boiled oil and varnish. The oiled royal sold for press copy-books is well adapted for stencilling.

G. WALIA.—For practical chemistry try Roscoe, Bloxam, Valentin, Fownes, or Meldola. Your best plan would be to join a Science and Art class, and make the educational experiments therein required the base of your studies. You will then be able to select the best book to suit you. There is a list of books in the Science Directory, published by the Department, price sevenpence post free.

I. P. J.—1. Not directly, but by a roundabout route. Florin comes from Florence, and Florence from Fleur-de-Lis, the arms of Tuscany. 2. Ink comes from *encoustum*, the Latin for "something burnt in," as the letters were made by the stylus in the wax. The encoustum of the old Roman days was the special red ink which the emperors used for their signatures. The red colour of sealing-wax is due to the same practice. Pen is of course from *penna*, the quill.

P. KAUBE.—Supplement in the sense quoted means the remainder after dividing by the nearest ten. To square by supplement you add the supplement to the number, multiply the sum by the base, and to it add the square of the supplement. Thus, to square 18 you take 8, the supplement, add it to 18, and get 26, which you multiply by the base, 10, and get 260, to which you add the square of 8, or 64, and 260+64=324=18<sup>2</sup>. In another example you will see the advantage better. 1007<sup>2</sup>=1007+7=1014×1000=1014000+7<sup>2</sup>=1014049.

INQUISITIVE.—The ballad of "The Revenge" is by Lord Tennyson, and will be found in the latest edition of his collected works. Messrs. Macmillan are the Laureate's publishers.

NAIVETE.—If you procure a copy of the "Civilian" or the King's College "Civil Service Candidate," you will find all your queries fully answered.

ETCHING.—1. There are no cheap books on etching. Apply to Messrs Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, publishers, Essex Street, Strand. 2. Neither articles nor illustrations can be reproduced without our permission.

LEPANTO.—Seven yards on a vessel's mainmast is the latest rig. Mainyard, lower topsail-yard, upper topsail-yard, lower topgallant-yard, upper topgallant-yard, royal-yard, and skysail yard. "Yards" are only used above the skysail when the skysail is not big enough, and are merely booms with no fixed names and in no fixed order. Sails above skysails are merely fancy articles, not appearing in a ship's inventory. They bear such names as skyscrapers, skyrakers, moonrakers, cloud-ticklers, etc.

A DELIGHTED READER (St. Hilaire, Canada).—Instructions for working the Shadow Show were given in the May part for 1882.

ROYAL NAVAL ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS.—For information regarding the corps apply to Mr. E. Wildy, 3, Threadneedle Street, E.C.

R. SPROULE.—In the spaniel and allied breeds the skin between the toes comes well up along the joints, and hence the dogs are said to be web-footed.

S. E. C. (Sierra Leone).—1. All the books can be obtained through Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. The price of the first you mention is two shillings, the last is out of print. 2. The "pocket timepiece" is merely a small wooden sundial, and is hardly worth the trouble of sending such a distance for. 3. In Wyman's Technical Series there is a five-shilling book by Wilson on practical printing that might suit you.

A JOILY TAR.—The oil covers the waves as with a cloak, and prevents them breaking. It acts very much in the same way as the piece of wood in a pail of liquid, which keeps the contents from slopping over.

A. A.—1. A charter-party is the technical commercial phrase for the agreement for hiring a ship. 2. Cancellation means literally the crossing out with strokes in the form of trellis-work. 3. "Hypothecate" is a long word for "pawn."

B. T. Z.—1. The cheapest historical peerage is in Whitaker's Almanack. Get the edition with supplement, price two shillings. 2. The Army List is published by John Murray, Albemarle Street, W.

A DULWICH BOY.—There is a great difference between the arrangements for an illustrated magazine and those for a newspaper. We go to press so long beforehand that all mere news would be useless.

PATTERN.—We do not know of a market for such stencils. The patterns for tile-work, etc., are printed in sheets, and have to be used as transfers.

FLUNKY.—The instructions on Snowskate-making were on page 464 of the fifth volume.

C. MAHON.—The articles on Goats were in the March and April parts for 1882.

W. HOSS.—For mouldings for picture-frames try Beckmann, of Cow Cross Street; or Rees, of Drury Lane.

JUSTICE.—We never answer legal questions. Our advice to ill-treated apprentices invariably has been "to grin and bear it." In many cases there are faults on both sides, and at the worst the tyranny will end at a stated time. Do your best, learn all you can; and when in due time it comes to you to be a master, think of what you have suffered as a warning, and do not ill-treat the poor lads that are then entrusted to you.

SCHOLASTICUS.—We are delighted to hear that we have just the ~~seventy~~ second part of our ancestor of a thousand years ago, but we are in no way comforted or appalled thereby. We have no doubt he was an exceedingly good fellow, and so were all the other 8,589,934,591 to whom you assure us we are indebted. As, however, the world is pretty full now, and it has only 1,400,000,000 inhabitants, we fail to see for the moment how it managed to contain half a dozen times as many in the days of King Alfred. However, there is nothing like statistics. We should not wonder if one of the 8,589,934,592 was not some relation of yours, Scholasticus; and so, as a presumably distant cousin, we quite agree with you.

P. and L. D.—The Great Eastern has always had a screw.

FLORIAN.—Your best plan would be to consult the "Gentleman's Magazine," and read Bancroft and the numerous lives of Washington. Any dictionary of dates will give you the complete list of battles.

BAD WRITER.—1. Compare the signature and work in your picture with that in the genuine pictures at the National Gallery. 2. Try any brass founder's, such as Stanton in Shoe Lane, etc., etc. See the directory.

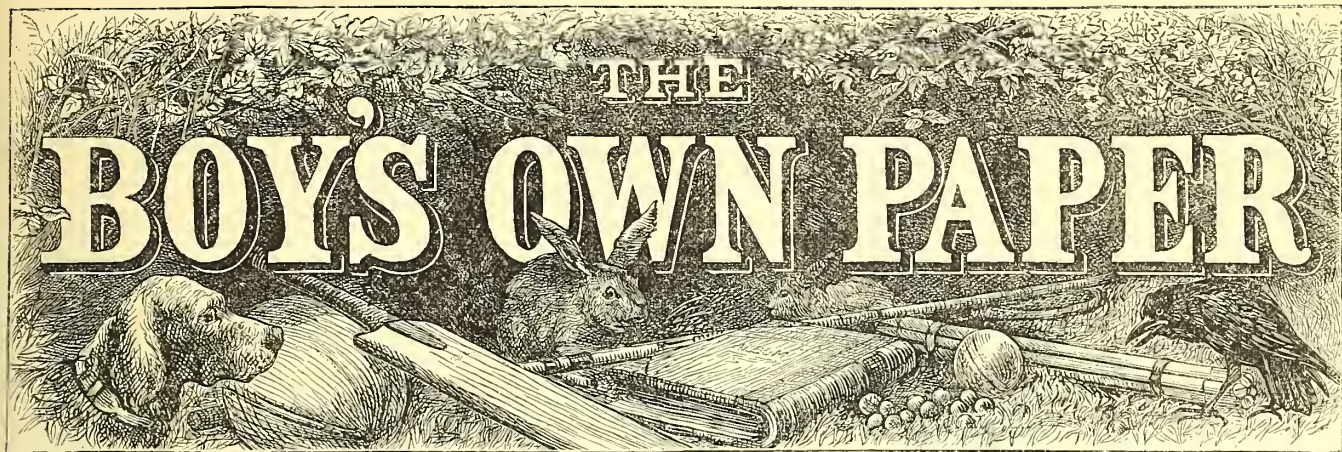
A LOVER OF THE "R. O. P."—1. Messrs. Letts publish some well-known bicycling maps. They cost about a shilling each. You could get a good map of the district at the bookstall. The best map is the Ordnance map, inch to the mile. Apply to Messrs. Stanford, Charing Cross, for their list of Ordnance Survey publications. 2. The peg in the nut of the violin bow takes out. 3. The value of the rupee varies with the market price of silver. Average it at twenty pence.

F. T. GOODMAN.—1. The difficulty with most oil painters is to get the surface rough and powerful enough. You should put your paint on more thinly. 2. All the volumes can be obtained through any bookseller; the first costs six shillings, the others seven shillings and sixpence each.

COGNOSCO.—For bleaching ivory we have given several processes in recent numbers. Refer to your index.







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SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1885.

Price One Penny.  
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## REGINALD CRUDEN:

A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

BY TALBOT BAINES REED,

Author of "My Friend Smith," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.—AN EXCITING END TO A DULL DAY.



"As the cab dashed past it just grazed the sole of his boot."

HORACE meanwhile had wended his way with some trepidation and curiosity to the manager's sanctum. He felt uncomfortable in being separated from Regi-



naid at all, especially when the latter was left single-handed in such an uncongenial atmosphere as that breathed by Mr. Durfy and Barber. He could only hope for the best, and, meanwhile, what fate was in store for himself?

He knocked at the manager's door doubtfully and obeyed the summons to enter.

Brusque man as the manager was, there was nothing disagreeable about his face as he looked up and said,

"Oh—you're the youngster Mr. Richmond put in here?"

"Yes, sir, my brother and I are."

"Yes, and I hear you're both fools. Is that the case?"

"Reginald isn't, whatever I am," said Horace, boldly.

"Isn't he? I'm told he's the bigger fool of the two. Never mind that, though—"

"I assure you," began Horace, but the manager stopped him.

"Yes, yes. I know all about that. Now, listen to me. I dare say you're both well-meaning boys, and Mr. Richmond is interested in you. So I've promised to make room for you here, though it's not convenient, and the wages you are to get are out of all proportion to your value—so far."

Horace was glad at least that the manager dropped in those last two words.

"If your brother is clever and picks up his work soon and doesn't give himself airs he'll get on faster than you. I can't put you at ease, but they want a lad in the sub-editor's room. Do you know where that is?"

"Yes, sir," said Horace, "I took some proofs there yesterday. But, sir—"

"Well, what?" said the manager, sharply.

"Is there no possibility of Reginald and me being together?" faltered the boy.

"Yes—outside if you're discontented," said the manager.

It was evidently no use, and Horace walked dismally to the door.

The manager looked after him.

"Take my advice," said he, rather more kindly than he had hitherto spoken; "make the best of what you've got, young fellow, and it'll be better still in time. Shut the door after you."

The sub-editor's room—or rooms, for there was an inner and an outer sanctum—was in a remote dark corner of the building, so dark that gas was generally burning in it all day long, giving its occupants generally the washed-out pallid appearance of men who do not know when day ends or night begins. The chief sub-editor was a young, bald-headed, spectacled man of meek appearance, who received Horace in a resigned way, and referred him to the clerks in the outer room, who would show him how he could make himself useful.

Feeling that, so far as he was concerned, he had fallen on his feet, and secretly wishing poor Reginald was in his shoes, Horace obeyed and retired to the outer room.

The occupants of that apartment were two young gentlemen of from eighteen to twenty years of age, who, it was evident at a glance, were not brothers. One was short and fair and chubby, the other was lank and lean and cadaverous; one was sorrowful and lugubrious in countenance; the other seemed to be spending

his time in trying hard not to smile, and not succeeding. The only thing they did appear to share in common was hard work, and in this they were so fully engrossed that Horace had to stand a full minute at the table before they had leisure to look up and notice him.

"The gentleman in there," said Horace, addressing the lugubrious youth as being the more imposing of the two, "said if I came to you you could set me to work."

The sad one gave a sort of groan and said,

"Ah, he was right there. It is work."

"I say," said the other youth, looking up, "don't frighten the kid, Booms, you'll make him run away."

"I wish I could run away," said Booms, in an audible soliloquy.

"So you can if you like, you old crocodile. I say, young un, have you got a chair?"

Horace had to confess he had not a chair about him.

"That's a go, we've only two here. We shall have to take turns on them. Booms will stand first, won't you, Booms?"

"Oh, of course," said Booms, rising and pushing his chair towards Horace.

"Thanks," said Horace, "but I'd sooner stand, really."

"No, no," said Booms, resignedly; "I'm to stand, Waterford says so."

"Sit down, young un," said Waterford, "and don't mind him. He won't say so, but he's awfully glad to stand up for a bit and stretch his legs. Now, do you see this lot of morning papers—you'll see a lot of paragraphs marked at the side with a blue pencil. You've got to cut them out. Mind you don't miss any. Sure you understand?"

Horace expressed himself equal to this enormous task, and set to work busily with his scissors.

If he had had no one but himself to consider he would have felt comparatively happy. He found himself in a department of work which he liked, and which, though at first not very exciting, promised some day to become interesting. His chief was a gentleman not likely to interfere with him as long as he did his work steadily, and his companions were not only friendly but entertaining. If only Reginald could have a seat at this table too, Horace felt he could face the future cheerily. How, he wondered, was the poor fellow getting on that moment in his distant uncongenial work?

"You're not obliged to read all the paragraphs, you know," said Waterford, as Horace's hand slackened amid these musings. "It's a close shave to get done as it is, and he's marked a frightful lot this morning."

He was right. All the cuttings had to be taken out and pasted on sheets before twelve o'clock, and it took the three of them, hard at work with scissors and paste, to get the task accomplished. They talked very little, and joked still less; but when it was all done, like three honest men, they felt pleased with themselves, and decidedly amiable towards one another.

"Now Booms is going out for the grub, aren't you, Booms? He'll get some for you too, young un, if you like."

"No, thanks; I'd be very glad, but I promised to have dinner with my brother—he's a compositor here."

"Lucky man!" groaned Booms; "think of having nothing to do but

pick up types instead of slaving like this every day!"

"See the sausages are hot this time, won't you. Booms? And look alive, there's a dear fellow."

Booms retired sadly.

"Good-natured chap, Booms," said Waterford; "rather a risk of imposing on him if one isn't careful. He's an awfully decent fellow, but it's a sad pity he's such a masher."

"A what?" asked Horace.

"A masher. He mayn't look it, but he goes it rather strong in that line after hours. He doesn't mean it, poor soul; but he's mixed up with some of our reporters, and tries to go the pace with them. I don't care for that sort of thing myself, but if you do, he's just your man. You wouldn't think it to look at him, would you?"

"Certainly not," replied Horace, much impressed by this confidence and the revelation it afforded.

As Booms re-entered shortly afterwards, looking very gloomy, burdened with two plates, two mugs, and a sheaf of knives and forks under his arm, he certainly did not give one the impression of a very rakish character, and Horace could scarcely refrain from smiling as he tried to picture him in his after-hours character.

He left the couple to their sausages, and went out in the vain hope of finding Reginald somewhere. But there was no sign of workmen anywhere, and, to his disgust, he ascertained from a passing boy that the compositors' dinner-hour did not begin till he was due back at his work. Everything seemed to conspire to sever the two brothers, and Horace dejectedly took a solitary and frugal repast. He determined, at all hazards, to wait a minute after the bell summoning him back to work had ceased pealing, and was rewarded by a hasty glimpse of his brother, and the exchange of a few hurried sentences. It was better than nothing, and he rushed back to his room just in time to save his reputation for punctuality.

The afternoon passed scarcely less busily than the morning. They sat—and Booms had contrived to raise a third chair somewhere—with a pile of work in front of them which at first it seemed hopeless to expect to overtake.

There were effusions to "decline with thanks," and others to enter in a book and send up to the composing-room; there were some letters to write and others to answer; there were reporters' notes to string together and telegrams to transcribe. And all the while a dropping fire of proofs and revises and messages was kept up at them from without, which they had to carry to their chief and deal with according to his orders.

Horace, being inexperienced, was only able to take up the simpler portions of this miscellaneous work, but these kept him busy, "hammer and tongs," with scarcely time to sneeze till well on in the afternoon.

The "Rocket," unlike most evening papers, waited till the evening before it appeared, and did not go to press till five o'clock. After that it issued later editions once an hour till eight o'clock, and on special occasions even as late as ten.

The great rush of the day, therefore, as Horace soon discovered, was over at five o'clock, but between that hour and seven there was always plenty to do in connection with the late editions and the



following day's work. At seven o'clock every one left except a sub-editor and one of the clerks, and one or two compositors to see after the eight-o'clock and any possible later edition.

"As soon as you get your hand in, young un, you'll have to take your turn at late work. Booms and I take every other night now."

Horace could say nothing against this arrangement, though it meant more separation from Reginald. At present, however, his hand not being in, he had nothing to keep him after the seven o'clock bell, and he eagerly escaped at its first sound to look for Reginald.

Not, however, till he had witnessed a strange sight.

About a quarter to seven Booms, whose early evening it was, showed signs of uneasiness. He glanced sorrowfully once or twice at the clock, then at Horace, then at Waterford. Then he got up and put his papers away. Finally he mused on a washhand-basin in a corner of the room, and said dolefully,

"I must dress, I think, Waterford."

"All serene," said Waterford, briskly, "the young un and I will finish up here." Then nudging Horace, he added in a whisper, "He's going to rig up now. Don't pretend to notice him, that's all."

Booms proceeded to divest himself of his office coat and waistcoat and collar, and to roll up the sleeves of his flannel shirt, preparatory to an energetic wash. He then opened a small box in a corner of the room, from which he produced, first a clothes-brush, with which he carefully removed all traces of dust from his nether garments; after that came a pair of light-coloured "pats," which he fitted on to his boots; then came a bottle of hair-oil, and afterwards a highly-starched "dicky," or shirt-front, with a stud in it, which by a complicated series of strings the owner contrived to fasten round his neck so as to conceal effectually the flannel shirt-front underneath. Once more he dived, and this time the magic box yielded up what seemed to Horace's uninitiated eyes to be a broad strip of stiff cardboard, but which turned out to be a collar of fearful and wonderful proportions, which, when once adjusted, fully explained the wisdom displayed by the wearer in not deferring the brushing of his trousers and the donning of his "pats" to a later stage of the proceedings. For nothing, not even a pick-pocket at his gilt watch-chain with its pendant "charms," could lower his chin a quarter of an inch till bedtime. But more was yet to come. There were cuffs to put on, which left one to guess what had become of Mr. Booms's knuckles, and a light jaunty necktie to embellish the "dicky." Then, with a plaintive sigh, he produced a blue figured waistcoat, and after it a coat shaped like the coat of a robin to cover all. Finally there appeared a hat, broad-brimmed, low-crowned, and dazzling in its glossiness, a pair of gay dogskin gloves, a crutch walking-stick, a pink silk handkerchief, and then this joint work of art and nature was complete!

"All right?" said he, in melancholy tones, as he set his hat a little on one side of his head, and, with his stick under his arm, began with his gloves.

Waterford got up and walked slowly and critically round him, giving a few touches here and there, and brushing a little stray dust from his collar.

"All right, dear boy. Mind how you go, and—"

"Oh!" groaned Booms, in tones of dire distress, "I knew I should forget something. Would you mind, Waterford?"

"What is it?"

"My glass—it's in the box, and—and I should have got it out before I put the collar on. Thanks; I should have been lost without it. Oh! if I had forgotten it!"

With this awful reflection in his mind he bade a sorrowful good-night and walked off, with his head very erect, his elbows high up, and one hand fondling the nearly-neglected eyeglass.

"Pretty, isn't it?" said Waterford, as he disappeared.

"It is—rot," said Horace, emphatically. "Why ever don't you laugh him out of it?"

"My dear boy, you might as well try to laugh the hair off his head. I've tried it a dozen times. After all, the poor dear fellow means no harm."

"But what does he do now?"

"Oh, don't ask me! According to his own account he's the fastest man about town—goes to all the shows, holo-nobs with all the swells, smokes furious cigars, and generally 'mashes.' But my private notion is he moons about the streets with the handle of his stick in his mouth and looks in a few shop windows, and gets half a dozen oysters for supper, and then goes home to bed. You see he couldn't well get into much mischief with that collar on. If he went in for turn-downs I'd be afraid of him."

The bell cut further conversation short, and in another minute Horace and Reginald were walking arm-in-arm in the street outside.

There was much to talk about, much to lament over, and a little to rejoice over. Horace felt half guilty as he told his brother of his good fortune, and the easy quarters into which he had fallen. But Reginald was in too defiant a mood to share these regrets as much as he would have done at any other time. As long as Durfy wanted to get rid of him, so long was he determined to stay where he was, and meanwhile in young Gedge he had some one to look after, which would make the drudgery of his daily work tolerable.

Horace did not altogether like it, but he knew it was no use arguing then on the subject. They mutually agreed to put the best face on everything before their mother. She was there to meet them at the door, and it rejoiced her heart to hear their brave talk and the cheery story of their day's adventures. All day long her heart had gone out to them in yearnings of prayer and hope and love, and it repaid her a hundred-fold, this hour of happy meeting, with the sunlight of their faces and the music of their voices filling her soul.

As soon as supper was over Reginald suggested a precipitate retreat into the streets for fear of another neighbourly incursion. Mrs. Cruden laughingly yielded, and the trio had a long walk, heedless where they went, so long as they were together. They wandered as far as Oxford Street, looking into what shops were open, and interested still more in the ever-changing stream of people who even at ten o'clock at night crowded the pavements. They met no one they knew, not even Booms. But it mattered little to them that no one

noticed them. They had one another, and there was a sense of security and comfort in that which before these last few weeks they had never dreamed of.

They were about to turn out of Oxford Street on their homeward journey when a loud shout close by arrested their attention. Looking round, they saw a boy with disordered dress and unsteady gait attempting to cross the road just as a hansom cab was bearing down at full speed on the place where he stood. They only saw his back, but it was evident he was either ill or dazed, for he stood stupidly where he was, with the peril in full view, but somehow helpless to avoid it. The cabman shouted and pulled at his horse's head. But to the horrified onlookers it was only too clear that nothing could stop his career in time. He was already within a yard or two of the luckless boy when Reginald made a sudden dash into the road, charging at him with a violence that sent him staggering forward two paces and then brought him to the earth. Reginald fell too, on the top of him, and as the cab dashed past it just grazed the sole of his boot where he lay.

It was all the work of a moment—the shout, the vision of the boy, and the rescue—so sudden, indeed, that Mrs. Cruden had barely time to clutch Horace by the arm before Reginald lay prone in the middle of the road. In another moment Horace was beside his brother, helping him up out of the mud.

"Are you hurt, old man?"

"Not a bit," said Reginald, very pale and breathless, but rising to his feet without help. "Look out—there's a crowd—take mother home, and I'll come on as soon as I've seen this fellow safe. I'm not damaged a bit."

With this assurance Horace darted back to his mother in time to extricate her from the crowd which, whatever happens, is sure to collect in the streets of London at a minute's warning.

"He's all right," said Horace—"not hurt a bit. Come on, mother, out of this; he'll probably catch us up before we're home. I say," said he, and his voice trembled with excitement and brotherly pride as he spoke, "wasn't it splendid?"

Mrs. Cruden would fain have stayed near, but the crowd made it impossible to be of any use. So she let Horace lead her home, trembling, but with a heart full of thankfulness and pride and love for her young hero.

Reginald, meanwhile, with the coolness of an old football captain, proceeded to pick up his man, and appealed to the crowd to stand back and give the fellow room.

The boy lay half-stunned with his fall, his face covered with mud, but to Reginald's delight he was able to move and with a little help stand on his feet. As he did so the light from the lamp of the cab fell on his face, and caused Reginald to utter an exclamation of surprise and horror.

"Young Gedge!"

The boy looked at him for a moment in a stupid bewildered way, and then gave a short startled cry.

"Are you hurt?" said Reginald, putting his arm round him.

"No—I—I don't think—let's get away."

Reginald called to the crowd to stand back and let them out, an order which



the crowd obeyed surlily and with a disappointed grunt. Not even a broken leg! not even the cabman's number taken down! One or two who had seen the accident patted Reginald on the back as he went by, but he hurried past them as quickly as he could, and presently stood in the seclusion of a by-street, still supporting his companion on his arm.

"Are you hurt?" he inquired again.

"No," said Gedge; "I can walk."

The two stood facing one another for a moment in silence, breathless still and trembling with the excitement of the last few minutes.

"Oh, Cruden!" cried the boy at last, seizing Reginald's arm, "what will you think of me? I was—I—I'd been drinking—I'm sober now, but—"

Reginald cut him short gently but firmly.

"I know," said he. "You'd better go home now, young un."

Gedge made no answer, but walked on, with his arm still in that of his protector.

Reginald saw him into an omnibus, and then returned sadly and thoughtfully homeward.

"Humph!" said he to himself, as he reached Dull Street, "I suppose I shall have to stick on at the 'Rocket' after all."

(To be continued.)

## IVAN DOBROFF: A RUSSIAN STORY.

BY PROFESSOR J. F. HODGETTS,

*Late Examiner to the University of Moscow, Professor in the Russian Imperial College of Practical Science,*

*Author of "Harold, the Boy-Earl," etc.*

### CHAPTER XIX.—LESSONS.

THE delight of Smirnoff in getting back his pet again was not to be described. We therefore judiciously closed the chapter when he appeared on the scene. Captain Malutin had been rewarded far beyond his most sanguine dreams, and he told his wife that the good fortune that had come upon them was her reward for her heroic victory over herself and her disposition to domineer. She said nothing, but really thought in her own heart that the good fortune was *his* reward for a life of self-denial and more than human forbearance.

They had not yet left the tschest at the time when we resume the thread of our narrative, therefore we have no occasion to visit them in their quaint old lodging. Ivan was as good as his word, and was working well and steadily. He had taken an immense fancy to Tenterton, all of whose time not occupied at the Kremlin was taken by Smirnoff, who also arranged apartments for him in his house in the Loubiyanka, so that Edward had two homes, in each of which he was absolute master.

Both the count and Smirnoff placed a horse and sledge at his special command, so that if he had been able to ride in two sledges at a time he might have done so. Nor is this any exaggeration of what formerly was the mode of treating English teachers and governesses in Russia. The sympathy shown by England with the Turks in the last war, however, greatly changed all this, and from that time the respect paid to the English as a national feature in Russia may be said to have come to an end, but notwithstanding this there were at the period of which we write many families, like those of Count Schaafstadt, where the individual belief in us had not been upset by the unfortunate political views taken by the Russians.

The scene is Tenterton's sitting-room in the Loubiyanka. The persons present are Tenterton and Ivan, who is looking helplessly at a reading-book of which he is supposed to be mastering the contents.

"Well, Ivan, how much of the anecdote do you know? It is not difficult, and we have been over it several times. Do you understand the sense perfectly? You have translated it, but I am not sure that you quite understand it."

"I understand the grammar, I understand the words, so that I could relate

the anecdote in Russian, but I don't see the sense of it."

"Well, that is another question; but tell me your difficulty and I will try to remove it."

"The moral of the story, as you call it, is that George Washington became a great man because he could not tell a lie. Now I think he became a great man in spite of not being able to tell one. That's what we all think in Russia. He must have been very clever indeed to have got on so well without. I can't see the use of being unable to defend oneself or one's friends."

"It is no real defence, Ivan, that is itself a crime."

"That is what you English say in all those tiresome books that the girls pretend to be so fond of. I am more honest, and I own openly I hate them. I like a good, bold, daring deed to read about, something that stirs the blood and makes it tingle."

"My dear boy, I quite understand you. Any boy who is worth his salt must love action and dash. But there is quite as much merit, nay, more, to him who is able to control such violent feelings, and keep them under bit and bridle. The horse of the Ukraine is a wild and very dangerous animal, but under control he is the most useful servant to man. So the active mind uncontrolled is a fierce and savage beast, but with discipline it is the grandest gift we have."

"That is all true enough, but has nothing to do with telling lies. I think it is much better if, for example, I am asked who did something queer at school, for me to say I don't know than to get a schoolfellow punished."

"I do not admit that, Ivan. You may always refuse to tell, and few schoolmasters would try to force a boy to reveal what schoolboy honour would induce him to keep in his own mind."

"Oh, wouldn't they? Try Schwann!"

"Of course there are many cases where the truth should and ought to be known, and the master should always have the right of insisting on knowing the truth, for boys cannot be expected to be the best judges of their own conduct. If that were the case, why should they go to school?"

"That is all very fine, but it does not prove to me that I may not defend myself when I get into a scrape by say-

ing that I know nothing about it; or if a friend—Abrazoff for instance—were to do something which, if known, would make old Schwann mad with rage, shouldn't I be a mean cad to go and split on him?"

"Certainly, unless he had done some great wrong, and your silence would cause another to be punished."

"I should say I had done it myself."

"Then you would be very criminal, for in the first place there would be the crime of lying (which *is* a crime, after all), then the crime of shielding the guilty party, and lastly the wrong done to Mr. Smirnoff in making him feel that all his care had been wasted upon an unworthy, ungrateful boy."

"Oh, I should tell *him* the truth of the matter."

"And pray why should he believe you? If you practise lying as your rightful weapon, why should *anybody* believe you?"

"Oh, he could see in a moment that it was true."

"Come, Ivan, that is nonsense. If people could see at once what was true nobody would tell any more lies, as it would be useless."

"That is so; but it does not prove that lying is wrong, and it can't be wrong, it is so natural."

"It is natural for a tiger to tear a man to pieces, and it is not wrong in the tiger; but it is very wrong in a man to murder another."

"That does not prove lying to be a sin."

"No, but it proves that things which you call natural because they are done, are not of necessity right on that account."

"If you would show me that lying is wicked I would never tell another lie as long as I live!"

"You believe the Bible?"

"Yes, I do."

"Why do you believe it?"

"Because the priest says that it is the word of God."

"Why do you believe that?"

"I think *you* are wicked now to ask such a question."

"Well, never mind that for the present. I do ask why you believe the Bible to be true because it is the word of God?"

After some hesitation Ivan said,



"I never thought of that before ; but I suppose it is because He is the God of Truth."

"My dear Ivan, you have answered beautifully and simply. He is the God of Truth, and cannot lie. He hateth a lie, and His word is Truth. Now, if you set yourself up against Him in any way you oppose Him in that way, and in opposing Him you commit every crime, because His nature is all goodness, and the opposite to that is all evil."

"I don't see why opposing one part of any person is opposing the whole !"

"Think a moment. If I shot at you with a revolver, whether I shot you through the head, or through the heart,

and Ivan was more attentive and more willing than ever. When the lesson was over Tenterton took his leave, and the boy was writing his exercises alone in his room. He had been engaged in work for about an hour, and was conscientiously working away with all his might, when there was a knock at his door, and Smirnoff stepped in.

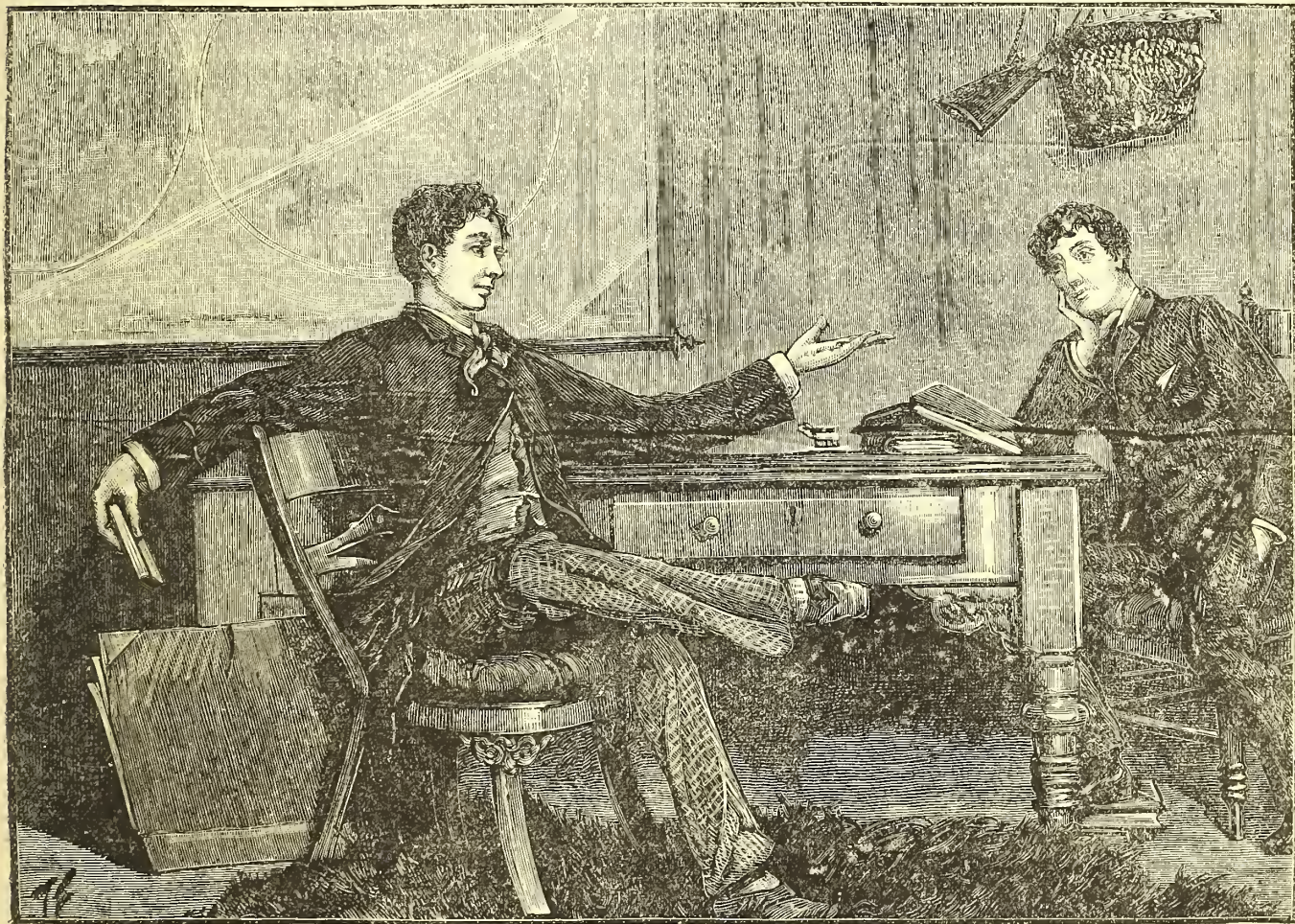
"Just before we go to lunch, Ivan, I want to have a little chat with you. Are you very busy ?"

"Not now, but I have been very busy indeed, and I have only just finished my work."

"Very well. I shall sit down here and wait until you have done all that you

he has taught me that it is a sin to lie."

"Very good—very good indeed ; but he must not invade the province of the priest. That will never do. I must speak to Simeon Ignatievitch when he comes ; he must look after this. You see, Ivan," he continued, "I am a rich man, and have intended all along to leave you well provided for. I took you into my house as a poor orphan, meaning to educate you, care for you, and leave you a rich man at my death ; but there seems to be a sort of fate against the prosecution of my plan. When you were missing the first time it seemed as though you had been taken from me just to show how vain all



A very serious Conversation.

or through the lungs, I should be equally your enemy, equally to blame, and the attack would be equally upon you wherever the bullet struck."

"I see," said Ivan, "what you mean—that by telling lies I attack God in that part of His nature which is Truth, and by doing so I attack His goodness also. That is very dreadful to think of, Mr. Tenterton. But there is something in it. Our priest never talks like that. I don't know whether it is right or not, but at all events it is a new way of looking at the case. I don't like to promise, but I think I shall make up my mind not to tell any more lies. I am very thankful to you, at all events, for taking all this trouble about me. None of my other teachers ever gave me such a lesson as you have this morning."

They were reading German that day,

have to do, and then we can talk at leisure."

"I have finished ; I am only going to put the exercises into their proper order, and put them away as Mr. Tenterton likes to find them."

"Really, I am very much obliged to Mr. Tenterton for the care he is taking, but I shall want some one else to prepare you for the Lyceum ; and, clever as he is, he can't do *that*."

"He can do much more ; he can prepare me to become as good as he is himself !"

"H'm !" said Smirnoff. "I hope he is not trying to make a heretic of you ! That would be a very sad wind-up. Does he ever talk about the orthodox church ?"

"Never ; he never speaks of things connected with church observances, but

human wishes are. At great expense, and with great mental agony, I passed through that trial. Then you were lost to me again, and now there is a chance of your being removed from me again."

"Who told you I was going to run away again ?"

"Nobody told me so, but there is a strong probability that you may turn out to be the rightful heir to the whole of the Riazan property of which you have heard Mr. Tenterton speak, and then you are not the poor orphan whom I adopted."

"Yes, I am," replied Ivan, quickly ; "I am not changed, but as soon as you made me your heir I ceased to be a poor orphan, and rich men always become richer. So that, supposing I do inherit this land, it can make no change in the circumstances under which you adopted me. I was a



friendless orphan, but ceased to be so directly you adopted me. So if you come to that, you should have disinherited me again. Though what it would have led to I can't for the life of me see!"

Smirnoff laughed heartily. "You are getting too clever, Ivan; I am no match for you at all!"

"Send me to the Lyceum, and they will soon get all the cleverness out of me—queer lot of muffs the boys are there! But, seriously, if I should be, as you say, a rich man on my own account, you had better give the money you meant for me to those who have to turn out on my account. That would be fair. Only I want to think your house my home, money or no money!"

"You are a good-hearted boy, Ivan. I think, after all, that Tenterton is doing you good."

"Sure of it," interrupted Ivan; "only what I want you to do in case I should become rich without your aid is this: First let me go into Siberia and find Anniesie, bring her home, and then you

may settle some money on her if you like. I shall see that she has plenty as long as she lives. Then, in the next place, I want to serve in the cavalry. There will be war with England some day to get possession of all the land of which she has robbed the poor Hindoos. I should like to serve against the English."

"I thought you were very fond of Mr. Tenterton?"

"I adore him! But he is not England, nor the English nation."

"Well, my boy, should the matter, which has now been brought into court, be decided in your favour, you will be able to follow any profession you like. But if you are to be considered my son and heir, I will never countenance the profession of arms."

"I must get your permission," said Ivan, "for the trip to Siberia. It was a mean thing to promise Anniesie to get her off, and then to send her to Siberia in that way! I have been thinking of fixing some serape on myself and being sent off at the Government expense, only

people don't come back, and I want to come back again with Anniesie."

"It is nonsense to talk of going to Siberia, Ivan. Your wild ideas will end in serious trouble for us all. You have absolutely no feeling for me. What trouble, pain, and anxiety you have already caused me! And how much more are you thinking of causing. I must talk to General Kakaroff about this wild scheme."

"Sorry I spoke of it if it displeases you, only I had rather go *with* your permission on account of the passport," replied Ivan.

Smirnoff was silent. "What am I to do?" he thought to himself. "Here I intended to educate this little fellow as a merchant, and he wants to be a soldier! I wanted to find an affectionate grateful son to soothe my declining years, and the young monkey is off after every passing cloud that catches his fancy. I have been a fool for my pains, that's all."

(To be continued)

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

### DAILY TEMPTATIONS AND DAILY VICTORIES.

The Rev. A. N. Malan, M.A., whose pen is so often busy for the BOY'S OWN PAPER, writes in a little book he has published, entitled "The Young Guard of the King's Army," in a very helpful and sympathetic way of boys' daily trials and temptations. He says:

"There is a verse in the Book of the Revelation which says, 'He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.' The Greek word is the present participle *Nikōn*. It means in classical Greek, 'He that is victorious—he that wins the victory,' but being the present participle, its force must be continually present, not past nor future, and I do not think we shall be wrong in laying some stress upon the present force."

"God gives us daily a certain portion of battle, in which we must either win or lose. God wishes us to be continually winning, because otherwise we must be losing. It is impossible to stand still."

"My dear boy, God promises the final inheritance to him who is conquering now. No one can be conquering who is not in earnest. God might have said, 'He that is always in earnest about salvation shall inherit all things.'"

"Therefore, you are always being encouraged to show now that you are in earnest about life."

"God promises everlasting life to all who prove their faith in His promises by earnest pressing forward to reach them. Therefore, be in earnest. Do not let any day slip away

carelessly. Do the moment's duty with all your might, to the glory of God. That must prove to Him that you are in earnest. In lessons or playtime, whatever you have to do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men. You have to conquer in the battle against manifold enemies; one of them is waste of opportunity; others are impurity of thought and word and action, idleness, unkindness, ingratitude. These are enemies in the path, trying to hinder your advance to the Promised Land. It is in fighting against these that God must see that you are in earnest."

"If you are conquering you are on the safe road to heaven, and making definite progress, for he that is conquering shall inherit all things."

"That present participle is very strong. We must cling to it all through life. It is present, not past nor future. For suppose that you are now in earnest about spending each day in the best manner, hiding nothing away from God, but true and sincere, feeling that your conscience shines even before the eyes of God, and suppose that as time goes on you grow careless, like some of the soldiers in the allegory of Agathos, so that it becomes no more a daily conquest and winning the way to heaven, but a gradual drifting away into indifference. What becomes of the present participle? It could no longer apply to you; its promise would not be for you."

"He that is always winning the battle against temptations shall inherit all things. God will be his God, and he shall be God's son."

### NAPOLEON'S TRIBUTE TO CHRISTIANITY.

No one will accuse the first Napoleon of being weak-minded or namby-pamby. He strode the world in his day like a Colossus, a man of gigantic intellect, however morally worthless. Conversing one day, at St. Helena, as his custom was, about the great men of antiquity, and comparing himself with them, he suddenly turned round to one of his suite, and asked him, "Can you tell me who Jesus Christ was?" The officer owned that he had not yet taken much thought of such things. "Well, then," said Napoleon, "I will tell you." He then compared Christ with himself, and with the heroes of antiquity, and showed how Jesus far surpassed them. "I think I understand somewhat of human nature," he continued, "and I tell you all these were men, and I am a man; but not one is like Him. Jesus Christ was more than man. Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and myself founded great empires; but upon what did the creations of our genius depend? Upon force. Jesus alone founded His empire upon love, and to this very day millions would die for Him. Men wonder at the conquests of Alexander, but here is a conqueror who draws men to Himself for their highest good; who unites to Himself, incorporates into Himself, not a nation, but the whole human race."

When John Newton's memory was almost gone, he used to say that, forget what he might, there were two things he never could forget. They were: 1. That he was a great sinner. 2. That Jesus was a great Saviour.

## ON SPECIAL SERVICE: A NAVAL STORY.

By GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.,

Author of "The Cruise of the Snowbird," "Stanley O'Grathame," etc.

### CHAPTER VI.—ON THE DEEP, DEEP SEA.

THE Theodora was slipping along like a veritable eel through the water. From stem to stern she really looked a

beautiful craft. She might have had more breadth of beam; if she had, she would not have been so fast. She was

full-rigged, but the masts—masts of hollow iron—looked by no means bulky, nor the rigging cumbersome. In fact, there



was something almost foreign in the latter; they were extra long yardarms, the sails had a more jaunty cut about them than you usually find in your sturdy Britisher, and any one used to a seafaring life would not have failed to perceive that the very canvas itself was of a lighter texture than the ordinary Dundee. It looked as though it would reef more easily, and would catch and hold the wind better, but it was none the less strong for all that.

The Theodora was a black craft, black all over the hull, with the insides of her ports picked out with vermilion. There was little or no rake about her masts, so she did not look what sailors call "saucy," but she looked a viper—that is the word. Manned with true British sailors, there was no "give in" in a ship like this; an enemy might sink those colours, but they could never haul them down. You would have felt that, had you gazed on her as she went glancing over the Bay of Biscay. Had you been a sailor homeward-bound and observed her from your ship's deck you would have said to some one near you,

"Yonder goes a man-o'-war; she is outward-bound, and looks business from bowsprit to binnacle."

There was not much noise on deck, where the surgeon and Benbow, the young navigating sub-lieutenant, were walking up and down in that brisk and hurried manner peculiar to sailors in temperate climates. It was getting near evening. The sun was declining in a bank of grey-blue clouds, and though there was no sea on, a big tumbling swell was beginning to roll in from the wide Atlantic, and if it came on to blow the Theodora would have it "ugly."

There was little noise then, save the churn-churning sound of the screw, for the engines were well down amidships, and the Theodora had a fighting deck beneath the upper one, which was flush. With the exception of two, all the guns, ten in number, were on this middle deck, and abaft of it was the captain's quarters; beneath was the ward-room, and to one side of the steerage, as you might call it, on the starboard side, just outside the door of the ward-room, was the gun-room.

So you will perceive the Theodora was a kind of small corvette. She was built for speed and strength, and had an armament that you could have done well-nigh anything with.

"And you think it's going to be a puff, eh?" said the surgeon.

"My dear boy," said Benbow, "it's going to be a blow, not a puff! Then we'll see what the Theo. can do. But it strikes me she is staunch and true, and there is no doubt about one thing, doctor—we've got the heels of every ship in the service."

"Have we, think you?"

"Think?—I'm sure of it! I don't say we can knock twenty knots out of her—"

The surgeon laughed aloud.

"Ah, you may laugh! but put us to it, and we'll come precious near it."

"Well," said the surgeon, "she ought to have been called the 'Hornet.'"

"Why?"

"Because she can sting and fly away."

"Egad, sir! but she can sting and stay. Sting and stay—sting and hang on like a bulldog!"

"You like her?"

"I do, doctor; don't you?"

"Don't know anything about her yet."

"But I do, though! I saw her built at Pembroke Docks; I know every bolt and timber and plank and plate in her. She—"

What more Benbow was going to say may never be known, for the captain's steward came up and saluted.

"Captain wishes to see you, sir."

"Me?" said the doctor. "Be there in a moment."

He was back again very soon.

He was laughing, but quietly, as if to himself. The doctor stood six feet two in his shoes; Benbow was little over five, so the one looked up and the other looked down.

"The captain's sea-sick," said the surgeon.

"You don't mean it! Ha, ha, ha!"

"But I do! Well, that is the result of having friends in high places, who keep you in a harbour ship till the bottom of her rots out. Just the way of the world! There is dear old Mildmay yonder—been at sea all his life, and done many a plucky thing, and he's only first lieutenant yet."

"And an older man than the skipper."

"Yes; can give him two years."

"Well, I'm off below to the gun-room."

"Why aren't you in the ward-room?"

"I'd just as soon be where I am. Besides, the youngsters want looking after, you know. Look in and see us often, won't you?"

"That I will! Good night."

All ships are merry when homeward bound, but I like to see the crew of a craft happy even when sailing away from home. It shows their hearts are in the right place, and that they really are nowadays, as in the days of Drake and Nelson, hearts of oak. To use a homely expression, the men of the Theodora were all "as happy as sandboys."

So long as the screw was grinding and the pulses of the great engines working steadily little else could be distinctly heard; but when the wind freshened, then, as it blew pretty fair, being abaft the beam, fires were banked and sails set, and from the deck, where the men had their messes and did all their work, a murmur could be heard as from a beehive, interspersed with many a hearty laugh, showing that somebody or other was spinning a yarn, and many a snatch of song or song complete. And even the men on deck, in the intervals of trimming sails, gathered together in little knots, and their busy conversation, carried on in a low tone, showed that their hearts were full, and that they were glad to interchange ideas.

But neither in the gun-room nor in the ward-room itself was the sandboy element entirely absent. Though the chalky cliffs of old England had not long disappeared, all had settled down and felt quite at home.

Only, two individuals were far, very far indeed, from being either happy or comfortable. One was the captain. He was down to it, as the doctor explained. The other was Mr. Han D'Austin, the paymaster's clerk. He, too, was "down to it." A tallish young man he was, of fair complexion, and of very delicate, though aristocratic features. It was his first voyage, and he looked but ill able to rough it. He had no cot or couch to recline on like the captain. He was excused duty for a day or two, that was all,

and expected to get round in that brief recess.

He lay about wherever he could get lying room—on the lockers, on a sea-chest, where he had to curl his long legs under him and lean on his elbow, looking for all the world—so Benbow told him—like a devil-fish in a glass tank.

Poor Han D'Austin had to stand a good deal of chaff from his messmates. Even his English, which was, like himself, of quite an aristocratic tone, was criticised. The marine officer, Captain West, was a gentleman of the same type. He had been to sea before, however, but never long enough to rub the *bon ton* polish off him. He also mouthed his English, and murdered his "r's," and, as Benbow said, was altogether too new and too good for a ship's mess.

"I was nevah used to this sort of thing," D'Austin explained to Colin, who had come with the intention of doing him a service. "If my father and mother knew what I am at this moment suffering they would be inconsolable, I do assure you. Believe me, McLeod, low though you now see me pwostate on this howid sea-chest, only one short week ago I was the centah of an admiwing groupon of family relatives."

"Ha, Mistah Austin," cried Benbow, "can I do anything foh you. Delighted I'm shuaw. Shall I send the steward with a basin and a feathah?"

"I don't want your basin no' your feathah," cried Austin, angrily; "leave me alone, sir."

Benbow was by no means a bad-hearted little fellow, but for his years he was a terribly rough old salt.

"I'm the oldest member of this mess," he explained, the first day they all sat down to dinner. He knocked on the table as he spoke by way of drawing attention. "I'm the oldest member of the mess, and I mean to exact respect from you youngsters, d'ye hear? and if anybody crosses my hawse, let him look out for squalls. Now fall to and take your dinner. Mind, I'm caterer, and I tell you it isn't always nor often either during the commission that you'll settle down to such a good dinner. Fall to. Wait a minute, Quentin Steele, you will take turns every day with McLeod in asking a blessing. Don't have to be reminded of that. Brown, you young son of a gun, take your arms off the table. Who are you, and where are you going?"

"I am a midshipman, sir."

"I can see as much from your togs. Don't look seared, but answer me."

"I'm a supernumerary, sir. Going to join the flagship at the Cape."

"Stupid numerary, are ye? Glad to hear it. We'll soon get rid of you. Don't put your elbows on the table again."

"No, sir."

The wind continued fair, the "blow" that Benbow had prophesied never came, but great seas continued to roll in from the Atlantic, and on these the Theodora rolled and pitched, or combined the motions of pitching and rolling, in a way that seemed very satisfactory to the ship herself, if not to all the crew.

One evening, about a day before the vessel reached Madeira, the wind, that had gone down so far as to permit of stunsails being set both below and aloft, began to freshen up towards sunset, and there were some indications too of squalls. The sky in the east, though, was a sight



to see. It was filled with rolling clouds, great banks of cumulus, grey beneath but white as the driven snow on the tops, and the spaces between these, the rifts in the masses of cloud, were of an intensity of blue that could hardly be equalled.

But lower down and quite close to the horizon the interspaces were green. And these clouds went drifting over the firmament at a speed that told old sailors on board the *Theodora* that there was far more wind high in air than below on the sea's surface.

The sun went down at last behind the western waves, and appeared to set them

"Hands shorten sail!"

There was the usual rattling of feet across the deck as the men scurried along and chased each other into the rigging.

But hardly three minutes elapsed ere a cry arose that startled every one in the ship, fore and aft,

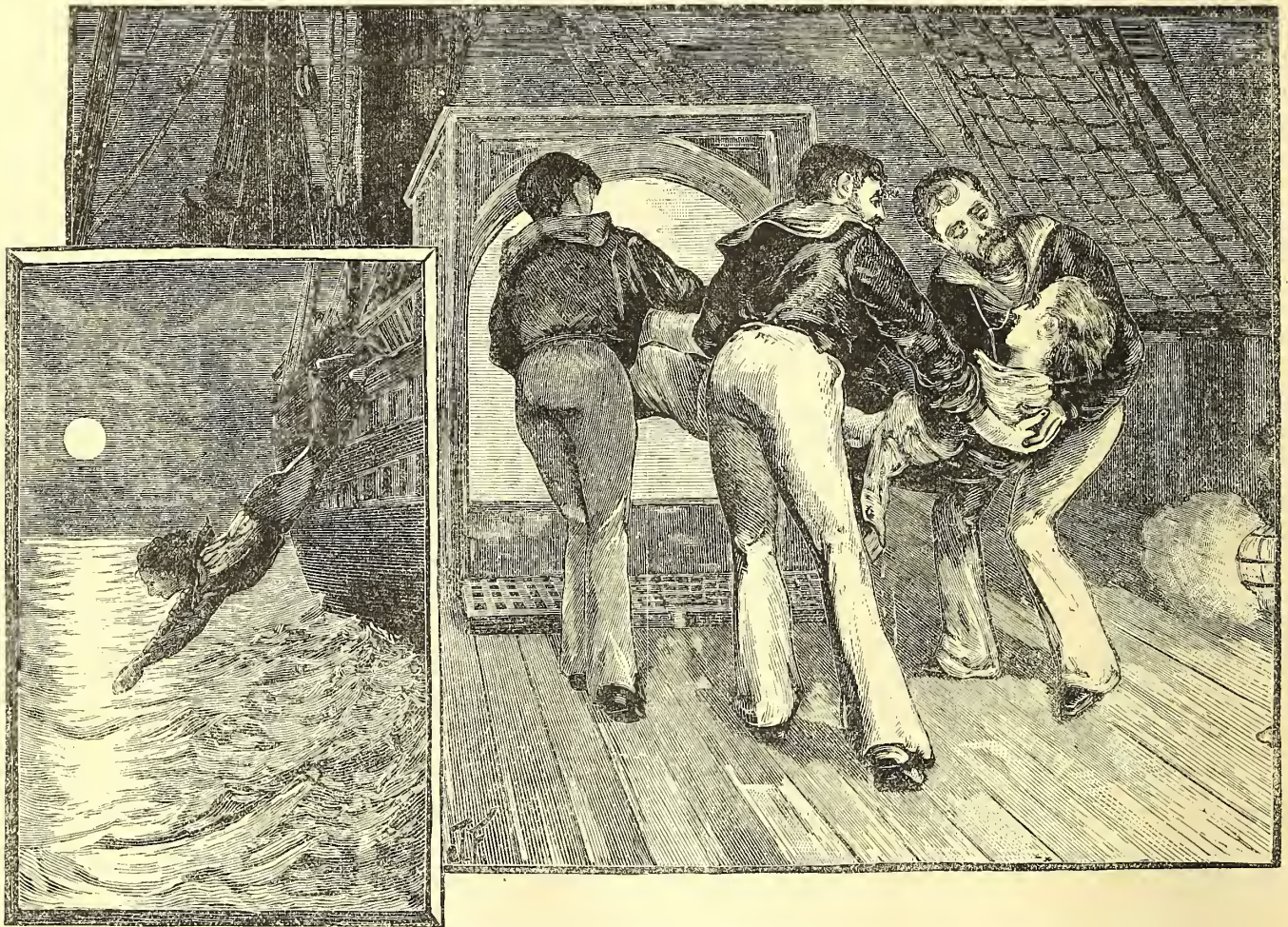
"Man overboard!"

Colin rushed on deck. The ship was being hove-to, the lifebuoy had already been lighted and let go. He was just in time to see a tall figure with long hair floating out on the breeze stand for a moment on the bulwarks, between him

sea. That is the light from the life-buoy.

Two boats are called away, and are being lowered into the water with all speed, and yet how interminably long it seems to Colin ere they reach it. But there is the splash of oars at last, and they are off to the relief. One steers directly for the lifebuoy—the drowning man may already have reached it; the other follows in the wake of the lieutenant, but he must by this time be fully a quarter of a mile away.

There is silence in the ship now fore and aft, a silence broken only by the



"So pale, so drooping, so lifeless."

all aflame. The sun went down like a round red burnished copper shield, and hardly had it disappeared when directly in the east over a bank of grey-blue mist up rose the full moon, and so like in every way was it to the orb of day, which had just gone out of sight, that the ship's boys laughingly pointed to it and cried, "Hurrah! the sun's up again, boys. Morning has come, and we have never been in bed."

Studding sails had been got in two hours before moonrise, then a reef was taken in in the topsails, but still the wind freshened and freshened, and the ship went tearing through the waves, cleaving the dark water with her bows as a knife would have done, and leaving a broad foaming wake behind her that was soon, however, obliterated by the racing waves.

It had just gone eight bells, and shortly after, Colin, whose watch it was below, heard the order given.

and the sky, then plunge downwards into the sea.

It was Mildmay; the tall and stately figure with the long, long hair would have told Colin that, but yonder also lay the coat, thrown, as it had been, hurriedly over the hatchway; the coat with its two rows of gold lace and one of gold braid, which distinction the lieutenant's seniority entitled him to.

Colin strained his eyes and gazed after him. How rapidly he seemed to swim! Yet this was more apparent than real, for the ship had not yet quite lost her way, and was drifting to the westward and south.

And all that Colin could see was one little dark spot in the midst of the pathway made by the moonbeams, hidden every now and then in the bars of shade, and anon appearing again on the crests of the heaving waves.

To the right of this moonlit path burns one solitary star on the breast of the

occasional flap of a sail or creaking of a block, for both officers and men, if they have to walk, move upon tip-toe, if they have to speak they do so in whispers.

Fifteen minutes have passed; the boats are hardly visible even by the aid of night-glasses, and so far away are they that not a sound comes from them across the water.

But the silence is broken at last, for there reached the ears of those on board one long, wild, despairing cry. Then all is still once more.

But presently the well-known plash of oars can be heard, and soon the boats are alongside. A few minutes more and they are hoisted on board—the rescued and the rescuer.

Colin could not bear to look upon Mildmay thus, so pale, so drooping, so lifeless. Are they both dead? he wondered, and, wondering, shuddered.

(To be continued.)



## DISGRACED BY A MAGPIE.

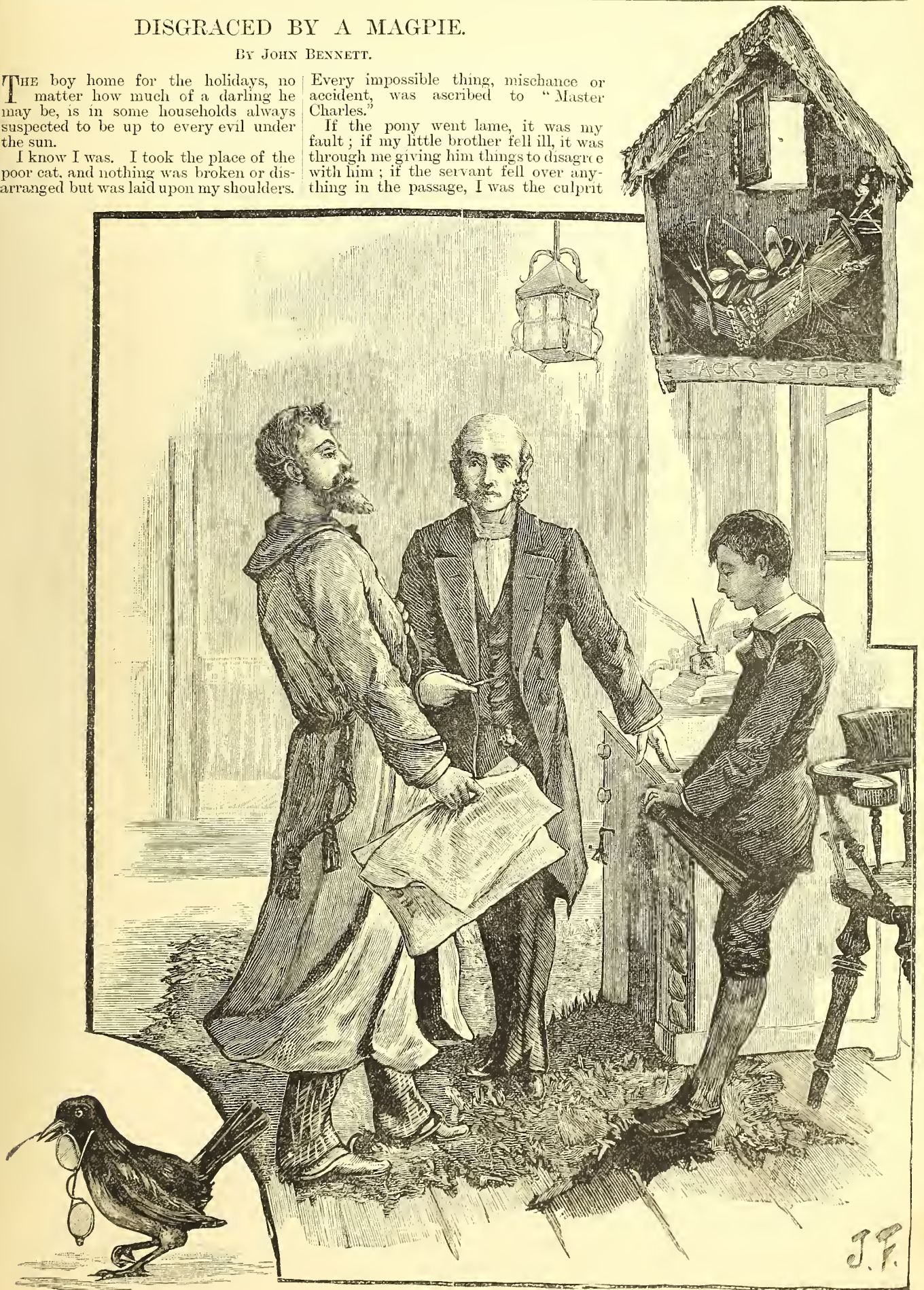
BY JOHN BENNETT.

THE boy home for the holidays, no matter how much of a darling he may be, is in some households always suspected to be up to every evil under the sun.

I know I was. I took the place of the poor cat, and nothing was broken or disarranged but was laid upon my shoulders.

Every impossible thing, mischance or accident, was ascribed to "Master Charles."

If the pony went lame, it was my fault; if my little brother fell ill, it was through me giving him things to disagree with him; if the servant fell over anything in the passage, I was the culprit



"Come, sir, what about this case?"



who left it there; if the apprentice-boy was behind with his duties, it was "Master Charles" that had hindered him; if the mince-pie or pudding was "small by degrees and beautifully less" after it had been taken from the table, it was "Master Charles" that had been to the larder; if the chimney caught fire, I was accused of it; if uncle in his rambles with me should slip down over a piece of orange-peel on the pavement, it was because I had not run before him and kicked it out of the way; if the clock wouldn't go, I must have been playing with it, for it always went until I came home; if father's books were torn or blotted, "that boy home for the holidays must have done it;" if mamma's head aches, it is through my noise and restlessness; and if the dinner is spoilt, Cook says it was "all through Master Charles hurrying and flurrying her."

I know when I, "Master Charles," came home for the holidays I brought with me a very large amount of animal spirits, and these same spirits sometimes led me into mischief; but then I must say this for myself—that when charged with anything that I *had* done under their influence I always promptly confessed the fact, as every honest boy would, and never screened myself by falsehood, subterfuge, or planting the mischief on the shoulders of another.

But it was to no purpose; I was the author of *all* the doubtful occurrences, and was often specially blamed for not confessing the things that I had not done.

I was often grieved that my word went for so little when I knew that I had never dishonoured it. But "Master Charles" was notoriously a high-spirited boy, and, as I said before, every questionable occurrence that happened while I was home for the holidays was posted to my account, but always good-naturedly balanced by the endearing terms, "Well, bless his heart! his holidays will soon be over; let him have his fling!"

My father was one whom I might well love—social, liberal, and good-tempered; and it is saying a good deal for a father when a son confesses that he always liked him for a companion. He lived in gentlemanly style in a beautiful suburb of the metropolis, and, amongst other agreeable hobbies of his, he kept a magpie, and a very beautiful bird was "Jack." But he was a magpie all over, from his cunning eye to the tip of his long and graduated tail, and his chatter and thievish propensities. He cared for nobody in the house but my father. I, being seldom at home, never made much of Jack's acquaintance. He would come and perch on my knee when I called him "Jack," and look quizzingly in my face if I was eating anything, and draw my attention more particularly to his presence by coaxingly crying, "Charley! Charley!"

Jack had been presented to my father by a friend in Ireland, where these birds are not so scarce as now in England. He had a beautiful plumage; his head, neck and back, and under part of his tail, were jet black, and in certain lights a blue gloss was distinguishable, and this, again, was relieved and contrasted by white and green intermingling.

During the midsummer holidays my father had invited an elderly gentleman—an LL.D., and a terrible bookworm—to spend a fortnight at his house. He was not a very genial man, and above all

things he could not bear any interruption to his literary studies.

His son was my father's partner, and, although he was not a great favourite in our home, father regarded him for being a good man, and respected him for being a learned one.

Dr. Millbank was not a companionable man, his delight in life being the solitude of a library; and it was on account of my father having rather a large collection of books that the doctor so delighted to make us a visit.

Well, the doctor took but little notice of any of us, as he came for the books in the house, not for the humanity it contained, and certainly not for the "boy home for the holidays."

As a rule, I invariably kept out of his way; but one day, being fresh home for the holidays, and the doctor being in a more friendly and talkative mood than ordinary, I ventured to accompany him into the library, taking care only to speak to him when he condescended to speak to me.

The doctor, however, soon became lost in a book, and altogether forgot my presence. I accordingly retired into the recess of a window, and also engaged myself with a book on old sports and pastimes. Dr. Millbank's back was turned upon me, and he was thoroughly lost in his studies. I was too much amused in observing my father's friend to regard the book I had taken up, although a very interesting one.

He was a Dominie Sampson over again, and must have sat to Sir Walter Scott for his portrait, only that the doctor paid more attention to his dress than the dominie, and made great display of an elaborately stiff-starched white neckcloth and a frilled shirt. He was a tall, thin man, with a military uprightness, a peculiarly long neck, and a small head, which could not boast a single hair; and, to keep the obnoxious flies from troubling his bald pate, he threw his capacious handkerchief over it. In the style of his day, two heavy gold seals hung from a watch-pocket of his trousers.

Now, learned as was the doctor in his special subjects—mostly of the dry-as-dust order—he knew but little of the natural history of magpies; and at the present moment my interest and the interest of my story is with one of those birds, Jack by name.

And here he comes, and, as he thinks, unperceived by any one. But Jack, for all his cunning, is for once mistaken, for while I held my book as if attentively reading it, my eyes were peering over the top of it to watch his movements. Yes, here he comes, hopping into the library, and, to elude observation as much as possible, he hops along by the wall.

It seemed by his turning his head cunningly first on one side and then on the other that he had some special object in his visit. Once or twice he paused in his hop and stood on one claw, and quizzed me to see how far I was engaged or asleep, or anything but noticing him. I felt sure by his cautious, sly manner that he was on some thievish expedition, what, for the moment, I could not discover. He looked remarkably pert, grave, and mischievous. Jack was very tame, but very sagacious, and had taught himself a variety of odd tricks, and would rival any parrot for volubility.

Close by the reading-table that Dr.

Millbank was engaged at stood a capacious arm-chair. I observed that Jack, ultimately and by stealthy hops, managed to hide himself in a corner of the chair, unperceived by the studious occupant, who, I believe, would not have taken his eyes from his book had an elephant entered the room instead of a magpie.

While he was ensconced in his citadel of the chair he kept his cunning, twinkling eyes fixed on the doctor's shining silver spectacles on his nose. Magpies are fond of pilfering bright or glittering articles, which are very attractive to these birds. But although he was evidently admiring the doctor's spectacles, I had no idea that his thievish heart was contemplating the ways and means to deprive the absorbed owner of them. He continued at the bottom of the chair, winking and blinking, but his vision always directed to the glasses, for about half an hour, but being then no further towards the possession of the spectacles he became impatient, and adroitly contriving to elude the doctor's observation he hopped upon the arm of the chair and perched there. For a little while he feigned to be in a most luxurious repose, and no one could imagine that at that moment, well known as he and his tribe are for petty pilferings, he was meditating a theft.

While, however, in his more elevated position, and seeing no hope for the present of purloining the spectacles, he stealthily took the leather case which the doctor had laid upon the table after taking the glasses therefrom. I continued to watch, but said nothing, for I too much enjoyed the fun, although I felt that when the doctor discovered that his case had vanished there would be a scene about it; but I had no idea that they would pounce upon the boy home for his holidays. Jack neither knew nor cared that he was getting me into disgrace with my father's friend and visitor, and who would have been the last person in the world for me to take any liberty with.

The magpie, in the same sly manner that he made his entrance into the apartment, made his exit out of it, turning his long black tail upon the doctor as he hopped along, and his beak holding the case as near the wall as possible.

He had not long made his escape from the room when the doctor, weary of his book, took his spectacles from his nose, and naturally enough sought the case to place them in. The case was not to be found—at least, not by the doctor. I kept closely to my book, or pretended to do so, for my eyes were now as observant of the doctor's proceedings as they had been of the magpie's.

The doctor looked all over the table and under it; he examined each of his pockets, then rose from his seat and investigated his chair, likewise the arm-chair, while I distinctly heard him grumbling and mumbling,

"This is most mysterious. I know I placed it on the table. Dear me! dear me! always something to annoy me. Bother those flies!" he exclaimed, brushing them from his bald head, from which he had now taken his handkerchief.

It was very wrong, no doubt, to laugh at the misfortunes or annoyances of other people, but I was home for the holidays, you know, and I really could not help it.



Could he have brought the case with him? Oh, he was perfectly sure that he had, and it was most mysterious where or how it vanished, for no one had been in the room.

He laid down his spectacles on the table, while he took a ruminating walk round the room, holding his sharp chin in his hand and frowning in his displeasure and mystification, while he looked to the right and the left of him, and on the floor, and then he espied me lounging with outstretched legs in the recess with my book of sports.

"Ah, ah, Master Charles, and so you are the culprit, are you?"

"Sir!" I exclaimed, affecting to be ignorant of his meaning.

"My case, young gentleman—where is it?"

"What case, sir?" I innocently inquired.

"My spectacle-case—where is it?"

"Spectacle-case? I have not got it."

"What! Why, I laid it beside me on the table, and now it is gone! You should not take such liberties with your elders."

"Why, sir, I have not moved from the spot where I now recline."

"I care nothing about that, sir," the

doctor interrupted, and I was very glad of the interruption, for I hardly knew what I was going to say. "I care nothing about that. The case is gone, and it had no volition of its own, and therefore you *must have taken* it, for no one else has been in the library."

"It is very unfortunate for me, doctor—"

"My spectacle-case, Master Charles, if you please!" he cried, still too impatient to permit me to finish my sentence. "I am too old to be your playmate, and it is a rule of mine never to give or take liberties with the young or old."

"You really, sir, are accusing me for what I have not done," I said, "but—"

"That is all subterfuge, sir!" he broke in impetuously before I could explain matters. "There I laid the case—"

"And it is a very hard case for me to be accused of removing it."

"Your joke is impertinent at a time like this. If your father were here I am quite sure that he would not tolerate your behaviour towards me. You are the only person, as I said before, who has been in the library since I have been reading here—"

"Excuse me, doctor—"

"Do not interrupt me, Master Charles."

I was going to say that you are the only person who has been in the library, and therefore you must have the case."

"I have not got it—there, doctor!" I exclaimed as emphatically as I could. "You were not aware that I was in the library until you saw me."

"What of that, sir?" asked the doctor, in quarrelsome tones.

"This—that as you did not see me enter the room, others might have come and gone without your knowledge. Indeed—"

"Do not mask your tricks with impertinence. I tell you again that I am sure that I laid the case on the table."

"And I am equally sure that I have not got it," I stoutly persisted.

"Then I must ring the bell for your father. Boys home for the holidays take so much licence nowadays that really they have become an intolerable nuisance. They are never happy but when they are in mischief, which is by no means creditable to the training that their parents pay for. There is too much parental petting now to turn out good boys, and too much forgetfulness of 'spare the rod and spoil the child.' There should be no school holidays if I could have my way."

(To be continued.)

## RECENT CYCLING.

A CENSUS of the cyclists at the beginning of this year gave 35,000 as the grand total of members belonging to the various recognised clubs. Of these the Cyclists' Touring Club, which holds a peculiar position and can hardly be classed with the rest, claimed about 17,000, while 5,000 were distributed among some 120 metropolitan clubs, 8,500 among 200 provincial clubs, 1,500 amongst sixty Scotch clubs, 400 among fourteen Irish clubs, 100 among seven Welsh clubs, 1,300 among the various tricycling clubs, and the remainder among clubs of all sorts that could not well be classified. Given then 35,000 club men, how many thousand riders of the wheel are there unattached? A moderate estimate would put them at quite double as many, and we shall not be far wrong in assuming that there are at least 100,000 cyclists in the United Kingdom at the present time.

The clubs are of all sorts and sizes, but in our census we have only included those having a fair number of riders, and we have taken no notice whatever of "honorary members" and such purely decorative auxiliaries. Some of the clubs are very strong. In the metropolitan area, for instance, we have the London with 220, and next to it the Pickwick with just the hundred. The Pickwick is the oldest of the clubs, it having been formed in 1870. Almost equal to it in strength is the Stanley, which comes before the public every year as promoting the show of machines, and whose late exhibition on the Thames Embankment was one of the noteworthy events of this season. Among the country clubs there are several that exceed the hundred. Bedford, for instance, has 114; the Birchfield, of Birmingham, has 150; the Speedwell, of Birmingham, has 175. Bournemouth has 110, Cambridge University has 200 members, Jersey 115, Halifax has 100, Lincoln has just over a hundred, and so have two of the Leeds clubs, the Crescent and the Harehills. In Scotland the clubs do not run so large. The two main centres are Edinburgh and Glasgow, and the chief clubs in each are the University with eighty members, and the Lanarkshire with seventy-five. As Edinburgh University is the largest club in Scotland, so Dublin University is the largest club in Ireland, mustering as it does nearly ninety members.

The tricyclists average higher than the un-specialised cyclists; the largest of the metropolitan clubs, the London, boasts 140 members, while the largest of the country clubs, the Brighton, claims 110.

And if the cyclists have improved in numbers, the machines they ride and the times they accomplish have undergone a marvellous improvement likewise. The quarter-mile record is now held by H. A. Speechly, who at the Clapham Park meeting at the Crystal Palace in August last succeeded in covering the distance in 39 seconds. In the month before the same track saw the lowering of the half-mile record to 1 min. 19½ sec. in A. Thomson's match against time. The Surbiton records in 1882 made by the renowned Dr. Cortis still stand for the three-quarter and the mile, the former being 2 min. 1½ sec., the latter 2 min. 41½ sec.; but after these we have a long series of changes all wrought in 1884 on the fast Crystal Palace path. In 1878 the Hon. Ion Keith-Falconer secured the two-mile championship with 6 min. 30½ sec.; the record is now held by H. R. English with 5 min. 33½ sec., a gain of nearly a minute. The records for the three and four miles are held by G. Lacy Hillier, the four-event champion of 1881, who on the 25th of last September rode the three miles in 8 min. 32 sec., and the four in 12 min. 15 sec. On the same occasion Hillier secured the five-mile record with 14 min. 18 sec., a considerable improvement on champion time. In 1879 Cortis was five-mile champion with 15 min. 29½ sec., in 1880 he was champion with 15 min. 10½ sec., and in 1881 Hillier was champion with 15 min. 39½ sec., and though neither of these were bests they yet serve well as fingerposts to indicate the advance. After the five miles we come to a long string of records clean away to the twenty miles, all credited to H. R. English on the 11th of last September. For the six we have 17 min. 33½ sec., for the seven we have 20 min. 30 sec., for the eight we have 23 min. 28½ sec., for the nine we have 26 min. 22½ sec., for the ten we have 29 min. 19½ sec., for the eleven we have 32 min. 19½ sec., for the twelve we have 35 min. 15 sec., for the thirteen we have 38 min. 16 sec., for the fourteen we have 41 min. 26 sec., for the fifteen we have 44 min.

29½ sec., for the sixteen we have 47 min. 26 sec., for the seventeen we have 50 min. 22 sec., for the eighteen we have 53 min. 20 sec., for the nineteen we have 56 min. 15 sec., and for the twenty we have 59 min. 6½ sec., which, considering how a few years ago it was declared to be impossible to ride twenty miles within the hour, is something worth making a note of, as is also the fact that before the hour was completed English had added another 560 yards to the distance traversed, and thereby secured the record for the longest run within the hour. The Northumbrian was far and away the best man in 1884, but, as we pointed out some time ago, the cycling records are more likely to be improved than those in athletics, owing to there being more improvable circumstances attending them. We improve our paths and we improve our machines, so that any comparison of man with man is always unfair to the oldster. In fact the only true comparison is that which is made between the men on the same track on the same day, and which is such an obvious one that nobody cares to mention it.

The records from the twenty-first to the twenty-fifth mile are still held by Cortis. These we gave at some length in 1880, and so need only catalogue here. They are in due order: 1 h. 3 min. 45½ sec., 1 h. 6 min. 51½ sec., 1 h. 10 min. 9½ sec., 1 h. 13 min. 26½ sec., and 1 h. 16 min. 41½ sec. The records from the twenty-sixth to the thirty-eighth mile remain unchanged since H. F. Wilson secured them at the Surrey meeting in August, 1885, and there has been no change between thirty-nine and fifty since the fifty-miles championship of 1882. M. H. Jephson claims thirty-nine, forty, forty-one, and forty-two; W. K. Adam claims forty-three; C. D. Vesey claims forty-four; Jephson claims forty-five; Keith-Falconer claims forty-six; Jephson claims forty-seven, forty-eight, and forty-nine; and Keith-Falconer has the fifty. As the times were all given in an article on Long Distance Bicycling in the November part for 1882, we need not here tabulate them.

One of the most striking events of last season was the curious match between Mr. Hillier and Major Holmes, in which the



younger man of twenty-eight allowed his senior of seventy-eight a mile for every year there was difference between their ages, and which simply meant that while the major rode fifty miles Mr. Hillier would ride 100. This Mr. Hillier failed to do. He did 146 miles in 9 h. 59 min. 34 sec., while the major covered 115 miles in 9 h. 59 min. 58 sec.—by no means a bad spell for a veteran of seventy-eight. Although Mr. Hillier lost his match, he succeeded in securing the records from fifty-one to fifty-four miles, and all the records over 101, those between fifty-five and 100 being still left to Mr. F. R. Fry, as detailed in an article on the Cycle Championships in the part for December, 1883.

In triycling all the records underwent a change in 1884 except those made by Mr. Lowndes the year before, for the half, three-

quarters, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, and eleven miles, and the full list now stands:—Quarter-mile 47 seconds, H. J. Webb, Crystal Palace, July 12, 1884; half-mile 1 min. 32½ sec., three-quarter mile 2 min. 18 sec., M. J. Lowndes, Surbiton, July 21, 1883; one mile 3 min. 3½ sec., H. N. Corsellis, Crystal Palace, July 21, 1884; two miles 6 min. 26½ sec., H. J. Webb, Crystal Palace, September 25, 1884; three miles 9 min. 45 sec., four miles 13 min. 3 sec., five miles 16 min. 19 sec., six miles 19 min. 35 sec., seven miles 22 min. 54 sec., eight miles 26 min. 9 sec., nine miles 29 min. 23 sec., ten miles 32 min. 33½ sec., M. J. Lowndes, Surbiton, June 21, 1883; eleven miles 37 min. 44 sec., M. J. Lowndes, Crystal Palace, June 25, 1883; twelve miles 42 min. 24 sec., thirteen miles 45 min. 54½ sec., H. J.

Webb, Crystal Palace, August 7, 1884; fourteen miles 49 min. 21 sec., fifteen miles 52 min. 53 sec., C. E. Liles, Lillie Bridge, June 21, 1884; sixteen miles 56 min. 29 sec., seventeen miles 1 h. 3¼ sec., H. J. Webb, Crystal Palace, August 7, 1884; eighteen miles 1 h. 3 min. 30 sec., nineteen miles 1 h. 7 min. 15 sec., twenty miles 1 h. 10 min. 50 sec., twenty-one miles 1 h. 14 min. 33 sec., twenty-two miles 1 h. 18 min. 3 sec., twenty-three miles 1 h. 21 min. 43 sec., twenty-four miles 1 h. 25 min. 21 sec., twenty-five miles 1 h. 28 min. 58 sec., C. E. Liles, Lillie Bridge, June 21, 1884; thirty miles 1 h. 50 min. 43½ sec., thirty-five miles 2 h. 13 min. 7¼ sec., forty miles 2 h. 31 min. 57¼ sec., forty-five miles 2 h. 52 min. 35¼ sec., fifty miles 3 h. 11 min. 15 sec., 100 miles 6 h. 43 min. 32½ sec., H. J. Webb, Crystal Palace, August 7, 1884.

## THE TROUT, AND HOW TO CATCH IT.

By J. HARRINGTON KEENE,

Author of "The Practical Fisherman," "Fishing Tackle, and How to Make It," etc.

V.



ON many other rivers the methods of fly-fishing differ materially in detail, but the principles are generally the same, or nearly

so. For example, you will find that the flies used on the rapid rivers of the north are not exact imitations of anything, but rather what

is called "fancy" flies, or rather spiders, in that they are all legs and no wings at all, whereas our flies of the south are, as far as



possible, exact copies of the natural insect, and as such are taken by the denizens of our streams. Then again on other thicker and more sluggish rivers you will find that the larger flat-winged flies (as opposed to the upright-winged) are continually resorted to, and capital sport is achieved thereby. Even on the lichen the night flies are used—sometimes three on a cast, and this cast very coarse—for the taking of a good basket of the largest of our trout. Perhaps also this consummation so devoutly to be wished merits a further explanation before I conclude my gossip on “how to use” the fly-rod.

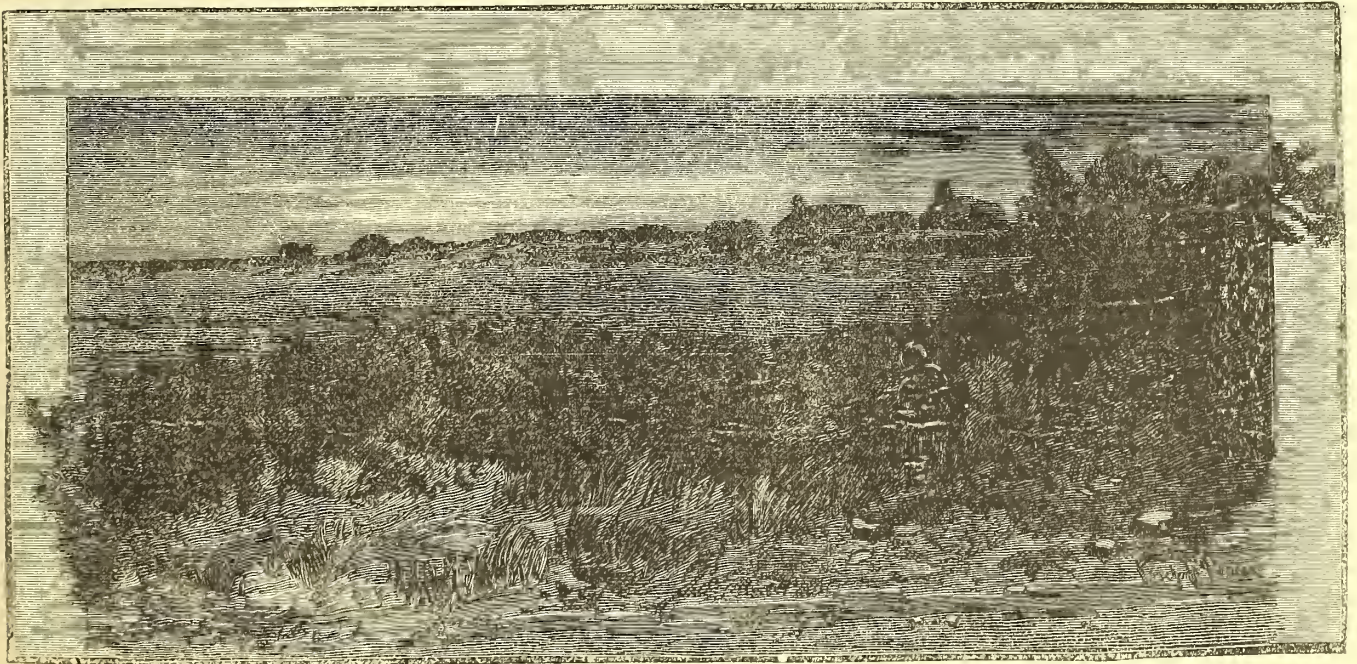
Imagine then a glowing August sunset. The “king of day” has just retired beneath the massed cloud canopy of his glory, and the tender tints of orange and gold, of purple and hyacinthine hues, are flooding the landscape and glinting on the unruffled stream, turning it to a semblance of that heaven-born sea of glass mingled with fire. Softly and imperceptibly the magic colours deepen and change, and the gloaming steals gently over all. No pearl wreath of dew rises over the river like a chill snow-pure winding sheet to the dead day, but to the good fortune of the night angler the evening closes in on night with starry dark-blue firmament and to the chorus of the bird music to which a dry, still, warm, late summer evening always gives rise. Curious, isn't it? that the eternal fitness of things of which we speak so often, and, alas! care so little to trace out, has so arranged it that the more perfect in summer beauty the night may be, the better is it for

the nocturnal angler, as if, indeed, as is probably the case, not alone do the birds and other of the higher animals delight in the witchery of this ineffable hour, but the fish also appreciate the graciousness and the freshening influences after the intolerable heat and dust of midday? Yet it is so, and if the conditions be less than I have sketched of our ideal night fly-fisher's season, then does his sport fail in a corresponding degree.

But he—rigging up his trusty fly-rod with winch and line and stout fly cast, attached to which is an imitation cinnamon fly, and perhaps a couple of Fetid Browns—sallies forth, and passing by the now placid mill pool gently perchance steps (waterproofed as he is to the waist) into the shallow run of pellucid water which wanders at a pace of two miles an hour over the brilliant pebbles of this chalk stratum. On either side the banks are clothed with sedge, amidst which the tall sceptre-like bulrushes stand out dark against the sky. “He hereth the melodious armony of the fowls,” to quote the gentle Dame Berners. There is the sedge-warbler with its pretty quaint song, the plaintive shrill call of the moorhen, and now anear and then afar the harsh burr-like screech of that ventriloquist of birds—the landrail. The agile dabchick dips into the water close by him, and in the deepening twilight he just discerns the bonny brown-coated rat as it sits sedately and solemnly enjoying its meal on yon patch of decaying weeds set free by the recent weed-cutting. Ay, and as he bends forward to notice this self-satisfied dweller by the stream,

lo! the huscious sounding kiss-like “chop” of a feeding trout as it takes in one of the larger sedge-flies—probably the actual insect of which *Piscator* possesses the artificial on his cast. Just watch *his* movements now. Half a minute is not passed ere the line whistles through the air with a softly sighing sound, and the fly falls, making hardly a dimple in the placid face of the water, just within the rings of vibration made by the rise. Onward it floats, and suck! chop! the fish has risen again, this time to the angler's lure. Little grace is now given, for the time of twilight is fast ebbing away, and absolute darkness or its near approach is by no means so valuable to *Piscator* as is the present time. So, within the time I have been talking about it, the landing-net is placed under the fish, and the fisher, with a sigh of illimitable content, moves on with lynx eye ever on the watch for the “rise” which unerringly tells of the presence of his quarry. Nor is he always content to watch for this. Now and then he throws his fly in likely spots, such as where perchance an oily eddy circles round some gnarled and rugged root outstretched like toil-battered fingers to clutch the passing flotsam of the water, or the fly goes silently through the air perhaps on to the hisping runnel with a touch as of a mother's kiss, and there finds the feeding trout. And so he fishes till the silence and darkness warn him it is time to rest, and so he returns with a heart of peace fresh from his communion with nature and the “voices of the night.”

(To be continued.)



## HEROES OF THE BACKWOODS.

IV.—ISRAEL PUTNAM.

AND now, having dealt with Rogers and the Starks, we come to the most famous of the Rangers—Israel Putnam. Putnam joined the regiment in 1755, and soon afterwards was instrumental in saving his captain's life.

Rogers and he were sent scouting to Crown Point to ascertain the state of its fortifications. Leaving their men in a willow thicket, they went on in front to learn what they could. The sun rose, and the French began to stream out of the fort in such numbers that the retreat of the scouts was cut off. In

about an hour one of the soldiers stumbled on Rogers and was just about to run him through, when Putnam appeared and struck down the Frenchman with his rifle. There was an alarm, but in the confusion both Rogers and Putnam escaped.

In 1757 Putnam was promoted to a majority, and one of his first exploits was to strike on the track of the armament destined to capture Fort William Henry. His report was disregarded, and after a six days' bombardment the fort fell. The garrison capitulated and were to march forth with the honours of

war; so ran the articles, but it would seem that for “honours” “horrors” had been written. For no sooner had the rear guard left the gates than the Indians flew upon the Englishmen furiously, and slaughtered them in cold blood. Not an effort was made by the French to stop the atrocious attack, and only a miserable remnant of the garrison survived. When Putnam, who had been sent forward to the fort to watch the enemy's movements, came on the scene of carnage next day, he found the barracks burning and hundreds of corpses—men, women, and



children—lying half consumed among the ruins.

But it was at another fire that Putnam was to earn his fame. In the winter the barracks in Fort Edward were one night found to be in flames. Within twelve feet of them stood the magazine containing three hundred barrels of powder. Colonel Haviland attempted to batter down the barracks with his heavy artillery, but to no purpose. A line of men was formed to pass buckets from hand to hand. The end of the line was Putnam, who took his station on the roof of the shed as close to the flames as he dared. His mittens were burnt off his hands, but he stuck to his post, and it was not until the roof began to give way that he left it. The walls of the magazine were charred, the outer skin of planks was indeed burnt through, and still he refused to leave until the blaze was quelled. When Putnam's second mittens were pulled off the skin came with them; his face, his hands, his body, were one mass of blisters, and it took him weeks to recover from his exposure. His indomitable resolution had, however, saved Fort Edward.

One day in the course of the following summer he and five men were surprised by Indians while lying in a canoe near the Fort Miller rapids on the Hudson. To remain or cross the river would have been fatal. Before the canoe was under way one of the men was killed. Putnam steered the craft round and made straight down the stream. The current was broken into eddies and whirlpools as it rushed furiously over the shelving and projecting rocks. Without aid from his comrades, who sat aghast at the danger, he guided the canoe down the most promising channel, skimming the rocks and stemming the eddies. Sometimes she would spin round in a whirlpool and halt for a little, then she would shoot off at a tangent and fly down and down until at last the quieter waters were reached. The rapids had never been passed before, and the wondering Indians refrained from firing as soon as the canoe entered the dangerous gorge.

In August Putnam was taken prisoner. He was out with Rogers and Dalzell, and was unexpectedly attacked by Molang at the head of five hundred French and Indians. His rifle missed fire, and an Indian seized him and bound him to a tree. The fight raged for some time. The Rangers rallied and drove back the Indians. The tree to which Putnam was tied was thus brought midway between the combatants in the centre of the hottest fire from both. He stood wholly unable to move even his head while the bullets showered by, and many of them lodged in the tree above him, struck the ground in front of him, and passed through the sleeves and skirts of his coat. The fight raged round him for over an hour. Even the tomahawks began to fly about, and one lodged in the tree an inch above his head.

The Rangers won the battle, but the Indians in their last rally secured Putnam and carried him off. They made him bear the packs of a number of the wounded, and with his hands lashed behind his back marched him for miles into the hills. When night came they stripped him and bound him naked to a tree. They laid the fire ready for the sacrifice, and danced in joy and sang of his approaching doom. At length the brushwood was lighted, but a shower of rain came on and extinguished the struggling flame. Again the torches were brought and at last the circle was aglow. The Redskins danced and sang around the victim and mocked him as he writhed to avoid the fire which was licking up closer and closer. All seemed lost, when suddenly a Frenchman leapt into the clearing, and dashing the Indians aside, kicked the blazing wood away, and cut the prisoner's bonds. The Frenchman was Molang himself, the leader of the Canadian partisans, who had been informed by a messenger of the proceedings of his allies.

Although his life was saved Putnam was

kept a close prisoner. His arms were tied to two young trees, his legs were secured in the same manner, and these trees formed the basis of a curious cage constructed over him, in which the unhappy Ranger spent the dreary night that followed his release from death. He was forwarded to Ticonderoga, examined by Montcalm, and then sent up into Canada, whence he was afterwards exchanged.

He took part in Amherst's operations, and at the close of the war with the French was sent to Cuba with the provincial troops owing to hostilities having broken out with Spain. This was 1762. The transport in which were Putnam and his men was driven on a reef, rafts were made of her masts and spars, and every one reached the shore in safety. They pitched a camp, fortified it, and remained for some days until the storm subsided, when they were taken off in another ship, and joined the convoy for Havana.

On the 14th August Havana surrendered to Lord Albemarle and Admiral Pococke, and the expedition was over. Putnam returned to Connecticut, and after a few months' service against the Indians betook himself to his farm.

On the 19th of April, 1775, the British troops were attacked as they returned from destroying the magazines at Lexington. That was the first blow in the War of Independence. Putnam heard of it as he was ploughing in his field. He left the plough standing in the furrow, and, without stopping to say good-bye to his wife or to change his clothes, started for Boston. With Prescott, Warren, Stark, and Reed, he took part in the battle of Bunker's Hill. Who commanded on that occasion is a moot point; probability points to Prescott. At one time much of the honour—too much—was given to Putnam.

Throughout the night of the 16th of June the strokes of spade and pickaxe fell quick and strong on the famous Boston hill, and column after column of men swiftly and silently marched up to the low redoubt on its crest. The morning came, and as soon as the entrenchment was discovered by the British, orders were given for its storm. The barges with the five thousand men that were to attack it left the fleet a little before noon. Every roof and spire of the neighbouring city had its crowd of spectators anxious for the coming fight.

By three in the afternoon the redcoats had all landed at Morton's Point. The order to advance was given, and up the hillside came the heavily-accoutred British infantry. The redoubt gave not a sign of life; it was silent and still as the grave.

Suddenly, when the height was almost gained, the flame broke forth, and the soldiers, swept down in dozens, leisurely and steadily retreated to shelter. Again they came on; again the fort was silent until they were almost in, and then again came the death-hail, and the redcoats were driven back. Over a thousand were now left behind.

But, as soon as they got to cover, the remnant threw away their knapsacks and awkward trappings, fixed their bayonets, and came up the hill for the third time, shoulder to shoulder, steadily as on parade. In vain the Americans reserved their fire as before; in vain they mowed their assailants down as they neared the parapet. The Englishmen were now free, and more fitted to cope with them, and on, unchecked, came the line of cold steel. The gaps closed up as quickly as they were made. The redoubt was reached, surrounded, swept clear, and the routed Americans were driven off down the slope and over the neck, and away to the Winter Hills.

Such was the Battle of Bunker's Hill, which nine Americans out of ten still speak of as a Yankee victory.

After Bunker's Hill, Putnam, now a general, was employed in sundry expeditions with varying success. Though a most popular character with his men, he does not ever

seem to have worked harmoniously with his superior officers. His best-known exploit is his riding down the hill named after him, near West Greenwich. The hill is cut deeply into terraces, and he is said, when caught napping by a British force under Tryon, to have ridden his horse down the precipices.

Many other exploits are recorded of him, some of which rather verge upon legend. That he was an extraordinary man there can be no doubt. The stories of his early life give eloquent evidence to his character. He was born at Salem in 1718, and from the first bore that reputation of being clever and strong, and unusually fearless and frank, which he retained until his death in 1790. He married young and settled at Pomfret, in Connecticut, forty miles east of Hartford, where there afterwards occurred his fight with the she-wolf. The story runs that Pomfret was ravaged by a wolf family. The cubs were generally killed off, but the old dam remained uncaught. She had damaged her foot in a trap, so that her track could be recognised in the snow, and yet all attempts to destroy her proved in vain.

At last, in 1743, Putnam, having lost seventy of his sheep and goats, determined to pursue the wolf until he finished her. He tracked her to the Connecticut River, and then back to Pomfret, and up to a hole in a huge ledge of rock which led down to a cavern. The entrance into this cavern was by an oblique path for fifteen feet, then along a horizontal fissure for ten feet, and then up along a fifteen-feet incline, till the chamber was reached. In no place was the passage more than a yard wide, or high enough for a man to stand upright in.

When the wolf was tracked home her siege began. Dogs were sent in, but they came out in terror. Straw was burnt, brimstone was burnt, all to no purpose. At last Putnam resolved to go in himself and tackle the wolf. He took off his shoes and stockings, tied a rope to his leg, and, with a piece of birch-bark as a torch, crept down the slope, along the level, and up into the cavern. He saw the eyeballs of the wolf glaring angrily in the light of his torch, and heard her gnashing her teeth and grunting at being disturbed. He pulled the rope, and his friends thinking something had gone wrong, hauled him out with a run. His shirt was torn to tatters, and he was much bruised. But he loaded his gun with buckshot, and for the second time entered the cave. Again he saw the wolf, and as she crouched to spring he fired. Stunned by the explosion, and almost suffocated with the smoke, he was again drawn out by the rope tied to his leg. After a few minutes he again entered the cave, and, feeling the wolf's nose, found that she was dead. He then seized her by the ears and dragged her after him as he was drawn out by his companions.





## GAS FOR THE FIRESIDE.

THERE are two very simple ways of making lighting gas on a small scale.

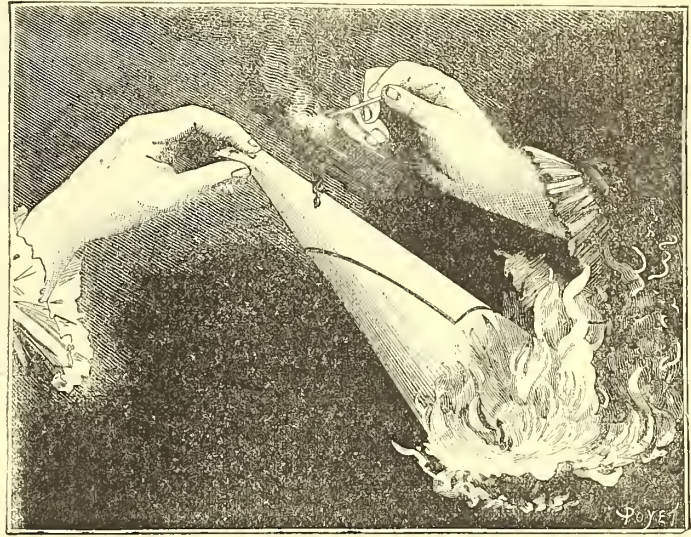
For the first take an ordinary clay pipe—that known as a churchwarden is the best—and fill its bowl with some small pieces of coal. Cover the top with clay so as to prevent the coal coming into direct contact with the flame, and then insert it into the fire, leaving the stem sticking out. In a few minutes the gas will stream out of the mouth-piece, and on applying a light will give a steady brilliant flame.

This is the old way; the new way is very much more effective as a lecture experiment, but not quite as safe for an ordinary operator. There is, however, no danger if the experiment is performed over an iron tea-tray or other incombustible.

Take a piece of packing paper and twist it into a cone, as shown in the illustration. Towards the end make a large pinhole. Hold the paper in the left hand and light the open end. The heat developed by the flame produces a distillation of the organic matter of which the paper is composed, and the gas thus formed rushes out through the pinhole, where it can be lighted in the same way as that which streams from the tobacco pipe.

The experiment is a startling one; unfortunately it does not last very long. The light should be applied to the gas as soon as

the mouth of the paper is in flames, and the arm should be kept rather farther away from it than the artist in his desire for effect has thought fit to show in our illustration!



## THE "BOY'S OWN" GORDON MEMORIAL FUND.

(Continued from page 511.)

SINCE our last week's number went to press we have received many congratulations on having taken in hand the "Boy's Own" Memorial. In a message from her home at Southampton, Miss Gordon herself says:—

*"She hopes very much that the Boys' Memorial will succeed: it has her best wishes. A Home for poor boys is what would be most in accordance with General Gordon's desires."*

Then, some one having expressed a fear lest Gordon's fame should induce warlike sentiments in our boys—and there are some good people who never by any chance do anything in the world but express fears and otherwise distribute wet blankets—one of the leading religious journals replies that though possibly there may be some slight danger in this direction, there is happily a more than usually bright "other side." The writer then continues:—"With such a war prevailing as that in the Sudan, and with the leading dailies and illustrated papers full of the exciting details, our British boys must have altered very much in their nature of late years if, copying their elders, they are not more or less affected with the 'war fever' and military hero-worship; and it is a happy thing, therefore, that the leading figure of the campaign should be a Gordon, whose genius was not simply that of a soldier, whose vocabulary seemed quite devoid of the words 'glory' and 'prestige,' and whose ambitions all must admit were neither social nor professional, but rather in the direction of a whole-hearted devotion to duty—and duty, too, as understood and translated into action by the earnest prayerful Christian. We have had such examples before—and are proud of them—in Lawrence and Havelock, in Goodenough and Hedley Vicars; but such stars of the services are none so plentiful as to cause us to slight, or omit to utilise as a most powerful teaching force, the pre-eminent qualities of Chinese Gordon."

Rev. B. G. Johns, M.A., of the Southwark Blind School, sends us a poem on Gordon,

entitled "Too Late." We have space for but a few lines:—

His name lives written in ten thousand hearts;  
It lingers in the prayers, at eventide,  
Of little children, ere they say "Good night;"  
Brings broken tears of joy to weary eyes,  
Wherever falls the cloud of grief or pain.  
They hear his voice, they see him as of old;  
To them he is not dead—he cannot die.  
By every sweet and tender memory he lives;  
And secret benedictions crown his grave,  
Whether he lies unburied on the sand,  
Or, hidden, rests far down the ancient river's bed;  
There still he lives, beyond the desert waste,  
The Soldier, Saint—the man who walked with God!  
Who passed into the fight, unarmed, 'mid foes  
Of deadliest hate, and swayed the mingled host  
By the one power, supreme, of living Faith.

As we mentioned last week, we shall now be glad to receive donations with all convenient speed. All receipts will be duly acknowledged in our columns. Collecting Cards may now be had, but many readers may prefer to give right out rather than collect. All should endeavour to do something, however small. Girl readers, of whom we rejoice to have many, may of course also assist.

## OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(SEVENTH SERIES.)

### II.—Illumination Competition.

It will be seen by reference to page 15 of the present volume that we wrote as follows:—

"We offer Three Prizes, of Two Guineas, One Guinea and a Half, and One Guinea respectively, for the best Illumination (in oils or water-colours) of a Bible promise, which may be selected, at the option of the competitors, from either the Old or the New Testament. Competitors will be divided into three classes, according to age, and one Prize will be awarded in each class. First class, from 18 to 24; second class, from 14 to 18; third class, all ages up to 14. The highest Prize will go to the class showing the greatest merit. Competitors are not prohibited from using purchased designs, but the colouring must be wholly their own, and, other things being equal, the preference will be given to original work throughout. The

size, material, etc., are left to the choice of competitors."

Our Award is as follows:—

JUNIOR DIVISION (all ages up to 14).

Prize—One Guinea.

HAROLD E. SPEED (aged 12), 26, Loughborough Park, Brixton, S.W.

Certificates.

EDWARD TYMMS, 8, Pittville Street, Cheltenham.

WILLIAM MARTIN, 35, Broughton Street, Queen's Road, Battersea.

F. A. OLDAKER, Worples Road, Epsom.

C. L. A. SEARCH, Holmesdale House, Reigate, Surrey.

JOHN L. MORRES, 42, Bartholomew Road, Kentish Town, N.

FRED ARNOLD, Mount Avenue, Jersey.

DAVID R. DRYDEN, 10, Lawton Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

THOMAS MARTIN, 15, South Street, Greenwich.

CLIFFORD CRAWFORD, 21, Windsor Street, Edinburgh.

LOUIS R. DEUCHARS, Auchterarder, Perthshire.

LOVELL E. WILLIAMS, 25, Moorland View, Ben Rhjd-ding, *vid* Leeds.

W. H. CULLIS, 98, London Road, Worcester.

THEODORE A. MINOPRIO, Grosvenor House, Aigburth Drive, Sefton Park, Liverpool.

R. S. FRANKS, Queen Street, Coatham, Redcar, Yorks.

HUGH P. MITCHELL, Easthill, Oakleigh Park, Whetstone, N.

HUBERT J. PAYNE, 9, Eastbourne Road, Trowbridge, Wiltshire.

ERNEST P. BROOKES, Upper School, Kingscliffe, Northants.

FREDERICK PATERSON, 5, Clarence Terrace, St. Luke's, Cork.

BOB GRAHAM, Mount Avenue, Jersey.

THEODOR MARTIN MÜLLER, High Street, East Grinstead, Sussex.

F. J. GROOM, 49, Baxter Road, Essex Road, Islington.

DUDLEY C. HARGREAVES, 4, Belmont Road, Broadstairs.

E. J. GREENE, 3, Charlwood Place, Fimlico, S.W.

G. H. WAYMARK, 13, Darville Road, Stoke Newington.

DELAMOTTE EDWARDS, Cricket Field Lodge, Hampstead Lane, Highgate.

GEORGE MEER, 2, Church Street, Harpurhey, Manchester.

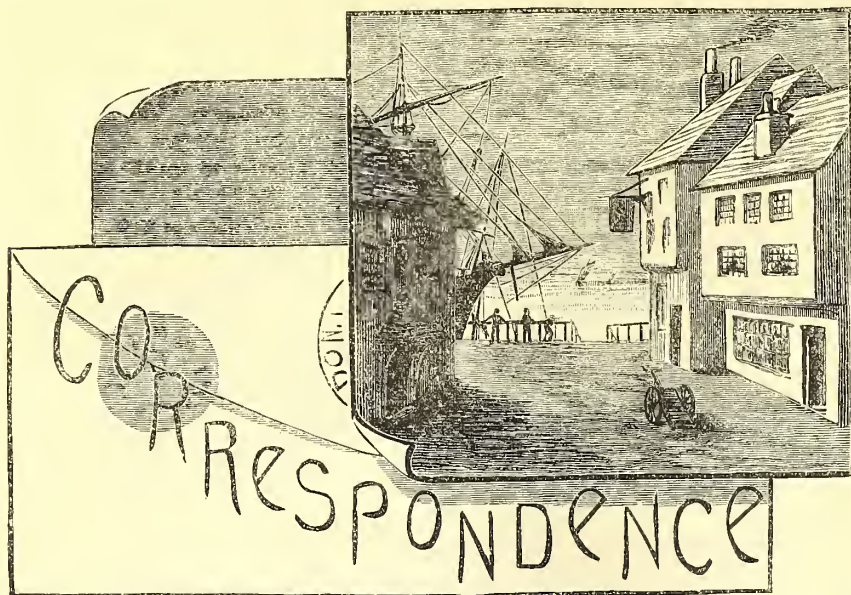
OSWALD C. JONES, 2, College Hill, Shrewsbury.

RONALD RUTTER, Head Street, Halstead, Essex.

G. H. ROBBINS, 19, Dalberg Road, Brixton, S.W.

ALLAN WARNER, 71, St. George's Square, Fimlico.





B. A. G.—1. Lieutenant Lockwood, in the Greeley Expedition, is said to have reached lat.  $83^{\circ} 24'$ , long.  $40^{\circ} 46'$ . This means a hundred miles more of the Greenland coast line than was seen by Lieutenant Beaumont in the Nares Expedition. 2. Roraima is the mountain in British Guiana, or rather on the borders thereof. It is a flat-topped pillar of sandstone, with an almost perpendicular face near the summit of nearly two thousand feet.

GRAVER.—Your best plan is to become apprenticed to a wood engraver, and secure a position on one of the illustrated papers. You will hardly make a fortune at the art.

LEPIDOPTERA.—"Entomology for the Month" was in the third volume. "Entomological Localities near London" in the fourth.

ANGLER.—The "Saturday Half Holiday Guide" is published by Benrose, Old Bailey. It costs three-pence.

AN EXPLORER can refer to the index for the fifth volume, and find therein the article on Cricket Bats, which he has overlooked. See pages 606 and 622.

E. J. SCAMMELL.—Quite a mistake. Charles the Great, whom the French call Charlemagne, was a German, wrote German, and spoke German. There was no such kingdom as France in those days. The names are those of the principal chiefs of the Franks, and are of no historical importance. They vary in every book. You have been misled by some old-fashioned work; the whole history of the period has been revised. You will never meet with such a question in a public examination.

D. W. O.—You are in error in supposing that people in London know everything. Get rid of the notion that every one is watching you or taking the slightest interest in your dress or idiosyncrasies, and your shyness will soon evaporate. No man who is conscious of his unimportance can be "a bore in the social sphere."

VICTOR OLIVER.—You are not the first that has been influenced by the moon. "As I am very much in love with a young lady whose name is Diana, can you kindly inform me how I can gain her affections?" Well—keep your distance, and never say die. Tell her you have written to us for advice!

DOVECOOT.—Paint the calico with boiled linseed oil. When it is dry give it a second coat.

VIOLIN.—No varnish can be made without a gentle heat. The directions are all tested and approved, so that you have only to follow them carefully. Other readers have written to inform us of their success.

L. H.—1. The magazine you mention has been defunct for some time. 2. A small printing press, to be of any use, would not cost less than five pounds. 3. One of the stamps was Hungarian, the other German.

YOUNGSTER.—A reminiscence of barber-surgery. The barber's pole is the staff that used to be grasped by the patient before he was bled. The red-and-white stripes are the ribbons that used to bind up the wound.

N. MICHAELIS (Paris).—1. There was an article on Revolving Slides for the Magic Lantern in the part for October, 1883. 2. The volumes cost seven shillings and sixpence each.

W. B. W.—We had articles on bird-cage making in the parts for March and April, 1883.

F. RADFORD (Montreal).—1. We are glad to hear that the Boy's Own Penny Whistle "plays splendidly," but we cannot spare space for another key-board just yet. Try and make one according to the instructions; there is nothing very difficult about it. 2. We gave the management of the light in the first volume, but shall soon give an article on how to make it.

A NEW ZEALAND FOOTBALLER.—We know of no club with the tartan colours you mention. There is a Football Annual published at one shilling, giving most of the club colours and addresses. You can get it through Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., or Messrs. Robertson.

M. LONG.—You have been working in a pit of boulder clay, and the fossils are derivative. There are no ammonites in rocks above the chalk.

A WOULD-BE ATHLETE should read our articles on training in the second volume.

TIMON.—Too many queries by a long way. We cannot fill this page with detailed references to articles that have appeared. Buy the indexes and look up the subjects for yourself.

CATHAY.—By Cathay the Elizabethans meant China, or rather Tartary; of the native name of which, Khitai, Cathay is a corruption.

A. B. C.—Christmas in Australia comes in the height of summer, the seasons south of the equator being the reverse of ours.

REGREDERE NE PROGREDERE.—The "Bazaar, or Exchange and Mart," is published at 170, Strand. Its price is twopenny. It is obtainable at all the principal railway bookstalls.

M. F.—Collect your plants when dry. Press them between sheets of absorbent paper, and warm them thoroughly when under pressure, and you will find the colours last for years.

A. E. W.—We had eight articles on Lawn Tennis in the fourth volume. Refer back, as we cannot again take up the subject—at least for some time.

J. BUNNINGTON.—The quotation is a libel, ingeniously worded so as to avoid prosecution. Our coloured plates take over a year in preparation, so that the thing is impossible to begin with. The statement is of course untrue—but it is characteristic of the class of literature to which such rubbish belongs.

NEMO ALIAS NULLUS should invest in the current quarterly Navy List, and study the circulars for himself. It is published by Murray, Albemarle Street, W.

J. H. H.—We do not know what you mean by a "copy of a deed." If you want a copy of a will you apply to the Probate Department at Somerset House. If you mean a copy of a conveyance you must get permission from its present holder.

THE JOLLY JACK TAR.—Boys who go to sea before the mast have to pay no premium.

G. S. B.—The sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth numbers were in the June part for 1879.

A. W. H.—A sequel is a continuation, a parody, a burlesque. "The Cryptogram" is the sequel to "The Giant Raft." "The Tenshop" in the last February part is a parody on "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

P. W. H.—All the packets of plates are kept in print.

BOXNIE DUNDEE.—We have already given the various tartans. The Highland Claus formed the frontispiece of our fifth volume.

RUMBLE.—For how marbles are made see the July part for 1883.

HUMOR.—Artemus Ward is the assumed name of Charles F. Browne; Aunt Fanny of Mrs. F. D. Gage; Barry Gray of Robert B. Coffin; Hosea Biglow of James Russell Lowell; Josh Billings of Henry W. Shaw; Bob Short of A. B. Longstreet; Hans Breitmann of C. G. Leland; Vandyke Brown of W. P. Brannan; Ned Buntline of E. Z. Judson; Christopher Caustic of T. G. Fessenden; Laura Caxton of Lizzie B. Comries; Geoffrey Crayon of Washington Irving; Porte Crayon of D. P. Strother; Shirley Dare of Susan Dunning; Q. K. Philander Doesticks of M. N. Thompson; Dunn Brown of Samuel Fiske; Edmund Kirke of J. R. Gilmore; Elizabeth Wetherell of Susan Warner; Ethan Spike of M. F. Whittier; Fanny Fern of Sarah Parton; Fanny Fielding of Mary Upshur; Fanny Forester of Emily Judson; Fat Contributor of A. M. Griswold; Florence Leigh of Anna T. Wilbur; Tom Folio of J. E. Babson; Francis Oldys of George Chalmers; Frank Forrester of W. H. Herbert; Howard Glyndon of Laura Reddon; Grace Greenwood of Sarah Lippincott; Major Jack Downing of Seba Smith; Orpheus C. Kerr of R. H. Newell; Mark Twain of Samuel L. Clemens; J. K. Marvell of Donald Mitchell; Petroleum V. Nasby of David R. Locke; Oliver Optic of W. T. Adams; Mrs. Partington of B. P. Shillaber; Peter Schlemihl of George Wood; Poor Richard of Benjamin Franklin; Sam Slick of T. C. Haliburton; Timothy Titecomb of J. G. Holland.

INKPOT.—To re-magnetise a magnet scrape it from north to south from the centre with the north pole of another magnet, and then scrape it from south to north from the centre with the south pole of your other magnet.

A VOLUNTEER ARTILLERYMAN.—The rearrangement of buttons on army tunics was for the sake of economy. It was an experiment, and proved a failure. At the same time the gold stripes were taken off the left arm.

G. A. J. FRASER (Canada).—Our arrangements are made so far in advance that the story would be useless to us.

BOY READER.—You will find articles on the Royal Standard in the parts for March, 1881, and October, 1883.

F. S. J.—In Lloyd's Register of British Shipping you will find full particulars of all our merchant ships, with the names of their owners, builders, captains, etc., etc.

F. WELCH.—The set would come cheaper in volumes if procured through one of the discount booksellers. The first and second volumes are not now kept in part form.

T. LINTON.—See answer to FLORIAN in last week's number (No. 330, May 9th, 1885). The list of Independence battles is as follows: 1775—April 19, Lexington (if it is worth while calling it a battle); June 17, Bunker's Hill, won by British; December 31, Quebec, won by British. 1776—August 27, Long Island, won by British; October 28, White Plains; December 26, Trenton, won by Americans. 1777—January 3, Princeton, won by Americans; August 16, Bemington, won by Americans; September 11, Brandywine, won by British; September 19, Bemis Heights; October 4, Germantown, won by British; October 7, Saratoga, won by Americans. 1778—June 28, Monmouth, won by Americans. 1780—August 16, Camden, won by British; October 7, King's Mountain, won by Americans. 1781—January 17, Cowpens, won by Americans; September 8, Eutaw Springs, won by Americans; October 19, Surrender of Yorktown. We have given this from an American book, in order that you may hear the other side. Where the result is not stated the battle is claimed as drawn. At the same time most of these fights were British successes, and most of the American victories were mere outpost affairs. In the pitched battles the British won, and the war only came to an end on account of France and Spain joining in the fray, and the electorate of this country failing to see what good could be obtained by its continuance. The colonists could have been annihilated, but what then?

A READER.—Get the September and October parts for 1881. You will find therein a long series of articles on making model engines.

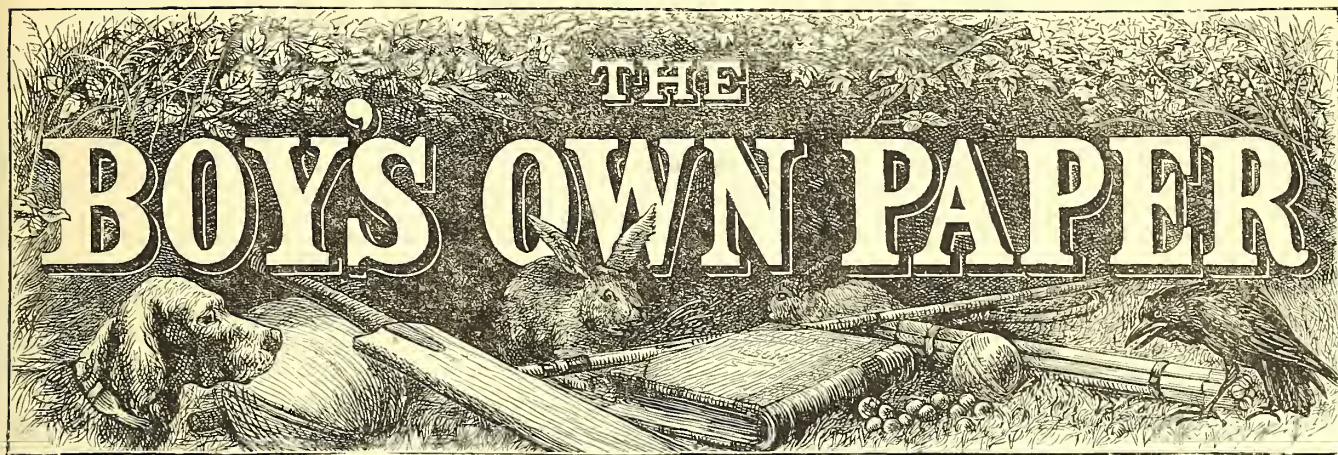
E. G. W.—According to some authorities, the old English "Nowell" is a contraction of "nouvelles" or tidings.

TOMAHAWK.—1. Christmas is the old feast of Yule. 2. If you mean the genus Camel, you can have as many humps as you please. If you mean the species Camel, you have two humps. The confusion arises from both camels and dromedaries belonging to the genus Camelus. The camel = *Camelus bactrianus*, and has two humps; the dromedary = *Camelus dromedarius*, and has but one.

PURPLE MADDER.—The articles on Painting were in the May, July, and September parts for 1881.

MONTHLY SUBSCRIBER.—The Marquess of Salisbury is descended from the eldest son of Cecil, Lord Burleigh, of the Elizabethan days. The battle of Crevant was in 1423.





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SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1885.

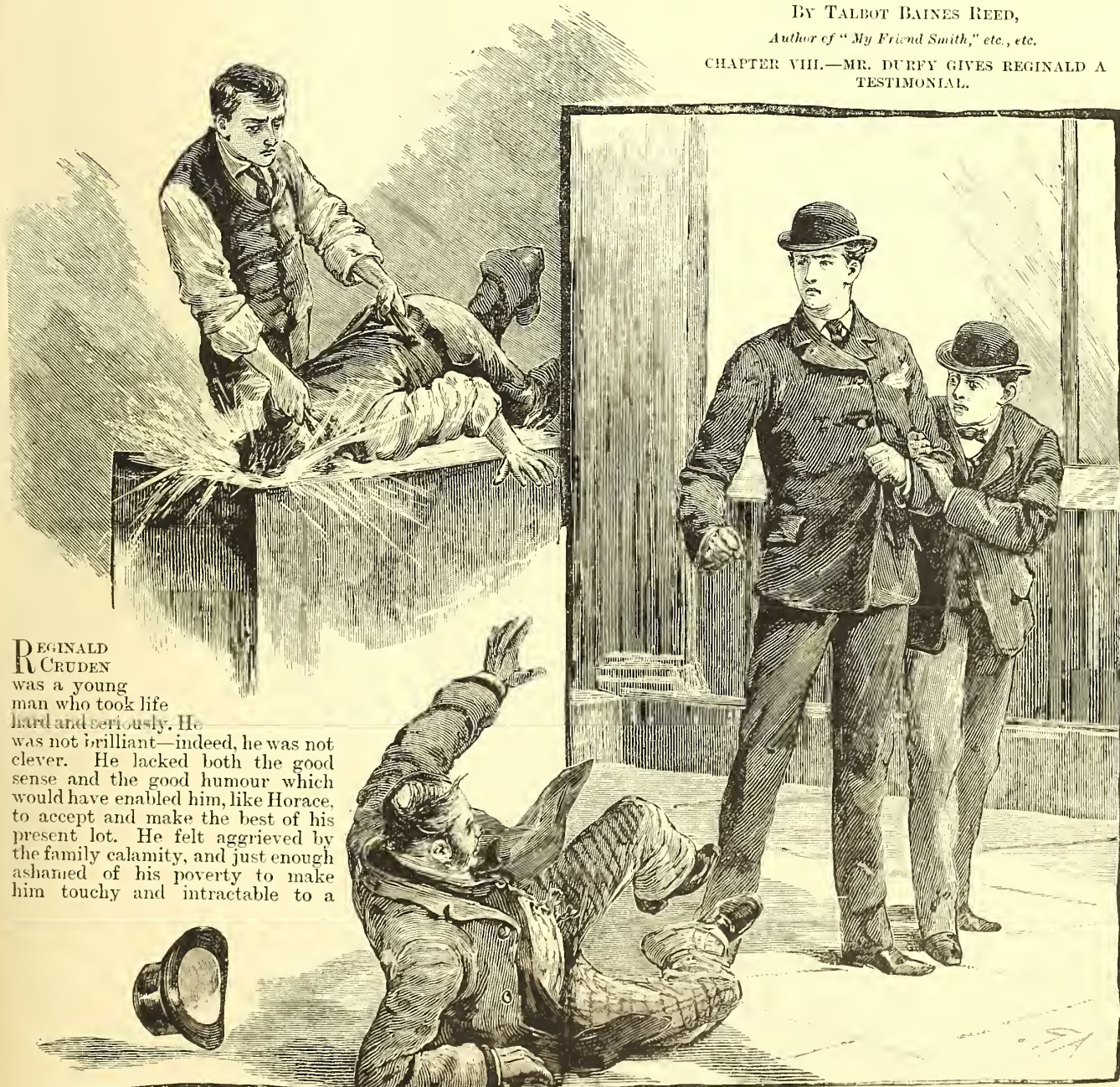
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## REGINALD CRUDEN: A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

By TALBOT BAINES REED,

*Author of "My Friend Smith," etc., etc.*

CHAPTER VIII.—MR. DURFY GIVES REGINALD A TESTIMONIAL.



REGINALD  
CRUDEN

was a young man who took life hard and seriously. He was not brilliant—indeed, he was not clever. He lacked both the good sense and the good humour which would have enabled him, like Horace, to accept and make the best of his present lot. He felt aggrieved by the family calamity, and just enough ashamed of his poverty to make him touchy and intractable to a

"The Wilderham Captain sent him sprawling."



degree which, as we have seen already, amounted sometimes almost to stupidity.

Still Reginald was honest. He made no pretence of enjoying life when he did not enjoy it. He disliked Mr. Durfy, and therefore he flared up if Mr. Durfy so much as looked at him. He liked young Gedge, and therefore it was impossible to leave the youngster to his fate and let him ruin himself without an effort to rescue.

It is one thing to snatch a heedless one from under the hoofs of a cab-horse and another to pick him up from the slippery path of vice and set him firmly on his feet. Reginald had thought nothing of the one, but he looked forward with considerable trepidation to meeting the boy next morning and attempting the other.

Gedge was there when he arrived, working very busily, and looking rather troubled. He flushed up as Reginald approached, and put down his composing-stick to shake hands with him. Reginald looked and felt by a long way the more uncomfortable and guilty of the two, and he was at least thankful that Gedge spared him the trouble of beginning.

"Oh! Cruden," said the boy, "I know exactly what you're going to say. You're going to tell me you're deceived in me, and that I'm a young fool and going to the dogs as hard as I can. I don't wonder you think so."

"I wasn't going to say that," said Reginald. "I was going to ask you how you were."

"Oh, I'm all right; but I know you're going to lecture me, Cruden, and I'm sure you may. There's nothing you can say I don't deserve. I only wish I could make you believe I'll never be such a fool again. I've been making resolutions all night, and now you've come here I'm sure I shall be able to break it off. If you will only stand by me, Cruden! I owe you such a lot. If you only knew how grateful I was!"

"Perhaps we'd better not talk about it now," said Reginald, feeling very uncomfortable and rather disconcerted at this glib flow of penitence.

But young Gedge was full of it yet, and went on,

"I'm going to turn over a new leaf this very day, Cruden. I've told the errand-boy he's not to get me any beer, and I'm determined next time that beast Durfy asks me to go—"

"What!" exclaimed Reginald; "was it with him you used to go?"

"Yes. I know you'll think all the worse of me for it, after the blackguard way he's got on to you. You see, before you came I didn't like—that is, I couldn't well refuse him; he'd have made it so hot for me here. I fancy he found out I had some pocket-money of my own, for he generally picked on me to come and have drinks with him, and of course I had to pay. Why, only last night—look out, here he comes!"

Sure enough he was, and in his usual amiable frame of mind.

"Oh, there you are, are you?" he said to Reginald, with a sneer. "Do you know where the lower-case 'x' is now, eh?"

Reginald, swelling with the indignation Gedge's story had roused in him, turned his back and made no answer.

Nothing, as he might have known by this time, could have irritated Mr. Durfy more.

"Look here, young gentleman," said the latter, coming close up to Reginald's side and hissing the words very disagreeably in his ear, "when I ask a question in this shop I expect to get an answer; mind that. And what's more, I'll have one, or you leave this place in five minutes. Come, now, give me a lower-case 'x'."

Reginald hesitated a moment. Suppose Mr. Durfy had it in him to be as good as his word. What then about young Gedge?

He picked up an "x" sullenly, and tossed it at the overseer's feet.

"That's not giving it to me," said the latter, with a sneer of triumph already on his face. "Pick it up directly, do you hear? and give it to me."

Reginald stood and glared first at Mr. Durfy, then at the type.

Yesterday he would have defiantly told him to pick it up himself, caring little what the cost might be. But things had changed since then. Humiliating as it was to own it, he could not afford to be turned off. His pride could not afford it, his care for young Gedge could not afford it, the slender family purse could not afford it. Why ever did he not think of it all before and spare himself this double indignity?

With a groan which represented as much inward misery and humiliation as could well be compressed into a single action, he stooped down and picked up the type and handed it to Mr. Durfy.

It was well for him he did not raise his eyes to see the smile with which that gentleman received it.

"Next time it'll save you trouble to do what you're told at once, Mr. Puppy," he said. "Get on with your work, and don't let me catch you idling your time any more."

And he walked off crowned with victory and as happy in his mind as if he had just heard of the decease of his enemy the manager.

It was a bad beginning to the day for Reginald. He had come to work that morning in a virtuous frame of mind, determined, if possible, to do his duty peaceably and to hold out a helping hand to young Gedge. It was hard enough now to think of anything but his own indignities and the wretch to whom he owed them.

He turned to his work almost viciously, and for an hour buried himself in it, without saying a word or lifting his eyes from his case. Then young Gedge, stealing a nervous glance at his face, ventured to say,

"I say, Cruden, I wish I could stand things like you. I don't know what I should have done if that blackguard had treated me like that."

"What's the use?" said Reginald. "He wants to get rid of me, and I'm not going to let him."

"I'm jolly glad of it for my sake. I wish I could pay him out for you."

"So you can."

"How?"

"Next time he wants you to go and drink, say no," said Reginald.

"Upon my word I will," said Gedge; "and I don't care how hot he makes it for me, if you stick by me, Cruden."

"You know I'll stick by you, young un," said Reginald; "but that won't do you much good, unless you stick by yourself. Suppose Durfy managed to get rid of me after all—"

"Then I should go to—to the dogs," said Gedge, emphatically.

"You're a greater fool than I took you for, then," said Reginald. "If you only knew," he added more gently, "what a job it is to do what's right myself, and how often I don't do it, you'd see it's no use expecting me to be good for you and myself both."

"What on earth am I to do, then? I'm certain I can't keep square myself; I never could. Who's to look after me if you don't?"

Like a brave man, Reginald, shy and reserved as he was, told him.

I need not repeat what was said that morning over the type cases. It was not a sermon, nor a catechism; only a few stammering laboured words spoken by a boy who felt himself half a hypocrite as he said them, and who yet, for the affection he bore his friend, had the courage to go through with a task which cost him twenty times the effort of rescuing the boy yesterday from his bodily peril.

Little good, you will say, such a sermon from such a perverse, bad-humoured preacher as Reginald Cruden, could do! Very likely, reader; but, after all, who are you or I to say so? Had any one told Reginald a week ago what would be taking place to-day he would have coloured up indignantly and hoped he was not quite such a prig as all that. As it was, when it was all over, it was with no self-satisfied smile or inward gratulation that he returned to his work, but rather with the nervous uncomfortable misgivings of one who says to himself,

"After all I may have done more harm than good."

\* \* \* \* \*

By the end of a fortnight Reginald, greatly to Mr. Durfy's dissatisfaction, was an accomplished compositor. He could set up almost as quickly as Gedge, and his "proofs" showed far fewer corrections. Moreover, as he was punctual in his hours, and diligent at his work, it was extremely difficult for the overseer or any one else to find any pretext for abusing him.

It is true, Mr. Barber, who had not yet given up the idea of asserting his moral and intellectual superiority, continued by the ingenious device of "squabbling" his case, and tampering with the screw of his composing-stick, and other such pleasing jokes not unknown to printers, to disconcert the new beginner on one or two occasions. But ever since Reginald one morning, catching him in the act of mixing up his e's with his a's, had carried him by the collar of his coat and the belt of his breeches to the water tank and dipped his head therein three times with no interval for refreshment between, Mr. Barber had moderated his attentions and become less exuberant in his humour.

With the exception of Gedge, now his fast ally, Reginald's other fellow-workmen concerned themselves very little with his proceedings. One or two, indeed, noticing his proficiency, hinted to him that he was a fool to work for the wages he was getting, and some went so far as to say he had no right to do so, and had better join the Chapel to save trouble.

What the "chapel" was Reginald did not trouble even to inquire, and replied



courtly that it was no business of any one else what his wages were.

"Wasn't it?" said the deputation. "What was to become of them if fellows did their work for half wages, they should like to know."

"Are you going off, or must I make you?" demanded Reginald, feeling he had had enough of it.

And the deputation, remembering Barber's head and the water tank, withdrew, very much perplexed what to do to uphold the dignity of the "chapel."

They decided to keep their "eye" on him, and as they were able to do this at a distance, Reginald had no objection at all to their decision.

He meanwhile was keeping his eye on Gedge and Mr. Durfy, and about a fortnight after his arrival at the "Rocket" a passage of arms occurred which, slight as it was, had a serious influence on the future of all three parties concerned.

The seven o'clock bell had rung, and this being one of Horace's late evenings Reginald proposed to Gedge to stroll home with him and call and see Mrs. Cruden.

The boy accepted readily, and the two were starting off arm in arm when Mr. Durfy confronted them. Reginald, who had never met his adversary beyond the precincts of the "Rocket" before, did not for a moment recognise the vulgar, loudly dressed little man, sucking his big cigar and wearing his pot hat ostentatiously on one side; but when he did he turned contemptuously aside and said,

"Come on, young un."

"Come on, young un!" echoed Mr. Durfy, taking his cigar from his mouth and flicking the ashes in Reginald's direction, "that's just what I was going to say. Young Gedge, you're coming with me to-night. I've got orders for the 'Alhambra,' my boy, and supper afterwards."

"Thank you," said Gedge, rather uncomfortable, "it's very kind of you, Mr. Durfy, but I've promised Cruden to go with him."

"Promised Cruden! what do you mean? Cruden'll keep till to-morrow, the orders won't."

"I'm afraid I can't," said Gedge.

"Afraid! I tell you I don't mean to stand here all night begging you. Just come along and no more nonsense. We'll have a night of it."

"You must excuse me," said the boy, torn between Reginald on the one hand and the fear of offending Durfy on the other.

The latter began to take in the position of affairs, and his temper evaporated accordingly.

"I won't excuse you, that's all about it," he said; "let go that snivelling lout's arm and do what you're told. Let the boy alone, do you hear?" added he, addressing Reginald, "and take yourself off. Come along, Gedge."

"Gedge is not going with you," said Reginald, keeping the boy's arm in his, "he's coming with me, aren't you, young un?"

The boy pressed his arm gratefully, but made no reply.

This was all Mr. Durfy wanted to fill up the vials of his wrath.

"You miserable young hound you," said he, with an oath, "let go the boy this moment or I'll turn you out of the place—and him too."

Reginald made no reply. His face was

pale, but he kept the boy's arm still fast in his own.

"Going with you, indeed?" shouted Mr. Durfy, "going with you, is he, to learn how to cant and sing psalms! Not if I know it—or if he does, you and he and your brother and your old fool of a mother—"

Mr. Durfy never got to the end of that sentence. A blow straight from the shoulder of the Wilderham captain sent him sprawling on the pavement before the word was well out of his mouth.

It had come now. It had been bound to come sooner or later, and Reginald as he drew the boy's arm once more under his own felt almost a sense of relief as he stood and watched Mr. Durfy slowly pick himself up and collect his scattered wardrobe.

It was some time before the operation was complete, and even then Mr. Durfy's powers of speech had not returned. With a malignant scowl he stepped up to his enemy and hissed the one menace;

"All right!" and then walked away.

Reginald waited till he had disappeared round the corner, and then turning to his companion took a long breath and said,

"Come along, young un, it can't be helped."

The reader must forgive me if I ask him to leave the two lads to walk to Dull Street by themselves, while he accompanies me in the wake of the outraged and mud-stained Mr. Durfy.

That gentleman was far more wounded in his mind than in his person. He may have been knocked down before in his life, but he had never, as far as he could recollect, been quite so summarily routed by a boy half his age earning only eighteen shillings a week! And the conviction that some people would think he had only got his deserts in what he had suffered, pained him very much indeed.

He did not go to the "Alhambra." His clothes were too dirty, and his spirits were far too low. He did, in the thriftiness of his soul, attempt to sell his orders in the crowd at the theatre door. But no one rose to the bait, so he had to put them back in his pocket on the chance of being able to "doctor up" the date and crush in with them some other day. Then he mooned listlessly up and down the streets for an hour till his clothes were dry, and then turned into a public-house to get a brush down and while away another hour.

Still the vision of Reginald standing where he had last seen him with young Gedge at his side haunted him and spoiled his pleasure. He wandered forth again, feeling quite lonely, and wishing some one or something would turn up to comfort him. Nor was he disappointed.

"The very chap," said a voice suddenly at his side when he was beginning to despair of any diversion.

"So it is. How are you, my man? We were talking of you not two minutes ago."

Durfy pulled up and found himself confronted by two gentlemen, one about forty and the other a fashionable young man of twenty-five.

"How are you, Mr. Medlock?" said he to the elder in as familiar a tone as he could assume; "glad to see you, sir. How are you too, Mr. Shanklin, pretty well?"

"Pretty fair," said Mr. Shanklin. "Come and have a drink, Durfy. You

look all in the blues. Gone in love, I suppose, eh? or been speculating on the Stock Exchange? You shouldn't, you know, a respectable man like you."

"He looks as if he'd been speculating in mud," said Mr. Medlock, pointing to the unfortunate overseer's collar and hat, which still bore traces of his recent calamity. "Never mind, we'll wash it off in the Bodega. Come along."

Durfy felt rather shy at first in his grand company, especially with the consciousness of his muddy collar. But after about half an hour in the Bodega he recovered his self-possession, and felt himself at home.

"By the way," said Mr. Medlock, filling up his visitor's glass, "last time we saw you you did us nicely over that tip for the Park Races, my boy! If Alf and I hadn't been hedged close up we should have lost a pot of money."

"I'm very sorry," said Durfy. "You see, another telegram came after the one I showed you that I never saw; that's how it happened. I really did my best for you."

"But it's a bad job, if we pay you to get hold of the 'Rocket's' telegrams and then lose our money over it," said Mr. Medlock. "Never mind this time, but you'd better look a little sharper, my boy. There's the Brummagen Cup next week, you know, and we shall want to know the latest scratches on the night before. It'll be worth a fiver to you if you work it well, Durfy. Fill up your glass."

Mr. Durfy obeyed, glad enough to turn the conversation from the miscarriage of his last attempt to filch his employers' telegrams for the benefit of his betting friends' and his own pocket.

"By the way," said Mr. Shanklin, presently, "Moses and I have got a little Company on hand just now, Durfy; what do you think of that?"

"A company?" said Mr. Durfy; "I'll wager it's not a limited one if you're at the bottom of it! What's your little game now?"

"It's a little idea of Alf's," said Mr. Medlock, whose Christian name was Moses, "and it ought to come off too. This is something the way of it. Suppose you were a young greenhorn, Durfy—which I'm afraid you aren't—and saw an advertisement in the 'Rocket' saying you could make two hundred and fifty pounds a year easy without interfering with your business, eh? what would you do?"

"If I was a greenhorn," said Durfy, "I'd answer the advertisement and enclose a stamped envelope for a reply."

"To be sure you would! And the reply would be, we'd like to have a look at you, and if you looked as green as we took you for, we'd ask for a deposit, and then allow you to sell wines and cigars and that sort of fancy goods to your friends. You'd sell a dozen of port at sixty shillings, do you see; half the cash down and half on delivery. We'd send your friend a dozen at twelve and six, and if he didn't shell out the other thirty bob on delivery we'd still have the thirty bob he paid down to cover our loss. Do you twig?"

Durfy laughed. "Do you dream all these things," he said, "or how do you ever think of them?"

"Genius, my boy; genius," said Mr. Medlock. "Of course," he added, "it couldn't run for long, but we might give it a turn for a month or two."



"The worst of it is," put in Mr. Shanklin, "it's a ticklish sort of business that some people are uncommon sharp at smelling out; one has to be very careful. There's the advertisement, for instance. You'll have to smuggle it into the 'Rocket,' my boy; it wouldn't do for the governors to see it, they'd be up to it. But they'd never see it after it was in, and the 'Rocket's' just the paper for us."

"I'll try and manage that," said Durfy. "You give it me, and I'll stick it in with a batch of others somehow."

"Alf thinks we'd better do the thing from Liverpool," continued Mr. Medlock, "and all we want is a good secretary—a nice, green, innocent, stupid, honest young fellow—that's what we want. If we could pick up one of that sort there's no doubt of the thing working."

Mr. Durfy started and coloured up, and then looked first at Mr. Medlock and then at Mr. Shanklin.

"What's the matter? Do you think *you'd* suit the place?" asked the former, with a laugh.

"No; but I know who will!"

"You do! Who?"

"A young puppy under me at the 'Rocket,'" said Durfy, excitedly; "the very man to a T!" and he thereupon launched into a description of Reginald's character in a way which showed that not only was he a shrewd observer of human nature in his way, but, when it served his purpose, could see the good even in a man he hated.

"I tell you," said he, "he's born for you if you can only get him! And if you don't think so after what I've said,

perhaps you'll believe me when I tell you, on the quiet, he knocked me down in the gutter this very evening because I wanted to carry off a young convert of his to make a night of it at the Alhambra. There, what do you think of that? I wouldn't tell tales of myself like that for fun, I can tell you!"

"There's no mistake about that being the sort of chap we want," said Mr. Medlock.

"If only we can get hold of him," said Mr. Shanklin.

"Leave that to me," said Mr. Durfy; "only if he comes to you never say a word about me, or he'll shy off."

Whereupon these three guileless friends finished their glasses and separated in great good spirits and mutual admiration.

(To be continued.)

## DISGRACED BY A MAGPIE.

### PART II.

MOST of the speech recorded in our last chapter the doctor muttered to himself as he advanced to the bell-rope. He walked with his back towards the door, and as he did so my old friend Jack the magpie came hop-hop-hopping in, and his thievish eye at once fell upon the silver specs which the enraged man had laid down on the very spot on the table where before he had laid the case which had so disgraced me in his eyes.

Jack quietly hopped upon his old quarters in the arm-chair and as quickly possessed himself of the envied trophy, and I became the innocent witness of another theft much greater than the last.

Deeper disgrace to me, I thought; but as the doctor was evidently sure I was the culprit, and was not likely to accept any explanation from me, I thought it best to keep quiet, though by this I no doubt made myself Jack's accessory.

A servant answered the bell, and he was requested to send my father hither, and, of course, my father came.

"Well, doctor, what can I have the pleasure of doing for you?" he inquired. "You appear agitated—what is the matter?"

"Nothing very serious, sir, but at the same time very annoying," replied the doctor.

My father looked at me, and the expression of my countenance satisfied him that there was some fun about, and that the doctor was the victim of it. My father was as fond of harmless sport as myself, and it was that which so much endeared him to me and the young generally.

"I shall have much pleasure in helping you out of your difficulty," said my father to his visitor, "if you will let me know what it is."

"The difficulty rests with Master Charles, who has been letting off upon me a little holiday legerdemain," replied the doctor, who had grown a trifle pleasanter in his manner since the entrance of my father.

"Explain, my son; for although you are home for the holidays, I shall not tolerate any liberties being taken with your seniors."

"I am not conscious of having done so, papa," I replied.

"My spectacle case, Master Charles, where is it?" inquired the doctor.

"Come, sir, what about this case?" asked my father, authoritatively.

"I have not got it, papa, and so I have repeatedly told Dr. Millbank."

"Look here, sir, if you please," said the doctor to my father. "I laid my spectacle case on the table where you see my glasses," and here he pointed to the table, and my father looked on the spot indicated, and said,

"Where, doctor, where? I see no glasses."

We were all standing some distance from the table, and the doctor could not see what was on it—he only spoke from the knowledge that he had placed his spectacles on the table, to which he now drew near, when, to his great surprise, and to my greater amusement, he made the same discovery that my father had done, that there were no glasses there.

"Why, sir, not five minutes ago I laid my glasses on this spot!" he exclaimed, giving the table rather a loud rap with his knuckles, which did not harm the table, though it did the knuckles, as the doctor's screwed-up face indicated. "There, sir, exactly there—and now you see with your own eyes that both case and spectacles are gone!"

"I see, doctor, that they are not now on the table," said my father. "Are you quite sure you placed them there?"

"Will you kindly take my word for it, Mr. Mitford?" answered the perplexed doctor.

"Both eyes and memory, doctor, you will allow, are sometimes treacherous."

"Not in this case, sir, believe me," replied the doctor, controlling his rising temper as much as possible.

"I saw them there, papa," I said.

"Why, of course you did, Master Charles," returned the doctor, in tones and looks that plainly indicated that I had been little rogue enough to have moved them. "And no one has been in the room but you—eh, Charles?"

"I won't say that, sir," I replied; "but I do say that I have neither laid my hands on the case nor spectacles."

"Well, well, of course I must believe you, Charles," returned the doctor, but

any one might have seen that he had his doubts about that matter.

"It is a very mysterious occurrence, Dr. Millbank," remarked my father.

"I cannot say that I see any mystery about it, sir; I am no believer in spiritualism, but I am in logic. I laid the spectacles and case there on that table, and your son saw that I did. They are now gone—no one has been in the room but Master Charles."

"Ergo, Master Charles must have them," interrupted my father. "That is the true inference of your logic. But my boy, Dr. Millbank, has a great regard for truth, which I never knew him to dishonour; and when he tells you that he has not got the case or spectacles, you may safely rely on what he says."

"No doubt of it, Mr. Mitford," replied the doctor, who was evidently convinced against his will. "Boys, you know, sir, home for the holidays are capable of obtaining a great deal of amusement at the expense of others."

"I see, sir, you still think my son is the culprit."

"My dear Mr. Mitford, not for the world would I say so. Master Charles is a youth that I have a great regard for, and when he says that he has not got the missing articles, I am bound to believe him. But boys home for the holidays—but there, I have said all that before. We must put it all down, I suppose, amongst the thousand and one mysteries that are said to surround us. But I am not a believer in mysteries, but a strong one in cause and effect. Spectacles and case could not be taken from the table without hands."

"That is still a poke at Master Charles," said my father, who was very gentle with his learned visitor.

"No offence to Master Charles, sir, I do assure you," said the doctor. "But it is very mysterious, is it not, Mr. Mitford?"

"Very—no doubt of it, sir. And I quite agree with you that the things, if they were placed there—"

"Which they were, Mr. Mitford, and Master Charles saw them too," interrupted the doctor.

"Well, then," continued my father, "it is impossible that they could have been



moved without hands. Now some one else might have been in the room besides Charles—

"But no one, my dear sir, that would have taken such a liberty," again interrupted Dr. Millbank.

"That has to be discovered, sir. Every member of the house shall be examined before you," said my father, quite in earnest.

"I beg that you will take no such trouble, sir."

But my father would have his way, and summoned all the servants and family to the library, and on the occurrence being related to them they each and all declared that they had not that morning been in the library, and took their departure in rank and file from the apartment, but scarcely able to conceal their laughter, which did not at all serve to appease the doctor's displeasure.

After they had left, another visitor came hopping into the room—no less than my father's favourite, Jack, the magpie. My father was now seated by the side of the doctor, and the bird, as was his custom, hopped and flew to his shoulder, which was his favourite perch when he had the opportunity.

"Well, pa," said the cunning bird, bending his head and beak to my parent's face.

"And what do you want, Master Jack?"

"Pooh, pooh!" said the magpie, which was another daily phrase of his which he had picked up. Then he pretended to be sleepy, winking and blinking, and even yawning, and erying, "Poor Jack! poor Jack!"

"A fine rare bird, Mr. Mitford, is your magpie," said the doctor, who would not have said so much had he known, as I did, that Jack was the author of his misery.

"He is a very troublesome old fellow, aren't you, Jack?" said my father, filipping him on his long beak.

"Pooh, pooh!" cried the bird, fluttering his wings—"pooh, pooh!"

"By-the-by," cried my father, "I wonder if the magpie has taken the things from the table?"

"Pooh, pooh!" cried the bird, while the doctor mentally cried the same.

"Bright things have great attraction for magpies," said Mr. Mitford.

"But my spectacle-case doesn't happen to be bright; it is blue morocco leather."

"Tell the truth!" I said, catching the bird up by his tail, much to his displeasure. "What have you done with the spectacles?"

"Pooh, pooh!" screamed the bird, making divers pecks at my hands, which made me restore him to his perch on my father's shoulder.

"Well, Mr. Mitford, I must go now whether I get my glasses or not," said the offended doctor; "but I might as well be without my head as my spectacles!"

"I am indeed sorry for the occurrence," rejoined my father.

"And so am I," I said, "for I still fear Dr. Millbank thinks I have got them."

"It must be somebody, Master Charles, must it not?"

"Depend upon it, my friend," said my father, "it is the magpie who is the thief."

"Easier said than proved, dear sir," replied the doctor. "I know this, however, that I would not keep a bird capable of such thefts. But I am surprised, Mr.

Mitford, that you should suggest such a solution of the mystery. It is quite a vulgar error to suppose that magpies are thieves of anything but that which contributes to their sustenance."

"Keep Jack for a day or two and try it," said my father, laughing.

"There is no inducement, sir, since you give them such a bad character," said the doctor; "I am fond of all birds, too," he added.

"We have lost several articles," continued my father.

"But how lost, Mr. Mitford? The bird cannot swallow them!"

"No; but Jack has an appetite for thieving, or appropriating things to hide or bury."

"I have read as much, but put it all down as fables invented to please children. Besides, dear sir, who would keep birds to be robbed by them?"

"There is good and evil in everything. Jack is an amusing companion at times, but nevertheless he is a great thief."

"Pooh, pooh!" croaked the bird, as if he understood the passing conversation.

"I quite agree with the bird's remark," said the doctor, much amused that Jack so aptly replied to my father.

"It is a fact easily demonstrated. If a magpie will take one bright thing he will take another. There is a silver pencil-case," said the incredulous doctor, placing it on the table, when, to his great surprise, the bird, that had hitherto been immovable, hopped from my father's shoulder to the arm-chair.

"Now, sir, if the bird took my glasses, and if it is his nature to steal, he will soon possess himself of the pencil-case."

"Not when he is observed, perhaps. Jack, like human thieves, doesn't like his evil propensities to be seen."

"Then let us all three retire and leave the magpie with the pencil-case. What then?"

"Why, that when we return you will find the bird and the case both flown."

"A bargain, sir!" said the doctor, quite pleased that he should soon have the satisfaction of proving my father in the wrong.

We all retired to the dining-room, and had a little agreeable talk about magpies, and the plot that had been laid to discover whether Jack was a thief or not.

An hour later I asked whether I should go and look after the bird and the case.

"No, thanks, Master Charles," said the doctor, "I object to that; you are home for the holidays. We will all go together when your father is prepared."

"I am quite ready, sir."

So we all three went to the library and to the table. Bird and pencil-case had vanished! The doctor was astonished; I and my father were not, but laughed to each other at the doctor's expression of surprise.

"What do you say now, doctor?" quizzed my delighted parent.

"That they are gone!" he replied.

"It could not be by 'the boy home for the holidays,' now, could it?"

"But the bird, sir—where is the bird?" exclaimed the doctor, who fairly felt himself in a dilemma.

"Gone to his storehouse," replied my father.

"But where is that?"

"I have not been able to discover."

"Have you taken any means to do so?"

"I have not. Can you suggest any?" inquired my father.

"Watch him," was the laconic but sensible reply.

"But the cunning fellow has committed his depredations when he has not been seen."

"Plant some temptation for him, as now, and then place three or four persons to watch where he takes it."

"A very good idea, and I will follow it out now, if you please."

"I should like very much, for my curiosity is now deeply excited. Ah! Master Charles, you are a boy of an excellent temper to bear so well as you have done with my petulance and hasty conclusions."

"I am glad, sir, that you have discovered it was not 'the boy home for the holidays' that took your spectacles," I said, smiling.

"Now I will place my gold pencil-case on the spot where you placed your silver one, and then wait the return of the sly old bird."

This was done, and it was not many minutes before the bird entered, no doubt to see if there were any more bright things to be taken away. What! another pencil-case for Jack! No one was in the room but the doctor, who this time pretended to be deeply engaged in a book, as I had before done, while I and my father planted ourselves in unseen places outside the room. The bird was not slow in accomplishing his theft, and as quickly hopped out of the library with the pencil-case.

"Seeing is believing!" exclaimed the doctor, closing the book with a loud bang. "I wouldn't keep a magpie for the world."

Then he made his way to the courtyard, where I and my father had stationed ourselves. We had not been long here before the bird came hopping along with the pencil-case in his beak, and he flew to the top of a loft.

The doctor's countenance expressed indescribable surprise, while I and my father laughed heartily as Jack flew up to his hiding-place. But we had sense enough to wait before Jack flew down again before we mounted a ladder for the loft lest we frightened the marauder before he had deposited his new treasure.

With a croaking cry, Jack flew over our heads, and descended at a glass door which led into the hall. Directly he was out of sight we all ascended the ladder, and when we had got to the roof, there, in a leaden valley between two angles, we discovered a hoard of bright things, amongst others the cases and spectacles belonging to Dr. Millbank!

The articles that the bird had purloined and hidden here were almost too numerous to mention; there were two silver thimbles of mamma's, a shilling, a half-crown, two silver spoons, tinfoil, brass buttons, etc., etc., the whole in a scooped-out pit, as well as the place would admit, and covered over with a little mould and leaves.

"What do you say now, doctor?" triumphantly asked my father, extending his hands over the magpie's storehouse and handing him back his property.

"That I will never keep a magpie," he returned, shaking his head, placing his hands behind the tail of his long clerical-cut coat, and blushing and laughing.

During a little conversation between



us on the top of the loft the saucy bird returned, looking unutterable things and screaming when he saw us there and his hoard disturbed.

When the doctor held up his glasses and was about to admonish him the bird turned tail upon us and flew off, croaking "Pooh! pooh!" and we did not see him for two days afterwards. He was evidently deeply offended; indeed, Jack was not the same bird afterwards, and was even cold and indifferent to the caress of my father; as for "Master Charles," he dare not touch Jack's tail.

On taking his departure, the doctor, smiling good-naturedly, remarked,

"I assure you, Mr. Mitford, until now I set down all these wonderful stories of animals that we meet with as fabulous. But your bird, sir, has taught me a wholesome lesson, that things may nevertheless be true, whether we believe them or not; and, further, I have had a warning not to be too hasty in coming to conclusions with boys home for the holidays upon circumstantial evidence; and, still further, that as long as I wear spectacles I will never keep a magpie."

We each and all had a hearty laugh, a shake of the hand, and the doctor took his departure.

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

### CHARACTER.

The word "character" is derived from a Greek verb that means "to cut into furrows, to engrave." Letters, figures, or signs were called "characters," because of their being engraved. Whatever is written upon the heart makes the man what he is, and is manifest in outward expression. Considering how ineradicable it all is, how careless boys are as to what is written upon their inner being, and how often the devil is allowed to hold the graving-tool!

### WHAT WOULD MOTHER SAY.

Do you ever dare, when alone, or with one or two companions, to do anything you would be ashamed to do in your mother's presence? Look honestly into the matter. Remember that God is now searching you through—that you cannot dare dissemble with Him—that He is reading your inmost soul as clearly as you can read an open book.

The boy who has a pure and true idea of reverence for his mother is never left to himself. Her presence occupies a chamber in his heart. He bears her remembrance about

with him—as the high priest bore about with him the remembrance of the people by the engraved gems of his breastplate. In moments of privacy, in the time of temptation, when some evil thought has arisen, some wicked word has been spoken, some sinful action has been suggested—if a boy reverences his mother, her sacred presence rises before him, and in the strength of her remembrance there comes the preventing power of the Holy Spirit; and he has courage to resist the devil, and comes out of the temptation with unsullied conscience.—*Rev. A. N. Malan, M.A.*

### A BOY WANTED.

I saw a bill, says a writer, in a window, the other day, with the heading, "A Boy Wanted," which set me to thinking. Two Scripture texts came into my mind in connection with it, and they were these: "No man can serve two masters,"—"Choose you this day whom ye will serve." Listen to the words of the Son of God—He who has proved His deep love for sinners by giving up His life's blood on Calvary: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." "A Boy Wanted" by Jesus, and each of you whom I am addressing is he to whom these words apply.

## ON SPECIAL SERVICE: A NAVAL STORY.

BY GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.,

*Author of "The Cruise of the Snobird," "Stanley O'Grathame," etc.*

### CHAPTER VII.—LIEUTENANT MILD MAY.

THE funeral-bell was tolling on board the *Theodora* next day, and the Service for the Dead, which never sounds more impressive than at sea, was being read in slow and solemn tones by the clergyman: "Earth to earth, and dust to dust." At these words the grating on which it lies is tipped, and with sullen plunge the body sinks into the depth of the ocean.

The service is concluded; then the hands are piped down and go forward or below to their work and duties, but more slowly and more quietly than is their wont at most times. Is it grief for Fred Adams, the young A.B. who has just found rest in a mariner's grave, that keeps them so still? No; for few knew him, and only one on board had been "shipmates" with Fred before; that was a first-class boy. Yonder he is, weeping bitterly beside a gun. Every one respects his grief, but no one attempts to console or comfort him. He will get well ere long. Fred's "traps" will be sold in the ship by auction; then Fred himself will pass away from the thoughts of all on board. But there may be some little cottage, some hamlet in England, where a mother or a sister dwells, and in their minds the memory of this humble sailor will be green for ever.

A deeper sorrow than that for the drowned sailor has spread itself over the ship. Lieutenant Mildmay lay in his cot, so weak, so ill, so feeble, that the surgeon could give but little hopes of

his life. Many of the crew had been under this officer before, and the way they talked of him to their messmates proved how much they loved and respected him. But even to those who had not sailed with him previously Mr. Mildmay had already endeared himself. They could see he was a strict officer, but a kind-hearted man, a genuine gentleman and sailor.

All that day Mildmay seemed hovering betwixt death and life. He spoke towards evening, but only in a husky whisper. The doctor was with him almost constantly, and whenever he entered the ward-room he was eagerly questioned about the state of his patient, and his replies were listened to, and his very looks as he made them noted by even the mess-servants, and these were speedily reported and commented on in the steerage, the engine-room, on deck, and even in the galley.

The *Theodora* held on her course, and shortly after passing the Cape de Verdes fell in with the trade winds. One afternoon, about ten days after the fatal accident had taken place, Dr. McGee, the surgeon, called Colin on deck.

"My patient, poor Mildmay," he said, abruptly, "wants to see you."

"Wants to see me?" replied Colin, in some surprise.

"Yes, he wants to see you. Have you known him or sailed with him before?"

"No, never. I never saw Mr. Mild-

may until I came on board the *Theodora*."

"Well," said the surgeon, "I may as well tell you that he has been raving somewhat, and it is just possible he mistakes you for some one else. But he is sensible enough at present. You know Mr. Mildmay's cabin? Very well; go to him, but, mind, don't stop a moment longer than you can help, as talking may excite him too much."

"Not," added the surgeon, as if speaking to himself, "that it makes a very great deal of difference."

Colin stopped a moment, then said,

"Oh, sir, pardon me, but you speak as though there were no hopes of your patient. He has been so kind to me. I hope you do not think he will die."

"Look here, young gentleman," said McGee, brusquely, "I shan't let you go down below there at all unless you can manage to pull a more cheerful face. So there! As to Mildmay's dying or living I can say little. Come, I don't want to talk unkindly to you. You are a terribly nervous chap, but screw up your courage and look happy, whether you feel so or not."

The ship was gently swinging to and fro on the waves, but moderately steady withal. Colin paused before Mildmay's curtained door, but at that moment the ship gave an extra roll to windward, and the drapery swung aside and revealed his presence.

"Come in, McLeod," said a faint voice.



Mildmay lay in his cot with his long grey hair floating back over the snowy pillows, and with his hands clasped and lying outside the coverlet. It was an easy, even happy attitude. He moved his face towards Colin and smiled; then he beckoned him to a chair close by the cot, so situated that the two were face to face. There was a hectic flush on each of Mildmay's cheek-bones, and his eyes were more sparkling than usual, otherwise few could have said he was ill.

"Dr. McGee," he said, "is one of the best fellows in the world, and one of the best meaning, but he has got an idea into that old Scotch noddle of his that I am about to lose the number of my mess."

"I'm glad to hear you talk so cheerfully," said Colin, smiling.

"I know you are, boy," said Mildmay. "There is that in your face which tells me you are sincere. Now raise my shoulders a little, and put that extra pillow which you see on the chair yonder under my head. You have no idea how feeble I am!"

The poor lieutenant *was* feeble, and talked very feebly too, with many a pause and catch of the breath.

"May I give you anything, sir?"

"A little wine-and-water. Thank you. Now tell the sentry to allow no one to come near this cabin-door until you leave."

Colin did as he was told, and returned as quickly and as quietly as he could.

Mildmay seemed to have fallen asleep, but so still did he lie, and so inaudible was his breathing, that Colin after a short time grew alarmed, and laid his hand on the lieutenant's wrist. How cold and clammy it felt! But Mildmay opened his eyes at once.

"I was thinking," he said, "I was away back again in the distant past. Colin McLeod, it is a long, long time since I was a boy like yourself, but still it seems but like a dream of yesterday."

Colin made no reply, and after a short pause Mr. Mildmay went on.

"Now," he said, with that sad smile of his, "disabuse your mind of the notion that I am never going to leave this cot alive, because I know and I *feel* that I shall be on duty again long before we are at the Cape. But there is always a chance of a sick man taking a turn for the worse, so on that account I have made up my mind to tell you something which otherwise you would probably never have known. What I am about to tell you is the romance of my own life. I tell it to you, Colin, because I knew your uncle."

"My uncle, sir? My uncle, Captain Peter?"

"Your uncle, Captain Peter. One of the best and bravest men that ever trod on a quarterdeck."

"You know him, then, sir?"

"Know him? Ay, ay, I know him, and knew him long before Colin McLeod was born. I served with him when I was only a mite of a middy. That was in times of peace; and I served with him when a junior lieutenant, he being my captain. That was in the stirring days of the Crimean war, Colin. I was young then, but even the rattle of the drum that now summons us to quarters fires my blood. I have but to close my eyes for a moment, and the old days come back again."

"You love war, then, sir?"

"Not for itself, Colin McLeod, not

even for the excitement of the battle, not for the blood and the carnage, but for the virtues it causes to shine forth in the breast of every man who is a man. Ah! Colin, war is a great leveller, it fills up the valleys and it brings the mountains low."

"I must not keep you talking, sir."

"Colin McLeod, our good surgeon, McGee, put that notion in your head. 'Don't excite old Mildmay,' he said; but I brought you here to talk to you, and I mean to do so as much as I please, in spite of our worthy medico, who seems not to know that to lie and think the thoughts one cannot speak is far more exciting and debilitating than talking can possibly be."

"It is sad to think of the slain in war," said Colin.

"Oh, boy, yes; but this world is full of pain and sorrow; pain in peace as well as pain in war. What says the goodly Bishop Porteous?"

"War its thousands slays,  
But Peace its thousands ten."

Mr. Mildmay paused for a moment, then recommenced abruptly.

"Did your good uncle never tell you of the fierce fight in which he lost his leg?"

"Long, long ago," replied Colin, "I remember his describing something of it to my mother; and now, strange to say, sir, it begins to dawn upon me that he must have mentioned your name more than once, though I took little notice. You were nothing to me then, sir."

Mildmay seemed intensely pleased, for he put out his hand and pressed Colin's.

"What you have told me," he said, "is better far than anything our surgeon has given me since I have been laid low. No, your uncle was never a man to boast, but a braver deed has seldom if ever been done—a braver action never fought at sea—than the capture and defeat of those two Russian ships-of-war by the old Bellona, commanded by your gallant Uncle Peter. We were coasting along the shores of the Black Sea, in company with a French frigate, when on rounding a point we came suddenly in sight of two monster Russians, bearing down upon us with all sail set. We beat to quarters at once—we were always ready—and so also did the Frenchman, and in less than fifteen minutes the first shot was fired. It seemed to be an understood thing betwixt the foe and us that we should fight ship to ship. But, both in guns and tonnage, to say nothing of men, those Russians were twice as powerful as we were."

"Your uncle, Colin McLeod, appeared to think we were too near the shore for a free fight, so we stood out to sea, the Russians following with precisely the same sails that we carried. They wanted to test their sailing power as against our own. In this respect, too—much, no doubt, to their own satisfaction—they proved our superiors."

"But," continued the lieutenant, leaning now on his elbow, as if the subject had given him fresh strength, "there was one thing in which the foe was not our superior—in the prowess of her men; they possessed not the indomitable courage and cool skill of ours. Ah, boy! whenever you hear or read of foreign powers counting or reckoning up our naval strength by the number of ships

and guns in our dockyards, just smile to yourself, for ten to one they will forget that every man in our fleet is a sailor born and bred, with the blood of the ancient vikings in his veins, and descended from a race that has been mistress of the seas for hundreds of years."

"But the battle, sir," said Colin, who was not unmindful of the surgeon's warning. "How did it end?"

"As battles 'twixt the Briton and the Russ always did end," said Mr. Mildmay. "It was a fierce and terrible fight, though. Alas! for the poor Frenchman, the struggle had not lasted more than half an hour before, high over the thunder of our own guns and those of the enemy we were engaging, rose the roar of a terrible explosion, an immense canopy of smoke and flames filled the air, mingled with masses of splintered masts and timbers. The Frenchman had sunk, and to the assistance of the poor men who floated around the spot where she had gone down the dastardly enemy never sent a single boat. She began to bear down on us, however, though crippled in her bowsprit and with her foremast gone by the board."

"Your uncle saw his chance, and although his sails were riddled with shot and his rigging cut about, his spars and yard arms were almost intact. With one parting volley at the ship he had been fighting he ran down to meet the other. The old Bellona seemed that day to sail like a witch."

"'We'll rake her!' cried your uncle to his first lieutenant; 'then stand by to lower boats and pick up our French friends.'"

"The enemy saw the manœuvre, but was in too crippled a condition to prevent its complete success. We poured our whole broadside into her stern as we swept past. The wind caught the smoke and revealed her upper decks immediately after. It was a sickening sight. The other mast tottered and fell, the wheel was blown to atoms, and bridge and boats were in splinters. The Frenchman was revenged."

"Before the other Russian could get near us we had picked up nearly thirty of our friends, and had the boats hoisted inboard again. Then the battle recommenced 'twixt ship and ship, for the crippled Russian made straight for the beach in a sinking condition, leaving her sister ship to give a good account of us if she could. Had your uncle, Colin, commanded that great line-of-battle ship, with her armament and powers of sailing, instead of the smaller and more slow Bellona, the fight would not have raged so long as it did."

"Quick as she was, and well manned, the enemy failed in every attempt to rake our craft; then she lay broadside on to us, and the force of her fire was terrific. We soon had several of our guns rendered useless, and had hardly men enough left to man the rest. Our crowning disaster, however, was when our maintopmast was splintered by a shot, and came slowly crashing down."

"Almost at the same moment, Colin, a shot tore through your poor brave uncle's leg, and he fell on the bridge. Rayson, the first lieutenant, and the surgeon himself, were by his side in a moment, and would have had him carried below."

"'Tourniquet, doctor, tourniquet!' was all he muttered; but the instrument



was speedily applied, and the bleeding stopped.

"Rayson," he cried, hurriedly, gasping out the words, "run us alongside! Board her, cutlass in hand, in the good old fashion; it is our only chance!"

"One last broadside was fired, then, to the surprise of the Russians—who now looked upon us as a prize, and who were shouting with joy and mad with glee—the *Bellona* forged ahead right down on them. It was man to man then, Colin, and British cutlass to Russian pike and pistol.

"I boarded at the bows, and with my fellows around me fought aft towards the waist of the ship. We cheered as we clambered on board in spite of the fierce resistance we met, but once on that blood-drenched deck there was no more cheering, but instead only the clashing of steel, the ring, ring, ringing of pistols, and then—why then it was all over; the foe in their hurry to escape had even torn up the gratings off the hatches and thrown themselves below pell-mell.

"We were victors, Colin."

"And my uncle?"

"It was no land, but a bank of dense fog, and hardly were we into it ere it blew almost a hurricane, and we were laid on our beam ends. We righted, but with the loss of a spar that had been splintered in the engagement and afterwards spliced.

"We never saw the *Bellona* again. But, alas! for the fortunes of war, next

comes my own little romance. Every life, Colin, has its romance. I've had mine. It was a dream while it lasted, but it has gone, and it can never return. I must be brief, for I fain would sleep."

"Some other time, sir, perhaps."

Lieutenant Mildmay seemed to start.

"No, boy, no," he said, "there is no time like the present.

"I was marched a prisoner of war into the interior. I shall not tell you of the sufferings I endured on the road; suffice it to say that after a long and weary journey of over a week we found ourselves, I and my men—or the few of them that had not been killed by the way—"

"Killed!"

"Ay, boy, killed by their brutal escort. We found ourselves in a lovely little village that nestled among trees near a wide and beautiful lake. There was here a small fort or castle, and the commandant visited us.

"He was not only civil, he was even kind. I hesitated to give my parole, but he pleaded with me to do so. If I did he told me I might go where I liked, and be his guest frequently, and my life would be as happy as it was possible to make that of a prisoner of war.

"I took his advice, and was, com-

paratively speaking, free. I was billeted at the most charming cottage in all the village. 'They are foreigners like yourself,' said the commandant, who talked excellent English, 'and with them you are sure to be comfortable.'

"The cottage stood on an eminence embowered in trees and covered with creepers that trailed around gables, porch, and verandah. There was a green lawn sloping down to the lake where a little boat lay moored, and all around the house were acres on acres of rose-trees, the perfume from which on this sweet summer's evening was delightful in the extreme. As the commandant and I walked together up the gravel pathway the sound of music—a girlish voice singing to a harp—came through the open window and fell on my ear.

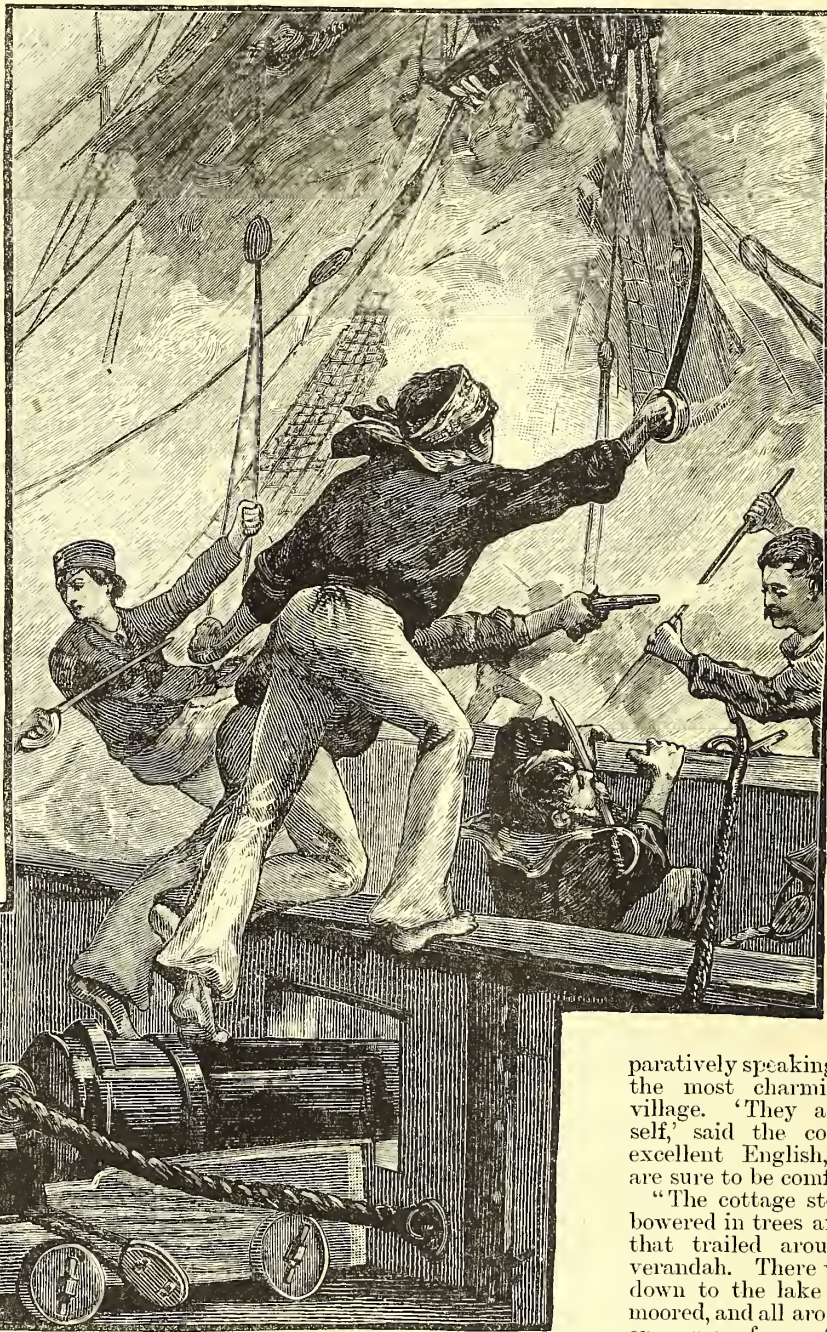
"I looked towards my companion.

"'It is Annette,' he said, 'little Annette. You will like her. But don't fall in love, you know,' he added, smiling.

"'I don't think it is likely,' I replied, with a light laugh.

"How little I knew what was before me!"

(To be continued.)



"We cheered as we clambered on board."

"He had never left the bridge, although the surgeon tried to force him below. I was the first to return to him. 'I feel the pain now,' he said, 'but we are victorious, this is a glorious hour!'

"The brave man spoke no more for days. I took charge of the captured man-o'-war, and we made sail for Seutari.

"About the third day—for we were detained by boisterous head winds—our look-out reported land on the lee bow.

morning we fell in with a Russian frigate. It is needless to say that we became an easy prey to her; we had not men enough to fight even a gunboat. I was a prisoner of war."

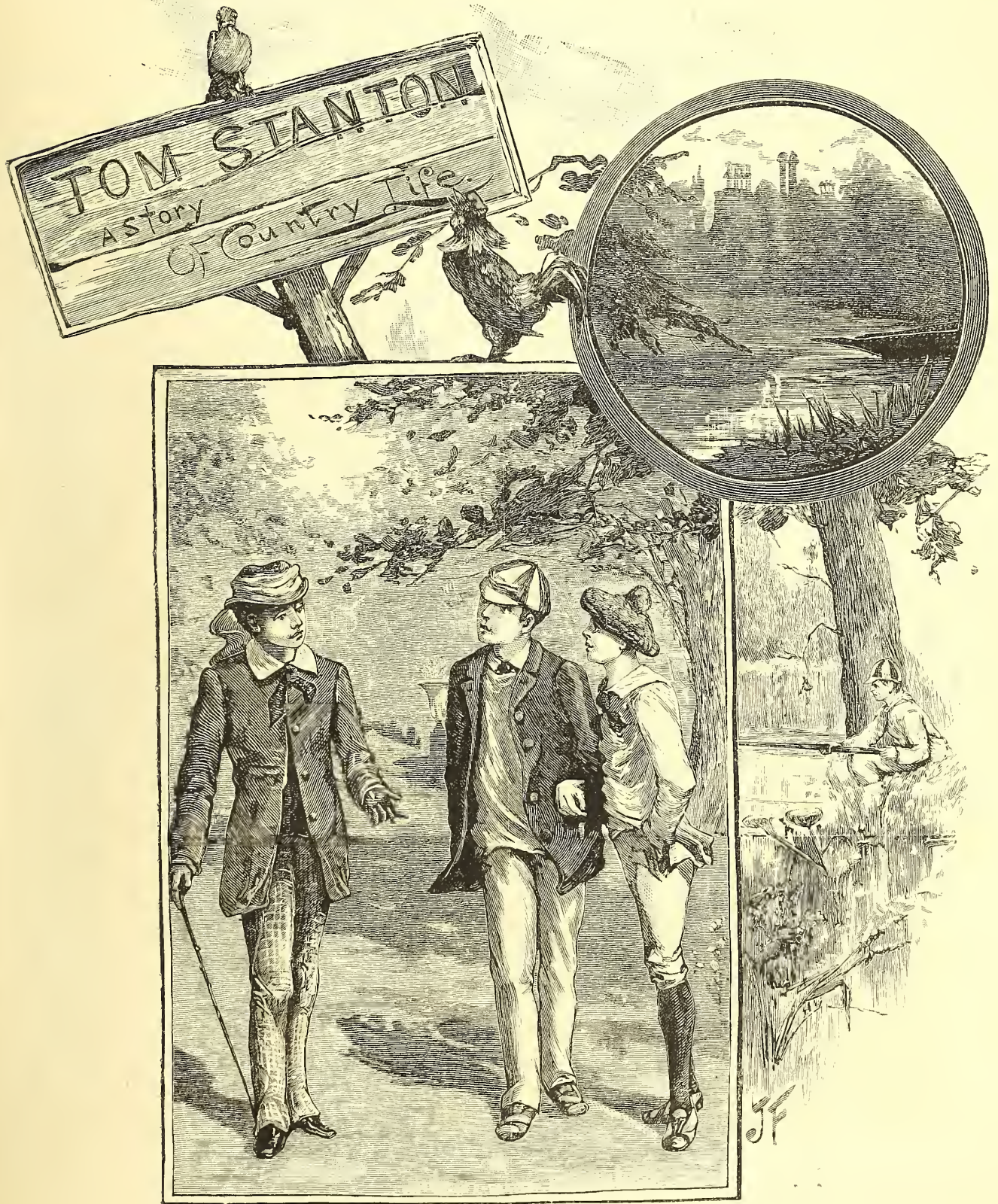
Lieutenant Mildmay stopped speaking, and lay back on the pillows.

"You are exhausted, sir," said Colin.

He pressed Colin's hand again, then closed his eyes again as if resting.

"I was a prisoner of war," he said again presently. "And now, dear boy,





## CHAPTER I.—GOING ASTRAY.

It was a hot day in summer, so hot that even the birds seemed to feel it, and had hidden themselves in the shade of the thickest-leaved trees, or perhaps in the ivy on some crumbling old walls—somewhere, at any rate, where the sun's rays could not beat so fiercely. The grass here and there looked dry and

burnt up, and curious little crawling insects were scrambling through it, busy and lively in the heat which exhausted other creatures. The sky had not a cloud, and the trees stood motionless, not a bough nor a twig moving in the still air.

The place we are looking at is a long

high road, coming down a hill in one direction, and going up a hill in the other—just the sort of white, dusty road which seems so tiresome when one has a long hot walk before one. To the left there are some trees and the roof of a lodge, and opening out of the fence are gates, showing the entrance to a house.



As we look through the gates, the eye is refreshed by the sight of tall shadowy trees and green cool grass; while the drive, as it curves away out of sight, is flecked here and there with the bright sunshine.

Everything is very quiet here in the depths of the country; only now and then through the silence comes some sound or inarticulate cry from a distance, showing that life is stirring somewhere out of sight.

But, listen! Is that a footstep? A footstep, or rather the steps of two people coming down the drive, and nearing us very slowly. Just at the turn they come into sight—two boys, one about thirteen, the other looking a couple of years younger. Sauntering along, and deep in talk, they are evidently in no hurry; but the sound of their voices rings through the still air, and as they draw nearer their words become audible.

"Father says he thinks we shall like him," the younger boy was saying. "He said he had heard he was nice enough, didn't he, Jack?"

"Yes; but a fellow who has been in India all his life must be rather different. I dare say he won't care for anything that we like. I wonder his father didn't send him home before."

"Mother told me the other day that after Uncle Henry's wife died he could not bear to part with this boy Tom, as he was his only child. So he took him about with him everywhere, and only sent him home at last because he found that he was getting spoilt."

"So he is to stay here for the rest of the holidays, and go back to school with us! I wonder how he will like it? How I should hate to be going for the first time at twelve years old—wouldn't you, Bertie?"

"I should think so! Particularly if he doesn't know much, and can't take a good place. We shall have to look after him."

"I hope he won't be a muff, and will be able to take care of himself," said Jack, going out on the road and looking along it. "I say, how hot it is! This will remind Tom of India. I suppose he will find it quite cool while we are frizzling."

Bertie laughed. He was standing with both hands shading his eyes, looking away into the distance.

"I think I can see something coming down that second rise," he said, "but it may be some farmer's trap. Just wait a minute. All right!" he shouted, after a little. "I can make out the dog-cart now," and, putting his fingers in his mouth, he blew a shrill whistle.

"Humb! hum!" said Jack. "Do you think they can hear that from where they are?"

Bertie did not seem to hear. He was standing watching the approaching vehicle, with a broad grin of expectation on his face. Just then a shrill bark came from the distance; and, with a scuttling of eager feet, a little fox-terrier dashed down the drive and leapt in wild excitement on the boys.

"Oh, get down!" said Jack, pushing the dog away. "Snap, old fellow, that whistle wasn't meant for you. I declare he makes one hotter than ever."

"Doesn't he?" said Bertie; "but here comes the cart. What is he like? You speak to him first."

"How are you, Tom?" said Jack, advancing and holding out his hand. "Pull up a minute, Jones! Look here, would you like to get down now and walk up to the house with us? This is my brother Bertie. I am Jack, you know. I suppose you have heard all about us. I'm so glad you've come. All right; go on, Jones."

As the new comer jumped down from his high seat, the three boys stood still for a minute and looked at each other. Jack was secretly disgusted to find that, though a year younger, his cousin had slightly the advantage of him in height, and involuntarily squared his shoulders as he compared his sturdy build with the other's slight figure. Bertie in the meantime was gazing with blank surprise at patent leather boots, gloved hands, and clothes such as do not generally grace the form of the British schoolboy, and was just going to indulge in an ironical whistle when, remembering himself in time, he plunged both hands into his pockets instead.

As for Tom, his quick, restless eyes were roving everywhere. He had smiled when first meeting his cousins, but now his face had settled into a weary, impatient expression, which seemed habitual to it. He looked pale and dark beside the light-haired, sunburnt English lads; but he held himself very erect, and had an air of condescension which brought an amused smile to Jack's good-tempered face. As they all turned to walk up the drive together some remarks were made upon Tom's journey, which broke the silence; and by the time they arrived at the broad sweep in front of the house the boys were all in eager and engrossing conversation.

The little terrier in the meantime had been hunting diligently, quite oblivious of the heat and of an occasional call from one of the boys. Now he appeared, carrying something in his mouth, with an important air.

"It is only a stone," explained Bertie. "That is a trick of Snap's, and we could never break him of it."

"Do you mean to say that you allow him? Why, he will break all his teeth!" said Tom, going up to the dog and trying to take away the stone.

Instantly the terrier turned and seized the boy's sleeve between his teeth, and in the same moment, as it seemed, the dog was shaken off and was limping away with a severe kick on the shoulder.

Bertie's face was full of consternation. He looked at Jack, who, flushing scarlet, had walked after the dog. "Oh, I say, Tom!" he said; "what made you do that? That's Jack's dog, and he won't let any one touch him."

"The little brute turned upon me!" said Tom, angrily.

"I know; but, you see, he thought you were a stranger, and he is so old I don't think he could have hurt you. But never mind. Would you like to go in now and see the house and our father and mother? and then we can come out again when it is cooler."

The house into which the boys have disappeared is a fine old place, and has belonged to the Stanton family for many generations. On one side runs a moat, which, in front of the house, has been transformed into a sunk fence, separating the lawn from the park. There is a curious old walled garden not far off where the fruit hangs heavily on the

trees; and there are cool shrubberies behind the house, and many sheltered flower-bordered walks, where the late blossoms will linger till nearly Christmas.

Near enough to hear the lowing of the cows and the shrill crow of some triumphant cock the home-farm begins—a source of never-ending interest to the boys, for there they keep their pets, and there, among the men, they have many fast friends, to whom the return of the boys for the holidays is an ever-welcome event.

If we turn now and enter the house by the open door a grateful sense of coolness strikes us as we cross the wide hall, hung round with horns, stags' heads, and dark old pictures. In front of us we can see a brook oak staircase; but we will turn here to the left into a room in which we can hear voices. Bertie and Tom are standing talking to a lady and gentleman, who are evidently Mr. and Mrs. Stanton. The new comer does not seem at all shy, and has plenty to say to the lady who is smiling at him so kindly. Bertie is begging his father to let them do something, at which Mr. Stanton shakes his head, but seems amused. Then the boys are sent off that Tom may get something to eat—an idea which is jumped at by Bertie, who declares that he is dying of hunger himself, having lunched considerably more than an hour ago.

Afterwards, when they came out again, they saw Jack standing not far from the house. He turned away his head as they approached, and continued speaking to the gardener as if unaware that they were so near.

Bertie made a face, and, drawing Tom aside, said, "I say, do you mind saying something to Jack about hurting Snap? I am afraid he is angry about it."

Looking very much surprised, his cousin broke out, "Well, I think it is I who ought to be angry! Am I to stand still quietly to be bitten by a dog?"

"Oh, he wouldn't really have bitten you," said Bertie, looking perplexed; and, seeing that Jack could hear, he added, rather weakly, "It is only his way."

Tom laughed. "Well, if that is his way, he will probably get punished again!"

Jack looked round. "You can leave the punishment to me another time," he said.

Getting very red, Tom burst out laughing again, and said, "What a fuss about a dog!"

Bertie, who had been looking at his brother rather anxiously, now asked quickly, "Shall we go somewhere?"

Jack looked rather doubtful for a minute before replying, "Yes. We can go to the stables. I dare say Tom would like to see the horses." Then, turning to his cousin, he said, "I can't bear to see animals knocked about. That is why I was put out just now, but of course you didn't know that Snap was such an old dog. Your father has a lot of horses in India, I suppose?"

This question brought out a flood of recollections and descriptions of life in the East. The boy seemed glad to be able to speak of it, and ended with, "I wish I were out there now!"

"But your father will be coming home in a year or two, won't he?" asked Bertie, sympathetically.



"Yes; but it won't be the same in England—everything is different here. Now he is commissioner, and people think a great deal of him, but when he comes home he says he will be nothing, and just like every one else, and I shall hate that."

"Oh, you will get accustomed to it, and I am sure you will find England very jolly when you have been home a little time. Wasn't it very dull sometimes, having no brothers or fellows to knock about with?"

"There was always a regiment, so I had plenty of friends."

"Oh, well, this is the way down here. Our ponies are turned out; you can see them afterwards."

The old coachman met them as they entered the yard. He was always glad to see the boys when they had come to "behave theirselves," as he said, and now he was particularly anxious to see the new comer, as he had known his father, whom he spoke of as "Mr. Henry," much to Louis's amusement. He took great pride in his horses, and as he

opened a door and several dark heads with glancing eyes and pointed ears were turned towards the light, he exclaimed,

"There, sir, I think we can show you one or two here as good as anything you have seen in India."

Tom's face lighted up and lost its listless expression as he went in among the horses, examining and admiring with a real knowledge and interest which went to the old man's heart. He had much to say on the comparative merits of the Arab horse, and made the other boys laugh with his stories of the stratagems to be employed in mounting a vicious country-bred pony, or the difficulties people had in speaking to each other when their horses were always ready to fight. He expressed a wish to try one or two of the horses, turning to the old servant with an air of command which seemed rather to perplex the autocrat of the stables.

Jack laughed.

"I know you may not have any of these without father's permission, but I dare say Richards can let you have

something, if you won't find it too hot to ride now."

Tom's face clouded, and he looked sullen and discontented as he said,

"I might have any horse of my father's that I liked. If I can't try these I don't care for any others, thank you."

"You see," said little Bertie, trying to improve matters, "things are so differently managed in England."

"Yes, I wish they weren't."

"But we have some good useful horses that you haven't seen yet, sir. Please to step this way."

Tom's interest, however, was not to be reawakened. He followed the coachman carelessly, and made no comment on the other contents of the stable, so that Jack soon proposed an adjournment.

The old man stood shaking his head as he watched the retreating figures of the three boys.

"Ah," he said, with a sigh, "I can see a look of his father in him now and again, but Mr. Henry never had ways like this one."

(To be continued.)

## IVAN DOBROFF: A RUSSIAN STORY.

By PROF. J. F. HODGETTS,

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CHAPTER XIX.—(continued.)



This interested Smirnoff, who looked with pride and gratification at the well-written pages of the exercise book. So when the bell rang for lunch he went downstairs in high good-humour again.

Just as they were going into the dining-room together two visitors were announced—General Kakaroff and Tenterton. Smirnoff immediately left the room, giving orders to the servants to lay covers for two more. Ivan remained behind and begged the butler to let him, not Tenterton, have the foot of the table, and by dint of some coaxing the man consented. The dining table was arranged without the extra leaves, so that it was perfectly square, and the boy's object was to be near Kakaroff, not opposite him. By his management of the butler he now contrived to get the prefect on his left hand and Tenterton on his right.

When the gentlemen entered and lunch was served, conversation was general, and the boy was quiet. But an opportunity arose when Smirnoff applied to Tenterton for some information respecting English customs in regard to certain matters of commerce. Ivan bent over to Kakaroff and asked him how Madame Kakaroff was. Kakaroff, who always admired Ivan, and was greatly amused with his adventures, said,

"Thank you, she has not been quite well of late, but she often speaks of you. Why don't you come and see us now and then?"

"You must ask Mr. Smirnoff that question. I should only be too glad, I am sure. It is what I have been longing to do ever since I have been back, but I don't like to ask."

Hereupon Kakaroff turned to Smirnoff and said,

"My little friend Ivan has not been to see us for ages, and my wife is anxious to see the hero of two escapes; when will you let him come to us?"

"Whenever you feel disposed to be bothered with him," said Smirnoff, laughing.

"But I don't bother you, do I?" said Ivan.

"I fancy few people have ever bothered me so much! However, it is part of my business to be bothered, and, after all, I don't much mind Ivan, he contrives to make himself interesting and to group around him all sorts and conditions of men. Let me see," continued the prefect, looking at his memorandum book. "On Saturday we are free. I shall, with your permission, send a trusty driver with my own sledge and a mounted cossack, so that your *protégé* may be in perfect safety. I will send for him and send him back in safety at night."

"You will spoil him by making a lion of him before his time. But let it be as you wish."

The party broke up. Tenterton and Ivan took a walk on the boulevards, a very pleasant feature of Moscow. Kakaroff went to his bureau, or office as we should call it, to sign papers, and Smirnoff was engaged in conferences on foreign railway projects and other speculations.

On the Saturday the excitement of our little hero knew no bounds. Tatiana could not understand what was the matter with him.

"You must be fond of the police," she said, as she laid out for him some specially white fine linen and brand new garments which he insisted on wearing for the first time at the house of Kakaroff.

Ivan was duly fetched away by the

VAN saw that there were no pleasant thoughts passing in Mr. Smirnoff's mind, for his brow was clouded and his look was not the kind, open, frank look of a few hours back. As we have seen, he was not a stupid boy, though self-willed to an excess. He said no more about Siberia, but sought to draw Mr. Smirnoff's attention from a painful subject by directing it into an agreeable channel. He therefore showed him his German writing, which indeed had greatly improved.



"swell" turn-out of the prefect, and attended by a tall cossack with a long lance, on a little horse like a pony, but with plenty of "go" in him; and very proud the boy felt tearing down the boulevard towards the palace inhabited by Kakaroff. Many mujiks took off their caps as he dashed past, and stood bowing till he was out of sight.

There had been some heavy falls of snow, and the clean white cover hiding the dirty and irregular pavement of Moscow, substituted uniform cleanliness, and made what Kakaroff called the Natural Railway of Russia. As the sledge neared the house the porters at the door gave notice to the gendarmes on duty within, one of whom came out to assist our hero to alight. As soon as he entered he was ushered upstairs to the upper hall, where servants were ready to relieve him of his schuba and goloshes, for no one in Russia goes out without goloshes, which are always left with the schuba and other wrappings in the vestibule or ante-chamber under charge of the schwitzar or swiss, who is responsible for their safety, and whose name recalls the ancient time when the trusty porter was a native of the land of upright minds and simple honesty.

We know the house of General Kakaroff, having already visited him several times. Ivan was shown into the crimson drawing-room, where, sitting on a circular settee in the centre, was the lady of the house, who received him most graciously.

"My dear young friend, what a long time it is since you were here, and in that time what fresh and exciting adventures you have passed through! And your adventures are so tragic, you cause people to be shot or otherwise slain, or else to be sent to Siberia, put into prison, and so forth! You are really 'Ivan the Terrible.'"

"Not so terrible to other people, your Excellency, as to myself. I am half afraid to go out for fear of running against some fresh adventure that may not turn out so well for me as the others have! But you spoke of Siberia. May I tell you a secret about something I am dying to do? I want it kept a secret, and I want you to help me."

"Tell me what it is, Ivan. I cannot promise to do anything in the dark, nor shall I promise secrecy any further than this. I will not betray you to anybody."

"That will do for the present."

Madame Kakaroff smiled at the offhand way of our hero, who, however, was perfectly respectful.

"Well, now, you must tell me what new pagan castle you intend to attack, only this time I hope you will not involve the general in personal conflict with brigands in cellars."

"I am coming to that—"

"Oh, then, stop; I won't have anything to do with it."

"You mistake what I mean. I say I am coming to it, not to him."

"That is another thing. Well, go on."

"You recollect Anniesie?"

"Of course I do. But it makes me wretched to think of her. I did my best to save her."

"I know you did, and now you must do your best to rescue her."

"I? Batuschka! What can I do?"

"I will tell you. I want you to get me leave to go to Siberia. I want you to find out where she is imprisoned, to get

my passports properly arranged, and to have a girl's passport which I have with me properly regulated for Siberia and back."

"Anything else? Why, Ivan, you take my breath away. Skobelev was a baby to you. He never would have dared to think of such a mad-brained escapade. What do you mean?"

"Why, of course I mean to go and fetch Anniesie."

"Well, you have excited my curiosity now; you must tell me the rest after dinner. I was going out, but I shall stay at home, and see nobody. Alexander, tell the people I am at home to nobody. Set tea for me and Ivan Ivanovitch in the white boudoir, and see there are writing materials."

"Directly, your High Excellency."

At this moment the general entered, and the little party of three went in to dinner, when Ivan kept his entertainers in wonderful spirits by a well-sustained series of imitations of the comical people he had met in his last adventure. He gave the old long-bearded rascal so well that Kakaroff declared he could almost see the beard. He gave the butcher and his apprentice with such a change in his voice that you might have sworn there were two people present in the performance. Both Kakaroff and his wife were more delighted than ever with Ivan, and as few people are more grateful for being amused than the Russians, the prefect and his wife each secretly resolved to help Ivan in every possible way. *He* was thinking of the Riazan estates, and *she* was wondering how she could aid him in getting "to Siberia and back with a girl's passport."

Dinner was over, coffee was brought, and then Ivan was carried off by the lady of the house, while Kakaroff drove off to some people where there was a ball to be watched, as one of the English royal family was reported by the police to have accepted an invitation, and it was not a family of sufficient distinction to justify such an honour being either expected or conferred.

They were scarcely left alone when Madame Kakaroff invited Ivan to divulge his plan. When he had done she said,

"Now, Ivan, your plan is most ingenious, most charming, but I fear only possible in a story-book. You have been reading the story of 'Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia,' and here you are ready to brave the perils of a Russian winter over the trackless snow to find one who was kind to you and to pay a debt of gratitude. I will grant the motive to be noble, but I doubt the possibility of carrying out your plan. On the other hand, there are railways now. If it be carried out I should for one be delighted. But we must have the consent of Mr. Smirnoff and, if necessary, his aid."

"That," said Ivan, "is the greatest difficulty of all. I don't mind the wolves. If they eat me, why, all the better for the Abrazoffs. But asking Mr. Smirnoff for his consent is worse. I have faced one cannibal, and I really am not much afraid of the wolves, but I don't feel like asking for this permission where I know there will only be opposition. Do you know what I think? Look here! you ask him. That's the thing. You can turn anybody round your little finger, and you will manage Mr. Smirnoff splendidly. *I mean to go*, though perhaps I may have to wait for my own money to

come in, because my plan means money. There is only one obstacle, and that is the police-station on the frontier, and to the commandant of that station I must have a letter from the general directing him to be careful and considerate in dealing with the sick girl just crossing. I must have letters to the governor of Tobolsk and to the commandants of all the penal establishments to which Anniesie is likely to have been sent, and I must find out her number; I know that names are all abolished over there. It will be difficult, but as it is not very long since she went I do not despair of getting her out. But how to get the letters I don't know, unless you have them written and make one of the aides-de-camp submit them to the general with the usual batch of things to be signed in the regular course of official business. Or perhaps you can talk him over to helping me more directly. Anyhow, I can't do without your help."

"Then I understand you want me to talk over the general to anything I find feasible, and to use my powers of persuasion with Mr. Smirnoff."

"I don't think there is much more you can help me in besides those items. The money I can get, and all the rest I can manage of myself."

"Well, I think there is quite enough work cut out for me, Ivan; and if it had not been for Anniesie, to whom I have taken a violent fancy, I should have laughed at the whole scheme as a pack of boyish nonsense. You are a daring little fellow, but more than daring is wanting here. I don't know what to do. You must give me a night to think it over."

"Certainly, only there is very little time, and if you don't help me I must run away without your assistance, and that will be very difficult on account of my plan on the frontier. I shall be glad to see the Steinfeldts again; he was very kind to me, was Anniesie's uncle, and the aunt was a brick!"

"Well, Ivan, as your clever little brain has worked out all this, I think it would be a great hardship to you to act against you. How I can act for you I cannot tell, but I will see what I can do. If I find it possible for me to do as you wish I will write to Mr. Smirnoff and invite him to dinner on Tuesday next, and I shall also write to you at the same time asking you to send me 'Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia;' and this you will understand to mean, 'I agree to the journey, and will help.' If, on the other hand, I send you a book—no matter what—then you will know that I cannot help you. Now, good-night; go to bed and dream of wolves and sledges, and all kinds of horrors! Good-night."

(To be continued.)

#### WORDS OF CHEER.

E. G. W. writes from Gateshead-on-Tyne: "I first got to know of the B. O. P. at school, about six years ago. The scholars wanting to have a boy's paper that they would be permitted to read, and that would really be worth reading, held a meeting, to which the master was invited. The B. O. P. was selected. The next thing we did was to vote in a treasurer to keep the books and money. There were over a hundred subscribers on the lists at first. Off all these papers we had 2½d. discount (a dozen), and at the end of the year we had a trip with the discount money, saved up for that purpose. The master found the paper so interesting and instructive that every Wednesday afternoon he allowed us to read out of the current number instead of our regular reading-book. For the last two and a half years I had the honour of being treasurer. The last year I was at school I proposed buying a new set of cricketing materials for the club instead of having a trip with the savings, and a splendid set we thus secured."



## AN ARCTIC TRAGEDY.



"The same Wild Hummocks of Palæocrystic Ice."

IN our August part for 1883, when we told the story of Kane and Hayes and Hall and De Long, we pointed out the curious fate that seems ever to attend an American Arctic exploration. The expeditions all begin well, and all end miserably. To that rule the latest attempt to solve the Polar mystery was no exception. All went right with Lieutenant Greely to begin with, and then came the end in cannibalism. It is a sad story; let us glance at the work that was accomplished without unduly dwelling on the horrors that accompanied it.

The Greely expedition—twenty-four in number all told—was landed in Lady Franklin Sound on August 11, 1881. It was one of two expeditions dispatched by the United States Government in co-operation with the International Polar Committee to work out the weather and magnetic phenomena of the district. It was not an exploring expedition in the usual sense, for its duties necessitated its remaining in one spot, and any attempts at geographical discovery on the part of its members were purely voluntary. The other expedition, under Lieutenant Ray, entrusted with similar duties, was sent to Point Barrow in Northern Alaska, and did its work without loss. Lieutenant Greely and his men were taken north in the *Proteus*, a Scotch whaler, and without a check proceeded up Kennedy Channel to the point that had been fixed upon for their camp. The *Proteus* left them comfortably installed, with boats, a house, and provisions and stores for two years, at the end of which time they were to be relieved.

They were not relieved; the vessels sent to help them failed to get far enough north, and the retreat of the party ended in disaster. Greely's orders were to leave his camp not later than 1st of September, 1883, and it was expected that he would find a relief party at

Littleton Island. From July, 1882, to August, 1883, not less than fifty thousand rations were taken in the *Neptune*, *Yantic*, and *Proteus* up to or beyond this spot. Of this immense number only one thousand were landed. The rest, incredible as it may appear, were by a succession of blunders returned to the United States; and Greely was left to starve and find his way home unaided.

Before he commenced his retreat he had, however, done much exploring work which he was not expected to do. The camp was fixed where the *Discovery* had wintered in 1875, and from this point, called by the Americans Fort Conger, Lieutenant Lockwood had been dispatched north-eastwards in 1882, and south-westwards in 1883. He had made his way along the coast-line of the large island of Greenland until he had in longitude  $84^{\circ}45'$  reached the latitude of  $81^{\circ}44'$ , or about thirty furlongs nearer the pole than Captain Markham had been on the Palæocrystic Sea in 1876, and in doing this he had added to our charts a new coast-line of a hundred miles beyond the farthest point seen by Lieutenant Beaumont during the Nares expedition. Although Lockwood saw as far as  $38^{\circ}$  west longitude, yet there were no signs that he was anywhere near the northern end of Greenland, which consequently remains as great a mystery as before.

The northern coast which he surveyed resembled the coast to the south in nearly all respects. There were deep fiords and outlying islands. The interior was a confused mass of mountains covered with snow or ice. The fiords were broad level stretches of snow and ice, devoid of ice-foot, floebergs, hummocks, or any other sign that could show their connection with the Spitzbergen Sea. The rocks were rugged and steep, and built up of quartz and schistose slate. The

vegetation was the same as that of Grinnell Land, and saxifrages and Arctic poppies were found growing along the route. Above the eighty-third parallel a hare and ptarmigan were killed, and traces were visible of the lemming, the Arctic fox, and the Polar bear, and, strangest of all, at the farthest point reached there was heard the cry of a snow-bunting. From Cape Bryant along the entire coast a tidal frontier was found running from headland to headland; to the south of it the ice was smooth and flat, to the north of it were the same wild hummocks of palæocrystic ice on which Markham led his men out over the ocean in 1876. Where he stopped he took soundings at seventy-two fathoms, but Lockwood in trying between Cape May and Cape Britannia could not reach the bottom at one hundred and thirty-three fathoms. The farthest point reached now bears the name of Lockwood Island, the farthest point seen was named Cape Robert Lincoln.

In the south-westerly direction there was found for seventy miles an immense ice-cap estimated at six thousand miles in area; but between the eighty-first and eighty-second parallels the country south of the cap extending from Kennedy and Robeson channels to the western Polar ocean was free from snow for a hundred and fifty miles and more. Vegetation abounded, dead willow was gathered in such abundance as to serve for fuel, and in more than one locality willow, saxifrages, grasses, and other plants grew in such profusion as to completely cover large tracts, affording excellent pasturage for the musk cattle, which feed towards the coast during the summer and withdraw to the interior as winter advances. Evidences were noted in the way of raised beaches, marine shells, and drift wood of the recent elevation of the land above the sea, and at one place



the trunks of two large coniferous trees were found in such a state of preservation as to allow of their use for fuel. And on the shores of Lake Hazen to the west of Fort Conger there were met with the remains of permanent Eskimo huts. The farthest point reached in this direction was latitude 80° 48', longitude 78° 26'. As with all American expeditions, some curiously inappropriate names were bestowed; such monstrosities, for instance, as the "R. L. Dodge River," and "Lake J. S. Fletcher, Jun.," being obviously doomed to the proverbial short life—and a merry one.

Greely's retreat promised at first to be successful. It was not till January, 1884, that his party began to die off, and famine did not threaten them till late on in the spring. But then the disease which had been laughed at had begun its work, and when the rescue took place at Camp Clay nearly all had perished. The relief expedition had been placed under the command of Captain Schley, who took with him two Dundee sealers, the *Thetis* and the *Bear*, and Sir George Nares's old ship the *Alert*, which had been presented for the purpose by the British Government. After cruising about a little and finding the records Greely had left, Schley fortunately discovered the islet on which the last camp had been pitched. He was only just in time; seven of the men were alive. Had he been two days later all would have been lost.

A miserable sight it was that greeted Lieu-

tenant Colwell as he walked up to the tent which had been wrecked by the gale, and could only be opened by cutting a slit in its cover.

"It is not easy to give an idea of the desolate and horrible aspect of this bleak and barren spot as it looked to those who reached it on that memorable Sunday in June, 1884. In front lay the sea with its ice pack stretching away to the northward, and at the back the glaciers and rocky precipices of the mountains. On one side was the slope, with its rude graves, and on the other the deserted and roofless hut with the ice-foot below it; while between them was the wrecked tent in which lay the remnant of the expedition, half dead with cold and hunger and distress. Everywhere was the barren rock, except where the snow still lay deep in the hollows. There was no soil except the sandy disintegration of the rocks themselves, and but little of that. On the southern slopes here and there were little patches of flowering moss, the only vegetation that could find support in this Arctic wilderness. At the foot of the ridge lay the body of Schneider, who had died four days before, and whom the others had been too weak to bury. Everywhere around the hut and around the tent were scattered broken cans, rude cooking utensils, and tattered clothing."

After the stones had been lifted that kept down the flapping tent, the lieutenant en-

tered. "On one side, close to the opening, with his head towards the outside, lay what was apparently a dead man. His jaw had dropped, his eyes were open, but fixed and glassy, his limbs were motionless. On the opposite side was a poor fellow, alive to be sure, but without hands or feet, and with a spoon tied to the stump of his right arm. Two others, seated on the ground in the middle, had just got down a rubber bottle that hung on the tent pole, and were pouring from it into a tin can. Directly opposite, on his hands and knees, was a dark man with a long matted beard, in a dirty and tattered dressing-gown, with a little red skull-cap on his head, and brilliant staring eyes. As Colwell appeared he raised himself a little, and put on a pair of eyeglasses. 'Who are you?' asked Colwell. The man made no answer, staring at him vacantly. 'Who are you?' again. One of the men spoke up, 'That is the major—Major Greely.' Colwell crawled in and took him by the hand, saying to him, 'Greely, is this you?' 'Yes,' said Greely, in a faint broken voice, hesitating and shuffling with his words, 'yes—seven of us left—here we are—dying—like men—did what I came to do—beat the best record.'

And so he had. The best—and the worst. For outside lay the mutilated corpse of Henry with a bullet through it; and near by were six of the other corpses—all of which had been cut and "the flesh removed."

## BOY LIFE AFLOAT.

BY CAPTAIN H., LATE R.N.

### I.—CROSSING THE LINE.

THE old-fashioned saturnalia of Neptune's visit aboard vessels crossing the line is now but seldom met with, except in rare instances on sailing ships, the captains of which enjoy keeping up the ancient customs of "the good old days."

On board fast steamers, that are always driven full speed ahead, and are bound to make a quick passage or "bust," as the Americans say, they have neither time nor inclination for such frivolities, and in a few years the custom, now more honoured in the breach than the observance, will be as much a thing of the past as the belief in the Flying Dutchman, or in the ill-luck of sailing on a Friday. It is an open question even amongst its admirers whether it was ever of any real good, but there is no doubt that it formed a break in the tedium and monotony of a long voyage, and afforded much amusement to all concerned, excepting the victims themselves.

The following is the account of the writer's initiation some twenty-five years ago, and will be found a very fair representation of what the ceremony used to be; in some ships, of course, it was milder, and in others it was carried to a greater extreme.

We were on board a small corvette, and the men, having obtained permission from the captain, began making their preparations a day or two beforehand. There was a great deal of mystery maintained about the business, and some of the "green hands" were kept so much in the dark that they were not even aware that anything out of the common was about to occur.

We did not cross the line until about four bells in the forenoon watch (ten o'clock a.m.); and at noon, when this information was announced, certain mysterious smiles, nods, and winks were exchanged among those who were in the secret.

After dinner there suddenly came a hail from somewhere over the bows—most likely some fellow had climbed out on the rigging of the bowsprit for the purpose.

"Ship ahoy!"

"Hallo!" replied the captain, who was evidently expecting the summons and had remained on deck on purpose.

"What ship is that?" inquired the mysterious voice.

"H.M.S. H—r."

"Be good enough to heave to; I want to come on board."

The orders were immediately given, and the maintop sail yard was backed, and the ship hove-to.

Then from the other side of the fore course, where they had been attiring themselves, Neptune and his court made their appearance and walked aft.

King Neptune was disguised in a flowing oakum wig, well powdered with flour, on which rested a handsome tin crown, while a canvas mantle covered his shoulders, and he held a three-pronged harpo on in his hand.

By his side walked a sea man dressed as a woman, and supposed to be Amphitrite, his queen; she wore any amount of petticoats, a marvellously constructed bonnet, and a paper parasol.

She took short mincing footsteps, and pretended to be very modest and shy.

Behind them came the doctor with an exaggerated lancet, pill-box, and medicine bottle, the barber with a huge razor made out of a piece of hoop from a barrel, the barber's mate with a lather-pot and shaving-brush, both of Brobdingnagian dimensions, and a host of lesser tormentors dressed up to represent everything that could not be found on the face of the earth.

"Good day to your honour," exclaimed Neptune, bowing and scraping to the captain, "I've come on board to welcome you to my dominions—all right, Frigthy, yer needn't punch so, I'll interduce ye d'rectly—and this here's my missis, yer honour."

"Very pleased to see your majesties, I'm sure," answered the captain, with difficulty restraining a smile as Amphitrite gave a curtsey, "and what can I do for you?"

"Why, I heard as how your honour had got a lot of green uns aboard what had never

crossed the line afore, so I thought as how I'd like to make 'em free."

"Very good," said the captain, "and as you have evidently travelled some distance, perhaps you would not object to drinking the queen's health?"

Would a duck swim? The health was duly honoured, and then Neptune turned his attention to business.

While he had been addressing the captain his followers had been busy fixing up a little throne on the gangway, in front of which was a small seat for the prisoner, consisting of a plank, the ends of which rested on two barrels. Behind this had been arranged a large tarpauling, that had been shaped into a species of tank and filled with water, from two feet and a half to three feet deep in the centre.

Neptune and his queen having seated themselves upon the throne, the first victim was brought before them.

They began with the officers, and we all obtained our freedom at the price of a fee each. Next came the seamen, and then began the fun.

The routine was to seat the poor wretch on the plank, and then Neptune would remark, "I say, Frigthy, his hair's too long, ain't it?"

"Rather," the queen would reply, "and look at his beard."

Then the barber would be summoned and told to do his duty.

He would commence lathering the victim with a composition of soap, bilge-water, and every other abomination they could get hold of.

In the midst of this, Neptune would ask the poor fellow's name, and when he opened his mouth to reply the barber would fill it with the lathering composition, and then the plank being tipped up, he would be sent backwards into the water, where a couple of water-imps would see that he was properly washed—i.e., half-drowned—before he made his exit the other side.

Suddenly amid the laughter there arose a



cry of triumph, and in a few minutes a body of imps were seen dragging towards the throne no less a person than the master-at-arms. This person is the chief of the ship's police, and holds almost the equivalent rank of a superintendent ashore.

As it happened, this particular master-at-arms had greatly abused his power and made himself very unpopular on board, so much so that on one occasion the captain had been obliged to privately reprimand him for exceeding his duty. Therefore it may be imagined with what delight the men seized the opportunity of paying off some of their old scores.

"I protest!" yelled the master-at-arms, struggling furiously. "Remember I am the master-at-arms. I will not be treated in this disgraceful manner! I will report you all! This is shameful! I will not submit to it."

But he was obliged to, and at length he was firmly seated upon the plank of punishment and the lathering commenced.

But even that did not cause him to hold his peace, and with his eyes, nose, ears, and mouth full of lather, he continued to abuse and threaten his tormentors.

"You've got too much lather on, barber," called out Neptune, holding his sides with laughter, and then the barber produced his razor and commenced scraping the unhappy man until his cheeks must have been as sore as if they had been blistered.

If the reader can imagine what he would feel like after having been well rubbed with a nutmeg-grater for a quarter of an hour he will be able to sympathise with the feelings of the master-at-arms.

At last when the unhappy victim had nearly worked himself up into a state of

semi-raving lunacy they capsized him into the tank behind.

The attendant imps were not backward in their part of the business, and the unfortunate master-at-arms swallowed nearly as much salt water during the next ten minutes as he had fresh water ever since we left England.

At length he was allowed to make his escape, and disappeared down the hatchway. He was not seen again for the next three days, for he put himself on the sick-list and remained in seclusion. He tried very hard to ascertain who his tormentors were, but the secret was well kept and the names never leaked out.

Of course there was no more work done on board the ship that day.

(To be continued.)

## CHESS.

(Continued from page 510.)

### CONSULTATION GAME.

Played in February, 1885, between S. and S. (White), and H. M. (Black).

#### Irregular Opening.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P—Q 4	P—K Kt 3
2. P—K 4	B—Kt 2
3. Kt—K B 3	P—Q 3
4. B—Q B 4	B—Kt 5
5. P—K R 3	B×Kt
6. Q×B	P—K 3
7. P—B 3	Kt—K 2
8. B—K Kt 5	Kt—Q 2
9. Kt—Q 2	P—Q B 3
10. P—Q R 3	Castles
11. B—R 2	P—Q 4
12. P—K 5	P—B 3
13. P×P	Kt×P
14. Q—K 2	Q—Q 3
15. Castles, Q side	Q R—K sq.
16. P—B 3 (a)	Kt—B 4
17. Q—B 2	P—Kt 4
18. Kt—Kt 3 (b)	Kt—Kt 6 (c)
19. K R—K sq. (d)	

Which were the moves that enabled Black to win an officer in seven moves? This question is our

#### PROBLEM No. 105.

#### NOTES.

(a)—P—K Kt 4 would have been better.

(b)—White now tried to prevent Black's intention of playing P—Q R 4, but thus gave up the defence of the dangerous square at K 4.

(c)—White must now lose either the exchange or the Q B.

(d)—Safer to have taken the Kt with the B, for Black must now win the exchange or an officer in seven moves.

#### To Chess Correspondents.

"STALEMATE."—Your friend is right. The rule in your old book is no longer used. At present you do not lose, but draw, by placing your opponent into stalemate. If a King cannot move and is not in check, and if none of his men can move, then the game is a draw, and is counted half a point to each player.

CECIL B.—The following position would do. White: K a 5; L a 3; N f 1; O b 7, f 2; P a 2, b 6, d 4, e 6. Black: K d 5; O f 5; P f 3, f 6, f 7.

H. A. U.—Solutions correct.

#### REDUCED RATES FOR POSTAL ORDERS.

Readers desirous of helping on our Gordon Memorial Fund would do well to note the reduced rates at which Postal Orders are now obtainable. They are now issued as follows: 1s., 1s. 6d.— $\frac{1}{2}$ d. 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d., 4s., 4s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s., 10s. 6d.—1d. 15s., 20s.— $\frac{1}{2}$ d.

## THE "BOY'S OWN" GORDON MEMORIAL FUND.

(Continued from page 527.)

WE are happy to be able to report that the collecting cards are now being daily applied for, and a goodly number have already been furnished. At present we have not heard from many of the larger public and private schools; but every school, we should hope, would be in some way represented. The lads in our workshops and factories should also take up the matter with zealous interest.

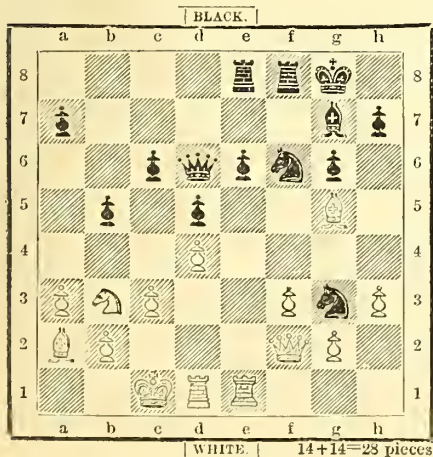
The "Model Yachtsman" for May, after quoting from our columns the particulars as to the object and scope of the Fund, remarks:—

"This explanation of the object is sufficiently explicit to enable us to understand that Gordon's well-known love for the young and helpless is through the aid of 'our boys' to be a perpetual fountain, still swelling forth, though he be dead, in blessed streams of assistance and succour for the oppressed and miserable. The Institution for Destitute Boys, or whatever form is actually decided on, will no doubt be all that Gordon could wish, and is a worthy object for the tribute of the Boys of Britain to the memory of that great Christian spirit. We should therefore recommend our youthful readers to send to the BOY'S OWN PAPER for a Subscription Card, and identify themselves with the 'Boy's Own' Gordon Memorial."

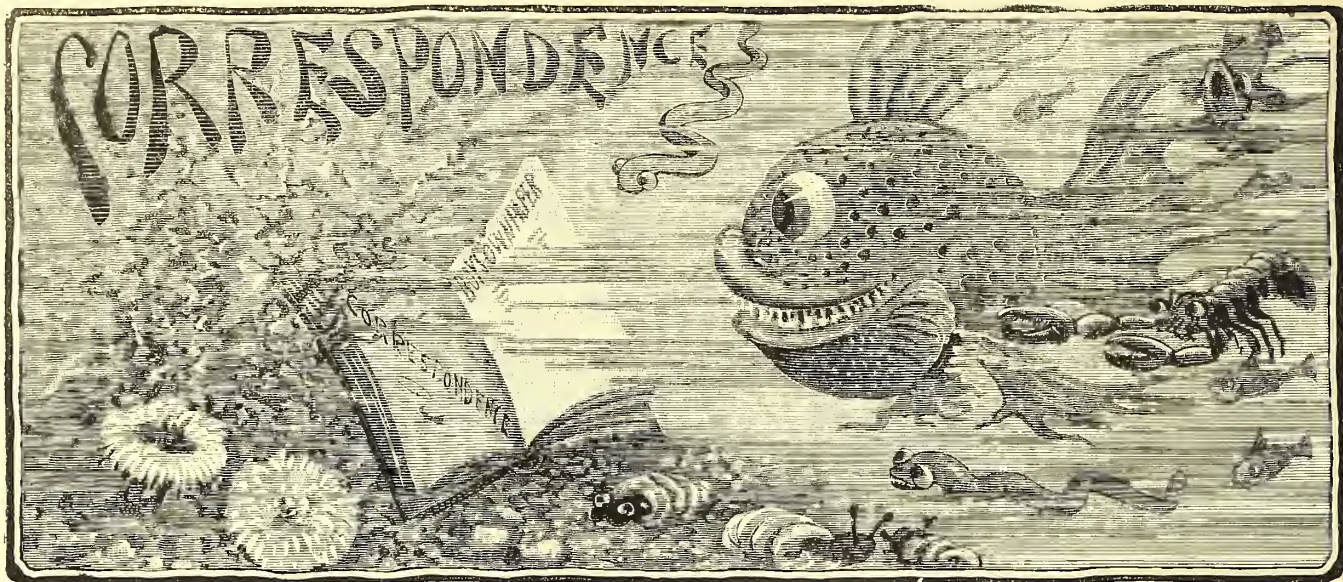
(Contributions received up to April 30.)

	£	s.	d.
"Cornish Chough" .. .. .	0	3	0
C. S. (Cookham) .. .. .	0	1	0
April 14.—Joshua Francis Wyatt, 1s.: Two Sisters, £3 .. .. .	3	1	0
April 16.—Per S. and H. Durrant .. .. .	0	15	0
April 17.—From the Boys of the Cordwainers and Bread Street Wards' School	0	10	0
April 20.—G. T., 5s.: Per A. Field, £1 8s. 11d. .. .. .	1	13	11
April 21.—C. Decker, 6s.; G. N. Laws, 1s. ..	0	6	0
April 23.—Per H. R. Clayson, £1 7s.: J. E. F., 1s. .. .. .	1	8	0
April 25.—Per W. H. Carter .. .. .	0	3	6
April 27.—Per Percy Sharp .. .. .	2	9	0
April 30.—Per S. and H. Durrant (second card), £2; Herbert E. Meade, 3s.; Robert Finlay, 6d. .. .. .	2	3	6

Carried forward .. .. £12 13 11







**ADHUC TIRO (Ayr).**—The Marjorie is a 68-tonner, designed by G. L. Watson. In 1884 she won ten first and five second prizes out of thirty-five starts, and the value of the prizes was £922. We have taken the liberty of quoting from your welcome letter about the catamaran.

**CONNAUGHT RANGER.**—Promotions from the ranks are very rare, but there is no examination.

**HOPE.**—The engineer students for the Navy are specially trained, and you are too old to enter. Your best plan would be to apply to the superintending engineer of one of the large steamship lines.

**J. C. P.**—Apply to the Institute of Civil Engineers. You will have to be apprenticed. There is an engineering school at the Crystal Palace which has a good reputation.

**A RUSSIAN (St. Petersburg).**—All the volumes are kept in print. "The Giant Raft" was in the third volume; "The Cryptogram," its sequel, in the fourth. Captain Cook was killed in 1779.

**PAUL MASCARENHAS.**—Go on a walking tour and wear a knapsack. That is the best cure for round shoulders. In the phrase, "Davy Jones's Locker," Davy = duffy, the nigger term for a ghost; and Jones = Jonah. Davy Jones is thus Duffey Jonah, and the meaning is that the man has gone to the place of safe keeping where Jonah was sent to.

**AJAX.**—We gave some notes on dumb-bells in the articles on Gymnastics in the second volume.

**DOUBLE DEMY.**—1. A man has a right to pronounce his name as he pleases, but the usual pronunciation of the word Marjoribanks is as you say, Marjbanks. 2. An ordinary Civil Service examination. For particulars apply to Cannon Row.

**C. P. I.**—1. The Greek system of numbers was a letter one, like the Roman, but quite different. The first nine letters of their alphabet represented the units—alpha for 1, beta for 2, etc.; the next nine the tens—iota for 10, kappa for 20; and the third nine for hundreds—sigma for 200, tau for 300, etc. A dash underneath stood for thousands, and an M multiplied the value ten thousand times. With regard to your opinion that the old systems answered every purpose that a reasonable person could require, perhaps you would like to extract the cube root of  $\delta\psi\omega\delta$  in the Greek numeration. 2. January from January, February from Februus, March from Mars, April from Aprilis, May from Maia, June from Juno, July from Julius Caesar, August from Augustus Caesar. September, October, November, December, seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth months.

**GULIELMUS.**—The Probate Registry has been removed from Doctors' Commons to Somerset House, and hence letters on the subject of wills go to Somerset House, no matter how addressed. Doctors' Commons is on the south side of St. Paul's Churchyard. To "common" is to dine together, and the place is so called owing to the doctors of civil law having to dine together there on certain days in the week, when the ecclesiastical courts were in session.

**H. H. C.**—A yorker is a full pitch or a volley—a ball that does not touch the grass until it has passed the popping-cress.

**G. W. F. WRIGHT.**—Gooseberry = gorseberry = rough berry. Strawberry = strewberry = the plant that strays (by throwing out its runners); hence Latimer's Strawberry Preachers = non-resident clergy, who strayed from their parishes.

**VIOLIN.**—To prevent the pegs slipping or sticking try Paralapsine, obtainable in fourpenny bottles, post free, from F. P. Fullbrook, 157, High Street, Hounslow. It is said to be most efficient. A little powdered resin is the usual remedy.

**CATAMARAN, BARNUM, and Others.**—Your doubts and queries as to the catamaran described in the part for last May are nearly all answered in the following letter from ADHUC TIRO (Ayr), just to hand:—"Five fellows here made a catamaran some time ago, according to the directions given in the BOY'S OWN PAPER, but as our finances were rather limited we could not construct it the full size. The pontoons were made of five-eighths lining, six and a half inches broad. The beams joining the pontoons were six feet long and two inches square, screwed down with strong hoop-iron. The sail we made of cotton-bags opened out and sewed together. The mast was stepped into a block of wood bolted to the deck and fore-beam. It was fitted with a sprit, and a stay on each side. We launched the craft on the Merchants' Holiday here. We went all right till we got in front of the mouth of the harbour, when we saw the tug bearing down on us, then we had to cut across the harbour to avoid it. The wind was beginning to blow pretty strongly from the south, and we were in a fair way to be blown off the coast. Our two paddles were of no use, so we had to run straight for the shore; however, we got in all right, and had a fine sail afterwards with a beam wind. I think the catamaran has not sufficient hold in the water to beat to windward; that is almost its only fault."

**G. R. Y. (Birkenhead)**—"Killiecrankie" and the "Island of the Scots" are by Professor Aytoun. You had better buy the "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers;" there are many editions published by Blackwood. The ballad of "Obadiah-bind-their-Kings-in-chains-and-their-nobles-with-links-of-iron" is by Lord Macaulay, and you will find it with his Lays.

**BOXER.**—Join the Cadet Corps of the London Rifle Brigade. For particulars, apply to the staff-sergeant, F. C. Ellett, 30, Southampton Row, High Holborn, W.C., or to the headquarters of the regiment. You can see the corps drilled in Guildhall on Tuesday and Friday evenings.

**UNCLE BILLY.**—Leave the old violin alone. The wearing off of the varnish by constant use is one of its chief recommendations.

**AN INQUIRER.**—You can obtain any coloured plate by buying the part containing it. We have had to reprint.

**F. C. POOLE.**—Skates with double runners have been tried on ice before, and proved failures. If you cannot skate on ordinary skates, you must strengthen your ankles till you can.

**BUTCHER.**—Persons in search of situations on ships should apply to the owners of the ships. If there is not a vacancy on one vessel of the line there may be on another.

**A. R. N.**—The cotton grass is one of the *Cyperaceae*—*Eriophorum*.

**J. W. ATRINSON.**—There were articles on the Magic Lantern in the February and March parts for 1884.

**W. F. U.**—The articles on Violin Making were in the November and December parts for 1882.

**J. M. (Leith).**—1. There is a shilling book on Canaries, published by Dean and Son. There are, besides, a two-shilling book, published by L. U. Gill, 170, Strand, on "General Management of Canaries;" another by him on "Exhibition Canaries;" and a five-shilling "Canary Book," containing the other two. 2. The varnish will do no harm.

**A READER OF THE "B. O. P."**—1. You can get "La Nature" from any bookseller. It is a French scientific paper, published weekly, and answers to our own "Nature." 2. "Adventures in the Air" were in the October part for 1883.

**CHRIS.**—You would find Spohr's Violin School as good a practice-book as any. But any music-seller would advise you.

**T. J. K.**—Give the scraps a coat of size first, and then varnish them with any clear varnish.

**W. H. SAUSSEN, JUN.**—1. Dumb-bells should never exceed two pounds in weight. If you want something heavier get Indian clubs. 2. Apply to Routledge or Warne. 3, etc. Too many questions.

**D. A. G.**—1. You could get them by enclosing the cost and a directed envelope. 2. The British coins circulate in all the colonies. There is a mint at Sydney.

**LONDONDERRY.**—The scientific name of the reindeer moss is *Cladonia rangiferina*.

**R. S. V. P.**—There is a life of Havelock by Marshman, and one of Wolfe by Parkman.

**NEMO.**—Your father's brother is your uncle, and it matters not when he was born.

**A YOUNG BLACKSMITH.**—The articles on Cardboard Modelling were in the fifth volume.

**PRINCE ARTHUR.**—There is no difficulty; the clause is self-explanatory. A gentleman is not a waterman or lighterman, nor does he ply, work, or navigate a wherry. Your reading would prevent your hiring a boat at a shilling an hour. You are neither a free-man of the Company nor an apprentice. Better leave Acts of Parliament alone.

**ONE ABOUT TO MAKE A FORTUNE** (and we hope he may, and use it properly, though riches are not everything).—The BOY'S OWN PAPER has an office in the Canadian capital.

**SWEET WILLIAM.**—Mr. Ballantyne's "Twice Bought" was in the fifth volume.

**W. R. K.**—1. The examination is supposed to be more difficult, hence the superior value of the degree. 2. There are so many exceptions that you had better get a calendar.

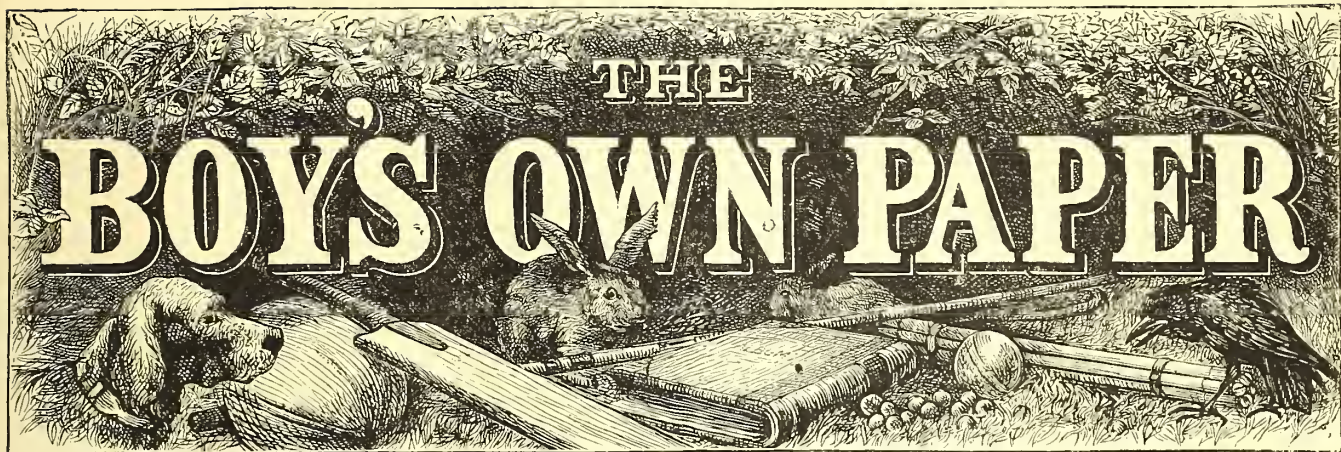
**AN IRISHMAN.**—The articles on Training were in the second volume. There were six of them, and they were in the July, August, and September parts.

**YOUNG BUCK.**—Catlin was an American. His works were his Letters, in two volumes, published in 1841; his "North American Portfolio of Hunting Scenes," published in 1844; his "Eight Years' Travel and Residence in Europe," published in 1848; and his "Life among the Indians," and "Okechah," published in 1867. All his books were illustrated. Schoolcraft was also an American, born 1793, died 1864, but more of a man of science. His Indian books were "Scenes in the Ozark Mountains," 1853; "Travels in the Mississippi Valley," 1825; "Expedition to Itasca," 1834; "The Iroquois," 1847; "The History of the Indian Tribes," 1847; "Talladega," "Oneota," "Thirty Years with the Indians," and "Indian Fairy Book," of which there are numerous editions.

**F. SUTHER.**—Not Creole, but Crele—Joseph Crele—"the oldest man in America," said to have been born at Detroit in 1725, died at Caledonia, Wisconsin, January 27, 1866. The date of his birth is arrived at from the record of his baptism in the French Catholic Church at Detroit. He married in 1755, and settled at Prairie du Chien. He was out with Braddock, and present at his defeat. A few years before his death he gave evidence as an eyewitness of events that took place eighty years before.

**AJAX THE SECOND.**—Better buy a small lathe to begin with. You could get a fairly good one for a couple of guineas. Apply for list to the Britannia Company, Colchester.





No. 333.—Vol. VII.

SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1885.

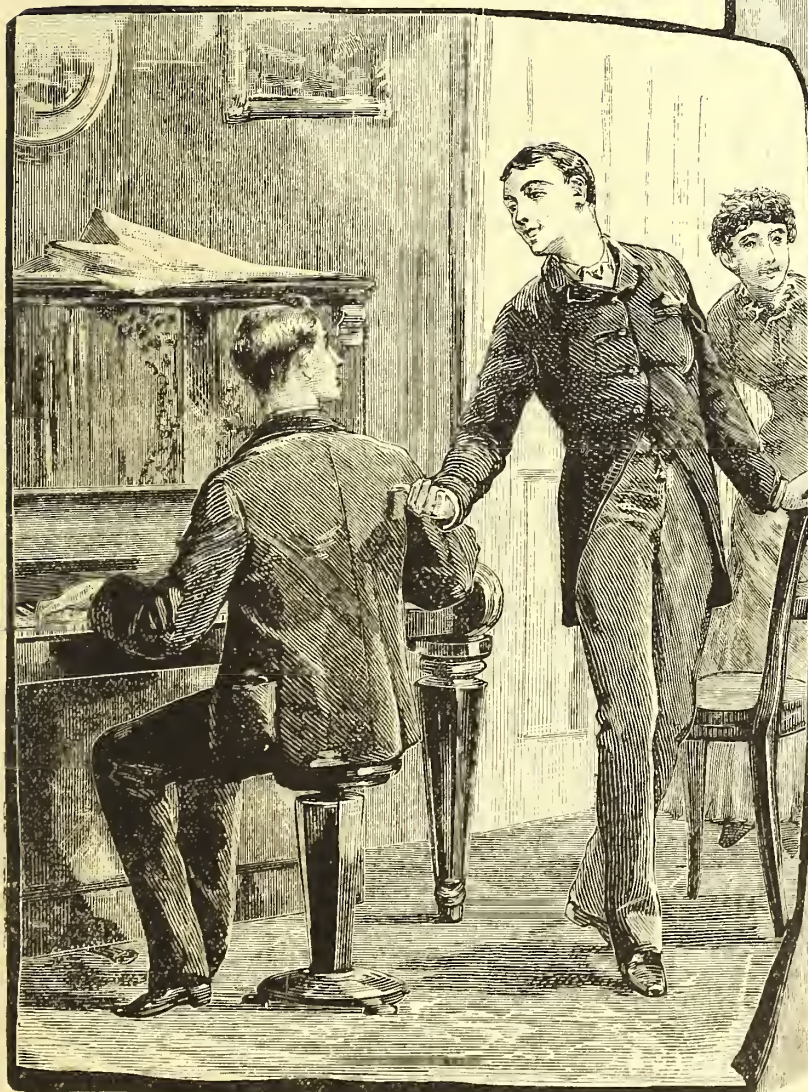
Price One Penny.  
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## REGINALD CRUDEN:

A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

BY TALBOT BAINES REED,

*Author of "My Friend Smith," etc., etc.*



### CHAPTER IX.—SAMUEL SHUCKLEFORD COMES OF AGE.

REGINALD, meanwhile, blissfully unconscious of the arrangements which were being made for him, spent as comfortable an evening as he could in the conviction that to-morrow would witness his dismissal from the "Rocket," and see

"Gave the Performer a dig in the back."



him a waif on the great ocean of London life. To his mother, and even to young Gedge, he said nothing of his misgivings, but to Horace, as the two lay awake that night, he made a clean breast of all.

"You'll call me a fool, I suppose," he said; "but how could I help it?"

"A fool! Why, Reg, I know I should have done the same. But for all that, it is unlucky."

"It is. Even eighteen shillings a week is better than nothing," said Reginald, with a groan. "Poor mother was saying only yesterday we were just paying for our keep, and nothing more. What will she do now?"

"Oh, you'll get into something, I'm certain," said Horace; "and meanwhile—"

"Meanwhile I'll do anything rather than live on you and mother, Horrors; I've made up my mind to that. Why," continued he, "you wouldn't believe what a sneak I've been already. You know what Bland said about the football club in his letter? No, I didn't show it to you. He said it would go down awfully well if I sent the fellows my usual subscription. I couldn't bear not to do it after that, and I—I sold my tennis-bat for five shillings, and took another five shillings out of my last two weeks' wages, and sent them half a sov. the other day."

Horace gave an involuntary whistle of dismay, but added, quickly,

"I hope the fellows will be grateful for it, old man; they ought to be. Never mind, I'm certain we shall pull through it some day. We must hope for the best, anyhow."

And with a brotherly grip of the hand they turned over and went to sleep.

Reginald presented himself at the "Rocket" next morning in an unusual state of trepidation. He had half made up his mind to march straight to the manager's room and tell him boldly what had happened, and take his discharge from him. But Horace dissuaded him.

"After all," he said, "Durfy may think better of it."

"Upon my word I hardly know whether I want him to," said Reginald, "except for young Gedge's sake and mother's. Anyhow, I'll wait and see, if you like."

Mr. Durfy was there when he arrived, bearing no traces of last night's *fracas*, except a scowl and a sneer, which deepened as he caught sight of his adversary. Reginald passed close to his table in order to give him an opportunity of coming to the point at once; but to his surprise the overseer took no apparent notice of him, and allowed him to go to his place and begin work as usual.

"I'd sooner see him tearing his hair than grinning like that," said young Gedge, in a whisper. "You may be sure there's something in the wind."

Whatever it was, Mr. Durfy kept his own council, and though Reginald looked up now and then and caught him scowling viciously in his direction, he made no attempt at hostilities, and rather appeared to ignore him altogether.

Even when he was giving out the "copy" he sent Reginald his by a boy instead of, as was usually his practice, calling him up to the table to receive it. Reginald's copy on this occasion consisted of a number of advertisements, a class of work not nearly as easy and far less interesting than the paragraphs of news which generally fell to his share.

However, he attacked them boldly, and, unattractive as they were, contrived to get some occupation from them for his mind as well as his hand.

Here, for instance, was some one who wanted "a groom, young, good-looking, and used to horses." How would that suit him? And why need he be good-looking? And what was the use of saying he must be used to horses? Who ever heard of a groom that wasn't? The man who put in that advertisement was a muff. Here was another of a different sort:

"J. S. Come back to your afflicted mother and all shall be forgiven."

Heigho! suppose "J. S." had got a mother like Mrs. Cruden, what a brute he must be to cut away. What had he been doing to her? robbing her? or bullying her? or what? Reginald worked himself into a state of wrath over the prodigal, and very nearly persuaded himself to leave out the promise of forgiveness altogether.

"If the young gentleman who dropped an envelope in the Putney omnibus on the evening of the 6th instant will apply to B., at 16, Grip Street, he may hear of something to his advantage."

How some people were born to luck! Think of making your fortune by dropping an envelope in a Putney omnibus. How gladly he would pave the floor of every omnibus he rode in with envelopes if only he could thereby hear anything to his advantage. He had a great mind to stroll round by No. 16, Grip Street that evening to see who this mysterious "B." could be.

"To intelligent young men in business.—Add £50 a year to your income without any risk or hindrance whatever to ordinary work.—Apply confidentially to Omega, 13, Shy Street, Liverpool, with stamp for reply. None but respectable intelligent young men need apply."

Hullo! Reginald laid down his composing-stick and read the advertisement over again: and after that he read it again, word by word, most carefully. £50 a year! Why, that was as much again as his present income, and without risk or interfering with his present work too! Well, his present work might be his past work to-morrow; but even so, with £50 a year he would be no worse off, and of course he could get something else to do as well by way of ordinary work. If only he could bring in £100 a year to the meagre family store! What little luxuries might it not procure for his mother! What a difference it might make in that dreary, poky Dull Street parlour, where she sat all day. Or if they decided not to spend it, but save it up, think of a pound a week ready against a rainy day! Reginald used to have loose enough ideas of the value of money; but the last few weeks had taught him lessons, and one of them was that a pound a week could work wonders.

"Apply confidentially." Yes, of course, or else any duffer might snatch at the prize. It was considerate, too, to put it that way, for of course it would be awkward for any one in a situation to apply unless he could do it confidentially—and quite right too to enclose a stamp for a reply. No one who wasn't in earnest would do so, and thus it would keep out fellows who applied out of mere idle curiosity. "None but respectable intelligent young men need apply." Humph!

Reginald's conscience told him he was respectable, and he hoped he was also moderately intelligent, though opinions might differ on that point. "Omega"—that sounded well! The man knew Greek—possibly he was a classical scholar, and therefore sure to be a gentleman. Oh, what a contrast to the cad Durfy! "Liverpool." Ah, there was the one drawback; and yet of course it did not follow the £50 a year was to be earned in Liverpool, otherwise how could it fail to interfere with ordinary business? Besides, why should he advertise in the "Rocket" unless he meant to get applications from Londoners?

Altogether Reginald was pleased with the advertisement. He liked the way it was put, and the conditions it imposed; and, indeed, was so much taken up with the study of it that he almost forgot to set it up in type.

"Whatever are you dreaming about?" said young Gedge; "you've stood like that for a quarter of an hour at least. You'll have Durfy after you if you don't mind."

The name startled Reginald into industry, and he set the advertisement up very clearly and carefully, and re-read it once or twice in the type before he could make up his mind to go on to the next.

The thought of it haunted him all day. Should he tell Horace, or Gedge, or his mother of it? Should he go and give Durfy notice then and there? No, he would reply to it before he told any one; and then, if the answer *was* unsatisfactory—which he could not think possible—then no one would be the wiser or the worse for it.

The day flew on leaden wings. Gedge put his friend's silence down to anxiety as to the consequences of yesterday's adventure, and did and said what he could to express his sympathy. Mr. Durfy alone, sitting at his table, and directing sharp glances every now and then in his direction, could guess the real meaning of his pre-occupation, and chuckled to himself as he saw it.

Reginald spent threepence on his way home that evening—one in procuring a copy of the "Rocket," and two on a couple of postage-stamps. Armed with these, he walked rapidly home with Horace, giving him in an absent sort of way a chronicle of the day's doings, but breathing not a word to him or his mother subsequently about the advertisement.

After supper he excused himself from joining in the usual walk by saying he had a letter to write, and for the first time in his life felt relieved to see his mother and brother go and leave him behind them.

Then he pulled out the newspaper and eagerly read the advertisement once more in print. There it was, not a bit changed! Lots of fellows had seen it by this time, and some of them very likely were at this moment answering it. They shouldn't get the start of him, though!

He sat down and wrote—

"Sir,—Having seen your advertisement in the 'Rocket,' I beg to apply for particulars. I am respectable and fairly intelligent, and am at present employed as compositor in the 'Rocket' newspaper office. I shall be glad to increase my income. I am 18 years of age, and beg to enclose stamp for a reply to this address. Yours truly,—REGINALD CRUDEN."

He was not altogether pleased with



this letter, but it would have to do. If he had had any idea what the advertiser wanted intelligent young men for he might have been able to state his qualifications better. But what was the use of saying "I think I shall suit you" when possibly he might not suit after all?

He addressed the letter carefully, and wrote "private and confidential" on the envelope; and then walked out to post it, just in time, after doing so, to meet his mother and Horace returning from their excursion.

"Well, Reg, have you written your letter?" said his mother, cheerily. "Was it to some old schoolfellow?"

"No, mother," said Reginald, in a tone which meant "I would rather you did not ask me." And Mrs. Cruden did not ask.

"I think," said she, as they stopped at their door—"I almost think, boys, we ought to return the Shucklefords' call. It's only nine o'clock. We might go in for a few minutes. I know you don't care about it; but we must not be rude, you know. What do you think, Reg?"

Reg sighed and groaned and said, "If we must we must;" and so, instead of going in at their own door, they knocked at the next.

The tinkle of a piano upstairs, and the sound of Sam's voice, audible even in the street, announced only too unmistakably that the family was at home, and a collection of pot hats and shawls in the hall betrayed the appalling fact, when it was too late to retreat, that the Shucklefords had visitors! Mrs. Shuckleford came out and received them with open arms.

"Ow 'appy I am to see you and the boys," said she. "I suppose you saw the extra lights and came in. Very neighbourly it was. We thought about sending you an invite, but didn't like while you was in black for your 'usband. But it's all the same now you're here. Very 'appy to see you. Jemima, my dear, come and tell Mrs. Cruden and the boys you're 'appy to see them; Sam too—it's Sam's majority, Mrs. Cruden; twenty-one he is to-day, and his pa all over—oh, 'ow 'appy I am you've come."

"We had no idea you had friends," said Mrs. Cruden, nervously. "We'll call again, please."

"No you don't, Mrs. Cruden," said the effusive Mrs. Shuckleford; "ere you are, and ere you stays—I am so 'appy to see you. You and I can 'ave a cosy chat in the corner while the young folk enjoy themselves. Jemima, put a chair for Mrs. C. alongside o' mine; and, Sam, take the boys and see they have some one to talk to 'em."

The dutiful Sam, who appeared entirely to share his mother's jubilation at the arrival of these new visitors, obeyed the order with alacrity.

"Come on, young fellows," said he; "just in time for shouting proverbs. You go and sit down by Miss Tomkins, Horace, her in the green frock; and you had better go next Jemima, Cruden. When I say 'three and away' you've got to shout. Anything'll do, so long as you make a noise."

"No, they must shout their right word," said Miss Tomkins, a vivacious-looking young person of thirty. "Come close," said she to Horace, "and I'll whisper what you've got to shout." Whisper, "'Dog,' that's your word."

Horace seated himself dreamily where he was told, and received the confidential communication of his partner with pathetic resignation. He only wished the signal to shout might soon arrive. As for Reginald, when he felt himself once more in the clutches of the captivating Jemima, and heard her whisper in his ear the mysterious monosyllable "love," his heart became as ice within him, and he sat like a statue in his chair, looking straight before him. Oh, how he hoped "Omega" would give him some occupation for his evenings that would save him from this sort of thing!

"Now call them in," said Sam.

A signal was accordingly given at the door, and in marched a young lady, really a pleasant, sensible-looking young person, accompanied by a magnificently-attired young gentleman, who, to Horace's amazement, proved to be no other than the melancholy Booms.

There was, however, no time just now for an exchange of greetings.

Mr. Booms and his partner were placed standing in the middle of the floor, and the rest of the company were seated in a crescent round them. There was a pause, and you might have heard a pin drop as Samuel slowly lifted his hand and said in a stage whisper.

"Now then, mind what you're at. When I say 'away.' One, two, three, and a—"

At the last syllable there arose a sudden and terrific shout which sent Mrs. Cruden nearly into a fit, and made the loosely-hung windows rattle as if an infernal machine had just exploded on the premises.

The shout was immediately followed by a loud chorus of laughter, and cries of,

"Well, have you guessed it?"

"Yes, I know what it is," said the pleasant young lady. "Do you know, Mr. Booms?"

"No," he said, sadly; "how could I guess? What is it, Miss Crisp?"

"Why, 'Love me love my dog,' isn't it?"

"Right. Well guessed!" cried everyone; and amid the general felicitation that ensued the successful proverb-guessers were made room for in the magic circle, and Horace had a chance of exchanging "How d'ye do?" with Mr. Booms.

"Who'd have thought of meeting you here?" said he, in a whisper.

"I didn't expect to meet you," said the melancholy one. "I say, Cruden, please don't mention—*her*."

"Her? Whom?" said Horace, bewildered.

Booms's reply was a mournful inclination of the head in the direction of Miss Crisp.

"Oh, I see. All right, old man. You're a lucky fellow, I think. She looks a jolly sort of girl."

"Lucky! Jolly! Oh, Cruden," ejaculated his depressed friend.

"Why, what's wrong?" said Horace.

"Don't you think she's nice?"

"She is; but Shuckleford, Cruden, is not."

"Hullo, you two," said the voice of the gentleman in question at this moment; "you seem jolly thick. Oh, of course, shopmates; I forgot; both in the news line. Eh? Now, who's for musical chairs? Don't all speak at once."

"I shall have to play the piano now,

Mr. Reginald," said Miss Jemima, making a last effort to get a word out of her silent companion. "I'm afraid you're not enjoying yourself a bit."

Reginald rose instinctively as she did, and offered her his arm. He was half-dreaming as he did so, and fancying himself back at Garden Vale. It was to his credit that when he discovered what he was doing he did not withdraw his arm, but conducted his partner gallantly to the piano, and said,

"I'm afraid I'm a bad hand at games."

"Musical chairs is great fun," said Miss Jemima. "I wish I could play it and the piano both. You have to run round and round, and then, when the music stops, you flop down on the nearest chair, and there's always one left out, and the last one wins the game. Do try it."

Reginald gave a scared glance at the chairs being arranged back to back in a long line down the room, and said,

"May I play the piano instead? and then you can join in the game."

"What! do *you* play the piano?" exclaimed the young lady, forgetting her dignity and clapping her hands. "Oh, my eye, what a novelty. Ma, Mr. Reginald's going to play for musical chairs! Sam, do you hear? Mr. Cruden plays the piano! Isn't it fun?"

Reginald flung himself with a sigh down on the cracked music-stool. Music was his one passion, and the last few months had been bitter to him for want of it. He would go out of his way often even to hear a street piano, and the brightest moments of his Sundays were often those spent within sound of the roll of the organ.

It was like a snatch of the old life to find his fingers once more laid caressingly on the notes of a piano; and as he touched them and began to play, the Shucklefords, the "Rocket," Omega, all faded from his thoughts, and he was lost in his music.

What a piano it was! Tinny and cracked and out of tune. The music was in the boy's soul, and it mattered comparatively little. He began with "Weber's last waltz," and dreamed off from it into a gavotte of Corelli's, and from that into something else, calling up favourite after favourite to suit the passing moods of his spirit, and feeling happier than he had felt for months.

But "Weber's last waltz" and Corelli's gavottes are not the music one would naturally select for musical chairs; and when the strains continue uninterrupted for five or ten minutes, during the whole of which time the company is perambulating round and round an array of empty chairs, the effect is somewhat monotonous. Mrs. Shuckleford's guests trotted round good-humouredly for some time, then they got a little tired, then a little impatient, and finally Samuel, as he passed close behind the music-stool, gave the performer a dig in the back, which had the desired effect of stopping the music suddenly. Whereupon everybody flopped down on the seat nearest within reach. Some found vacancies at once, others had to scamper frantically round in search of them, and finally, as the chairs were one fewer in number than the company, one luckless player was left out to enjoy the fun of those who remained in.

"All right," said Samuel, when the first round was decided, and a chair withdrawn in anticipation of the next;



"I only nudged you to stop a bit sooner, Cruden. The game will last till midnight if you give us such long doses."

Doses! Reginald turned once more to the piano and tried once more to lose himself in its comforting music. He played a short German air of only four lines, which ended in a plaintive, wailing cadence. Again the moment the music ceased he heard the scuffling and scampering and laughter behind him, and shouts of,

"Polly's out! Polly's out!"

"I say," said Shuckleford, as they stood ready for the next round, "give us a jingle, Cruden: 'Pop goes the Weasel,' or something of that sort. That last was like the tune the cow died of. And stop short in the middle of a line, anyhow."

Reginald rose from the piano with flushed cheeks, and said,

"I'm afraid I'm not used to this sort of music. Perhaps Miss Shuckleford—"

"Yes, Jim, you play. You know the way. You change places with Jim, Cruden, and come and run round."

But Reginald declined the invitation with thanks, and took up a comic paper,

in which he attempted to bury himself, while Miss Shuckleford hammered out the latest polka on the piano, stopping abruptly and frequently enough to finish half a dozen rounds in the time it had taken him to dispose of two.

Fresh games followed, and to all except the Crudens the evening passed merrily and happily. Even Horace felt the infection of the prevalent good-humour and threw off the reserve he had at first been tempted to wear in an effort to make himself generally agreeable. Mrs. Cruden, cooped up in a corner with her loquacious hostess, did her best too not to be a damper on the general festivity. But Reginald made no effort to be other than he felt himself. He could not have done it if he had tried. But as scarcely any one seemed afflicted on his account, even his unsociability failed to make Samuel Shuckleford's majority party anything but a brilliant success.

In due time supper appeared to crown the evening's delights. And after supper a gentleman got up and proposed a toast, which of course was the health of the hero of the occasion.

Samuel replied in a facetious County Court address, in which he expressed himself "jolly pleased to see so many friends around him, and hoping they'd all enjoyed their evening, and that if there were any of them still to come of age—(laughter)—they'd have as high an old time of it as he had had to-night. He was sure ma and Jim said ditto to all he said. And before he sat down he was very glad to see their new next-door neighbours. (Hear, hear.) They'd had their troubles, but they could reckon on friends in that room. The young fellows were bound to get on if they stuck to their shop, and he'd like to drink the health of them and their ma." (Cheers).

The health was drunk. Mrs. Cruden looked at Reginald, Horace looked at Reginald, but Reginald looked straight before him and bit his lips and breathed hard. Whereupon Horace rose and said,

"We think it very kind of you to drink our healths; and I am sure we are much obliged to you all for doing so."

Which said, the Shucklefords' party broke up, and the Crudens went home.

(To be continued.)

## IVAN DOBROFF: A RUSSIAN STORY.

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### CHAPTER XX.—FRAU VON STEINFELDT.

THE winter has crept on. The snows are lying so thick that where the footpath has been cut through the white mass on the boulevards a wall of nearly seven feet high is presented on either hand of the pedestrian.

The courtyards of the various houses (which, indeed, are important elements in the economy of the Russian houses) are well cleared of snow by the very industrious dvorniks, whose duties seem so manifold that we English, with all our "go," would be puzzled to get through half of them. One of these duties is to clear the courts of the snow, which is no easy task.

The first thing to be done when the heavy falls set in is to clear a pathway through the court for the various inhabitants of the house to approach the back entrances by which servants and tradespeople find access, and therefore the snow is shovelled off and flung in two heaps on either side. Periodically carts come and clear off this encumbrance of the court, and this is most vigorously done just after the thaw begins at the end of April. But besides this, after each heavy fall, there is almost of necessity a clearance of roads and pathways in the towns. Still, when the grand clearing begins in April thaw, there is hard work for shovel and pickaxe, for the successive layers of snow press heavily and still more heavily on the lowest stratum until this becomes a sheet of ice as hard and firm as marble.

At this time the frozen rivers break up, and huge blocks of ice are borne from the smaller streams to the grand waters of the big rivers that intersect Russia. Enough snow lies in the roads to afford

a good travelling basis to the sledges, which for so many months of the year are the chief means of transit. From the beginning of November until the thaw in April, generally speaking, no wheels are seen in the great towns, everything being moved on sledges, the only vehicles, save the few tram-cars, the railway-trains, and the Imperial state carriages for town use, which are on wheels.

The trial of Abrazoff for the suppression of Ivan's identity, wrongful detention of property, and other malpractices, has been concluded in Ivan's favour, for whose property Smirnoff has been named curator and administrator. But Ivan had implored him to provide for the wife and children of the malefactor, which he, greatly to his own disgust, has consented to do; for Ivan declared, on the day of the decision of the court, that unless something were done for them he would, on coming of age, make the whole over to Pavel.

To avert this—which, with Ivan's obstinate character, was far from unlikely—Smirnoff had visited Madame Abrazoff and had requested her to retain the town lodging which she now occupied, and to continue the education of her children on the same scale as before. But Madame Abrazoff declined to accept any alms from the "enemy of her house," as she called Ivan.

The cause had occupied a comparatively short time, for all the evidence had been conclusive. Brandt gained much reputation by his conduct of the whole affair, the real fact being that it was so clear a case that every attempt at defence broke down, and Ivan was triumphant.

Ivan's great object, now that winter had really set in, and the roads were covered with their mantle of smooth snow, through which—along certain beaten tracks, at least—the sledge would glide swiftly, and, but for the merry bells, noiselessly, was to visit Siberia, and, if possible, rescue his friend Annesie from the terrors of exile. His great trouble was Smirnoff's violent opposition to his going. He would not hear of it under any pretence whatever; nor was it until Madame Kakaroff said that she thought Ivan would "be missing" a third time unless permission were obtained, that he could be brought to listen to the idea for a moment.

At last, one day, after a long talk with that lady, he sent for Ivan and said to him,

"I hear some bad things of you, Ivan. You are, I understand, resolved to give me more pain than you have yet caused, and no person in this world has ever given me so much. You are bent on carrying out this mad scheme of going to Siberia, and even without my consent if you cannot go with it. How a boy like you can dare to set himself up against those who are older than himself—those to whom he owes everything—and bid defiance to their wishes, is more than I can understand. You have been rescued from worse than poverty, and raised to more than ordinary wealth. You are a mere child, and yet you have been treated like an equal by the most distinguished people of Russia. I have ever been a kind friend and father to you, and in return you do everything in your power to show your ingratitude. I have now

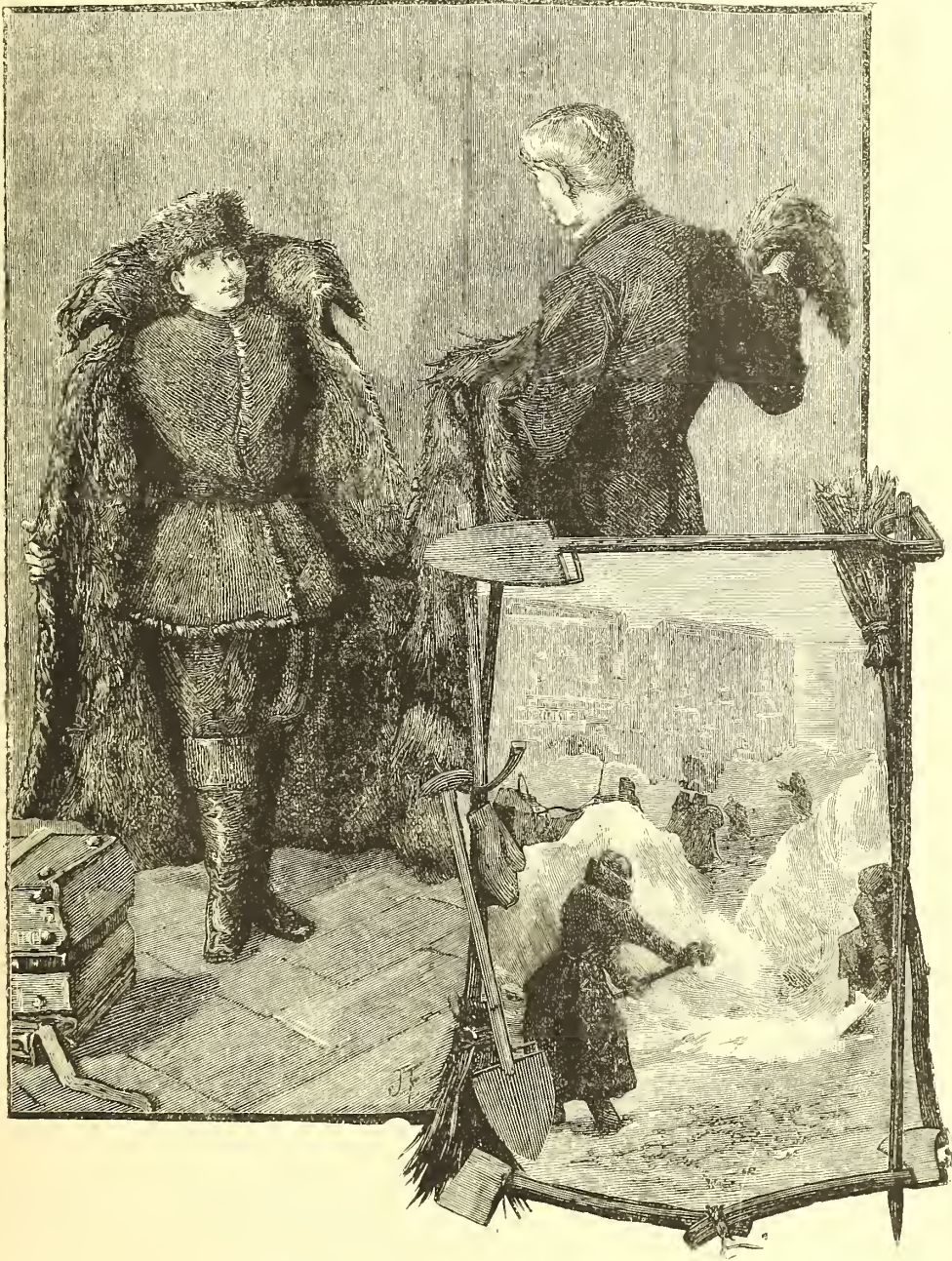


had enough; and I intend, as the most reasonable thing to be done with you, to place you as a boarder with Director Schwann, and to give him special charge over you. You will be allowed absolutely no liberty except during the summer vacation, which you are to spend with Tenterton in England. There you will be under his entire control."

felt rather unwell; I did not run away. It was fortunate in the end, because the police-officer found that I was the son of Captain Abrazoff, which was a great help, you know. And then Annie. Next to you, I owe everything to her. She preserved me from the cannibal, and though she *did* make me wear girl's clothes, I can forgive everything for her

uncle; you ought to invite them and ask them what they think. I shall want her to go with me, at any rate, so if she is against it I won't go. Ask her to talk it over with you, at least."

"It's of no use, Ivan. I cannot consent, as curator or guardian of a child, to expose him to such hardships and dangers. It cannot be!"



"Boxes were packed and fresh furs bought for the journey."

Ivan fell on his knees and clasped his hands in an agony of supplication. "Do not be so harsh with me," he pleaded. "I have, indeed, I have, tried to do my best with Mr. Tenterton. I have made progress in German, in French, and Latin, to everybody's satisfaction, only to please you. I did not run away from you of my own free idea; it was Serge Nicolaevitch who took me, and you know how I suffered in consequence. The second time I did not mean to run away. I slipped out in the evening because I

kind treatment afterwards. Pray let me go and save her from the mines. I can do it, I know, and then I will never ask you for any further indulgence. You know Karamsoff goes every year to Siberia. He goes ever so far by rail and the rest by sledge. I should not get into any mischief. People might think I was going for you, and I really understand travelling. Madame Kakaroff thinks I ought to go, so does Ivan Petrovitch, only he dare not say so. I want you to write to Annie's aunt, and to her

"But you need not give me permission. You allow me to pay a visit to the Steinfeldts, who were so good to me when I was sent away from the cannibal with Annie. She will take me with her, and you only give permission as far as Kursk, and if she takes me on with her, why, that is not your fault, is it?"

"I must repeat what I have said, Ivan. It is utterly out of the question."

Finding all persuasion useless, Ivan next thought he would try some other influence. He begged for a fortnight's



interval before being sent to Schwann as a pupil, professing the profoundest disgust at the idea. Fortunately for Ivan, the "manners and customs" of that gentleman were getting more and more talked about by the general public, and Smirnoff was not so anxious about the matter as he appeared to be, although he felt that under Schwann the boy would find escape impossible. He disliked Schwann as a man, although he fully believed in him as a disciplinarian. He had a desire to act as much as possible in conformity with Ivan's wishes. He was, like most Russians, anxious to please, and he really wished to make the path of learning a pleasant road for Ivan. An English guardian would have packed his ward off to school without any hesitation, and without in the least consulting his inclinations. But Smirnoff was more kind-hearted in his views, and thought that as Ivan would have to endure the treatment, the more endurable it was made for him the better. He readily promised the extension of time, and Ivan was so far victorious.

As soon as the time arrived for his walk with Tenterton he begged his friend (for such he recognised him to be) to take him to see Anna Feodorovna Kakaroff, and as her house was situated on the boulevard, and it was not too cold to walk, they bent their steps thither. They found the lady at home, to whom Ivan now communicated his plan, having seen Tenterton walked off by "His High Excellency."

"You see," said our hero, "I *must* go. No other boy can play the two parts. I have the passports all right enough now, and Egor Sergevitch has promised me letters to police 'swells' out there, and you can make Ivan Petrovitch do what you like. Only in the first place I want you to invite Annie's aunt. That would be delightful, because then she could walk off with me at once. Mr. Smirnoff could no more resist her than Pavel Abrazoff can resist sugar-plums at Binem's.\*"

"Well, I will at least write to this lady and tell her that there are certain persons in Moscow who take so great an interest in her niece that she ought to join the little party and add her aid to our united efforts in the cause. I think she may come."

"Think! I am sure of it," said Ivan; "and when she comes I will undertake to make her do what is right. Tell her that I am in it. But there is another thing that we must do—we must find out the part of Siberia where Annie is and the number which she has received instead of the name, which does not accompany prisoners over the border."

Within a week matters were carried out pretty much as Ivan had suggested. The plan worked well. The Steinfeldts had arrived by special invitation; Mr. Smirnoff was won over; for Madame Steinfeldt said she would go too. She thus explained the matter to Ivan's guardian:

"Do you think that I could countenance his being sent, child that he is, into the interior of Siberia, to run all possible risks there and on the journey? Why, he would never come back alive! But I undertake the expedition, and Ivan only goes out as my

companion and aid, for without him I am powerless. I trust you will allow him to go. I am the mother of a family of children, and yet my husband gives me leave to attempt the rescue of my sister's child; and, after all, Ivan has no such sacred ties as that to bind him to his home. His actual relatives have shown themselves all along his worst enemies. His two friends are yourself and Annie. It is hard if the one refuses to allow him to help in rescuing the other. Every moment is precious, and we have already lost time enough. I shall ask the general for letters of introduction to the governor of the district. I shall travel well attended, and in the best manner, on my own account as well as Ivan's, and I am sure to have aid in regard of the passports for myself and children."

Even Smirnoff was pleased with having seen reason to yield, knowing how much Ivan's heart was set upon getting off to Siberia. He dreaded driving him to open rebellion, or to the step of "running away," although he judged that the boy's feeling of honour and sudden determination to stick to the truth at all hazards would prevent his taking such a step after promising not to do so unless very high pressure were used. So Ivan was kept in ignorance of the arrival of Herr and Madame von Steinfeldt until the evening when he was to meet them at Smirnoff's.

"You know, Ivan," said Smirnoff, as they were sitting together on a sort of committee of ways and means—"you know that you *could* not have gone alone, nor would it have been of the slightest use, for prisoners, I find, in Siberia are not permitted to see mere friends and acquaintances. They are only allowed to receive actual *relations*, so that unless Frau von Steinfeldt had gone with you there would have been no chance whatever of your seeing Annie at all. You would have been taken up on suspicion, and have ended your days in prison. I say nothing of the cruel disappointment to me which your loss would have occasioned, the care wasted, and the hopes of your future all brought to nought. Your going with Madame Steinfeldt will remove the difficulty, inasmuch as she will be permitted to see Annie, and will probably have to present you to the authorities as one of her sons, in which case fresh passports must be provided, and this must be done at the office of the governor-general, whose secretary, Mr. Levinski, will do everything necessary at my representation."

Von Steinfeldt did not very cordially approve of the Siberian expedition, but his wife never had any other sister than Annie's mother, of whom she was passionately fond, and he was reluctant to place any difficulties in the way of her seeing—and, if possible, saving—this beloved sister's child. Von Hohenhorst had been a fashionable dandy guardsman in the days of his youth, and his wife's family had strongly objected to the marriage at first, but on the death of his father he had inherited a large fortune, left the service, and settled down, as he said, as a quiet country gentleman, looking after his land. He renewed his offer, and was accepted, but soon after his marriage he gave way to gambling. The young bride was not long in the enjoyment of her happiness. The lands were sold, and von Hohenhorst was a pauper. A house in St. Petersburg wanted at this

time a confidential German clerk, and von Steinfeldt had recommended his wife's brother. Von Hohenhorst accepted, and went to St. Petersburg, where, however, it was found, after two years, that he had falsified the books and had embezzled large sums of money. To screen his wife's family von Steinfeldt had induced the principals to forbear prosecuting on condition of their receiving from him the missing sums of money, which were paid. Annie was about ten years of age when this took place, and she was left an orphan by the death of her mother. Frau von Steinfeldt wished to take the little girl into her family and adopt her as one of her own, but the girl was passionately attached to her father, and could never see anything but good in the wretched outcast, who, however, had the one virtue of being as passionately devoted to her. Hohenhorst had now become connected with revolutionists and anarchists—people who are to society what wolves and other beasts of prey are among the flocks and herds. When Hohenhorst joined this fraternity von Steinfeldt had heard of it in some way, and had begged him to change his name on account of his wife's family, which he actually had the consideration to do, assuming that of Hermann. How he lived it was impossible to say, but he joined the gang of evil-doers infesting Moscow, and besides the graver crime of attempting the destruction of the national government, he was concerned in various great robberies, which had thrown the police into perfect consternation.

"As," said Steinfeldt, "the expedition is for the good of my wife's family, I cannot think of accepting any pecuniary help from Mr. Smirnoff, or, indeed, from any other friend of Ivan's. The whole undertaking becomes mine in right of my wife, whose expenses I alone can pay. The generous aid offered by Ivan we accept most cheerfully, but we cannot accept money."

"But," said Smirnoff, "I cannot let him travel at your expense, and so I propose that we divide the expense between us. In fact, that will be the only condition of my full permission."

After some talk this arrangement was definitely agreed upon as final. Both Ivan and Madame von Steinfeldt agreed that the winter journey would be best, and preparations were to be commenced at once. With this resolution the party broke up.

Kakaroff promised letters and support, while much was expected from the introductions to be furnished by Captain Malutin, who had been astonished at finding himself promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, with full pay and appointments. Things are so wonderful in Russia! Boxes were packed and fresh furs bought for the journey, although it was fortunately not a very cold winter.

It was decided to travel by railway as far as possible, and no one can imagine who has not experienced it what luxurious travelling it is in Russia. The time was decided on and all preliminaries were arranged; but so important a step as a journey to Siberia is not to be treated at the far end of a chapter, so we propose to resume the account of Ivan's adventures in a new one.

(To be continued.)

\* A celebrated maker of sweets in Moscow.



## TOM STANTON: A STORY OF COUNTRY LIFE.

## CHAPTER II.

THE next morning Tom slept late, in spite of repeated calls from the other boys, whose rooms were near his. Prayers were over, and the servants were just leaving the dining-room as he jumped the last few steps of the stairs into the hall. Mrs. Stanton was making the tea, and received his excuses kindly. Jack was sitting on the floor by a window with his dog in his arms, while Bertie was kneeling on a chair with his elbows on the table, and was talking earnestly to his father, who seemed amused.

"Let your father read his paper, Bertie," cried Mrs. Stanton.

"But, mother, this is something really important; we may never have such a chance again!"

"What is it?" asked Tom, going towards Jack.

"Why, an old building that has been used for all sorts of things is to be pulled down to-day, and we want to take Snap down there. The men say the place is swarming with rats, and there will be a lot of dogs to catch them. Father doesn't much care for us to be there, but I think it will be fun, don't you?"

"Rather!" said Tom. "Let us hurry. How soon do they commence?"

"Oh, they are at it now, I suppose; but the things won't begin to run yet. I think father will let us go, and we shall be in very good time!"

Down at the farm they found a good many men assembled watching the demolition of the old building. Some outsiders, having heard of what was going to be done, had arrived in expectation of the fun, bringing with them a strange variety of curs, which, although held in cords by their owners, stiffened their backs and growled at each other, even breaking sometimes into open warfare. There was a good deal of noise and dust, and much rough joking on the part of the men; but, on the whole, it was an animated scene, and the boys found it very amusing. Many hands being at work, the walls began to come down very quickly; and presently out of a thick cloud of dust there came a cry of "Look out, down there!" followed by a snap from one or two of the captive dogs, and an exclamation of "Cot away!" from some of the men. Then the curs were loosed by their several owners, and, apparently quite aware of what was expected from them, wandered round the heaps of bricks and mortar with ears and tails erect and sharp watchful eyes. Soon they had plenty to do, and nobly did old Snap distinguish himself, being urged on and applauded by the boys.

Amongst the spectators was a man who had brought a very ugly but clever terrier, which had done great execution with the air of an expert. His owner kept his eye on the dog, but appeared to regard all that went on more as a matter of business than amusement. He was a strange-looking fellow with very light hair and a red sunburnt face marked with the smallpox, and was clothed in shabby grey cords and gaiters, with a faded green coat and a red handkerchief wound tightly round his neck.

As the excitement began to slacken he drew near Jack, and, watching for a

glance of recognition, touched his cap obsequiously.

"Hullo, Bart, is that you?" remarked Jack, carelessly.

"Yes, Mr. Jack, it's me, and glad I am to see you two gents home again." Then drawing nearer, "Nothing in my way to-day, squire, I suppose?"

"No, nothing," said Jack, turning away.

"Because supposing you wanted a rabbit or a guinea-pig as would do you credit, or a squirl, or a pair of mice as white as milk, I know where I could lay hands on them—for you, sir, not for every one."

"No; I am getting tired of things like that. You must invent something new, Bart, if you want me to buy."

"All right, squire. You wouldn't like a little real sport with beauties like them, now, would you?"

"Ferrets?" exclaimed Jack, as two long, slim, white things were tenderly produced from the recesses of the other's waistcoat.

"Ferrets they are, and there isn't a many things in their own line as could escape them, if I give 'em the chance. Please to be careful, sir; they're apt to be a little spiteful with strangers. But there, what a treat it is to see them animals bolt their game. There ain't a prettier sight on earth. Say the word, squire; shall it be to-day?"

Jack looked round while the hoarse voice continued to speak. Bertie was not to be seen; but Tom was standing near, and turned quickly as he heard his name called.

"Look here," Jack said, and pointed to the snake-like creatures struggling in their owner's hands. Bart again touched his cap and expatiated on the merits of his pets, while Tom wondered and admired. He caught at the suggestion of sport, and eagerly proposed that they should accept Bart's offer.

Jack looked uncomfortable.

"I don't know whether father would like it," he said. "Just wait here a minute, Bart. I wonder where Bertie is?"

While looking round for his brother Jack explained to his cousin that, as Mr. Bart did not bear the most unblemished character, Mr. Stanton very much objected to the boys having dealings with him. "He is so useful that the men about here like him to come sometimes, so father does not forbid it; but I am sure he would never let us go anywhere with him."

"What a nuisance!" grumbled Tom. "That is always the way when one wants to do anything very much. Things that one likes always seem to be wrong."

"Yes, don't they?" said Jack, kicking the stones in front of him. "I want awfully to see some ferreting, but I know it wouldn't be the least use asking father."

"I suppose not. But I say, don't you think, for once, we might go without asking him?"

Jack reddened. "I shouldn't like to; and we should get into such a row afterwards when he knew it."

"Yes; but I mean, I don't see why he

should know it. Can't we just go for an hour or so this afternoon, and say nothing about it?"

"No, Tom; I don't think we can."

"I declare I must see those ferrets at work. It's capital fun, I know; and what can be the harm? We need not have anything more to do with that fellow afterwards. Oh, I say, Jack, let us manage it somehow!"

"We can't, Tom; it isn't possible. Bertie would tell you so, too, if he were here."

"Well, look here. Suppose I go and ask Bertie what he thinks? He is a good little chap, and won't split."

"Split! No; but he will say the same as I do."

"At any rate, I can go and speak to him. Just wait here a minute till I come back."

Jack sat down on a log of wood and looked gloomily at the ground. The suggestion that they should secretly do a thing so contrary to his father's wishes had disturbed him deeply. He, too, longed for the amusement offered, and sat thinking about it until he felt as if it were the only thing worth doing. As Tom said, there seemed nothing really wrong about it, and perhaps his father would not mind much when it was all over.

When Tom came back, with Bertie beside him, Jack looked inquiringly at his brother. The little fellow's face was clouded, and he listened in silence to his cousin's eager explanations.

"Yes, of course it would be fun," he said, at last; "but we can't do it, can we, Jack?"

"I don't know," said Jack, slowly; "I suppose not."

"Father would never allow us, so what is the use of thinking about it?"

"Oh, Bertie, shut up!" said Tom, impatiently. "We know that as well as you do. We want you to think of some way of managing it."

"Well, I can't, then! And if I were you I should stop thinking about it."

"Thank you for nothing!" said Tom, turning away impatiently as Bertie ran off again.

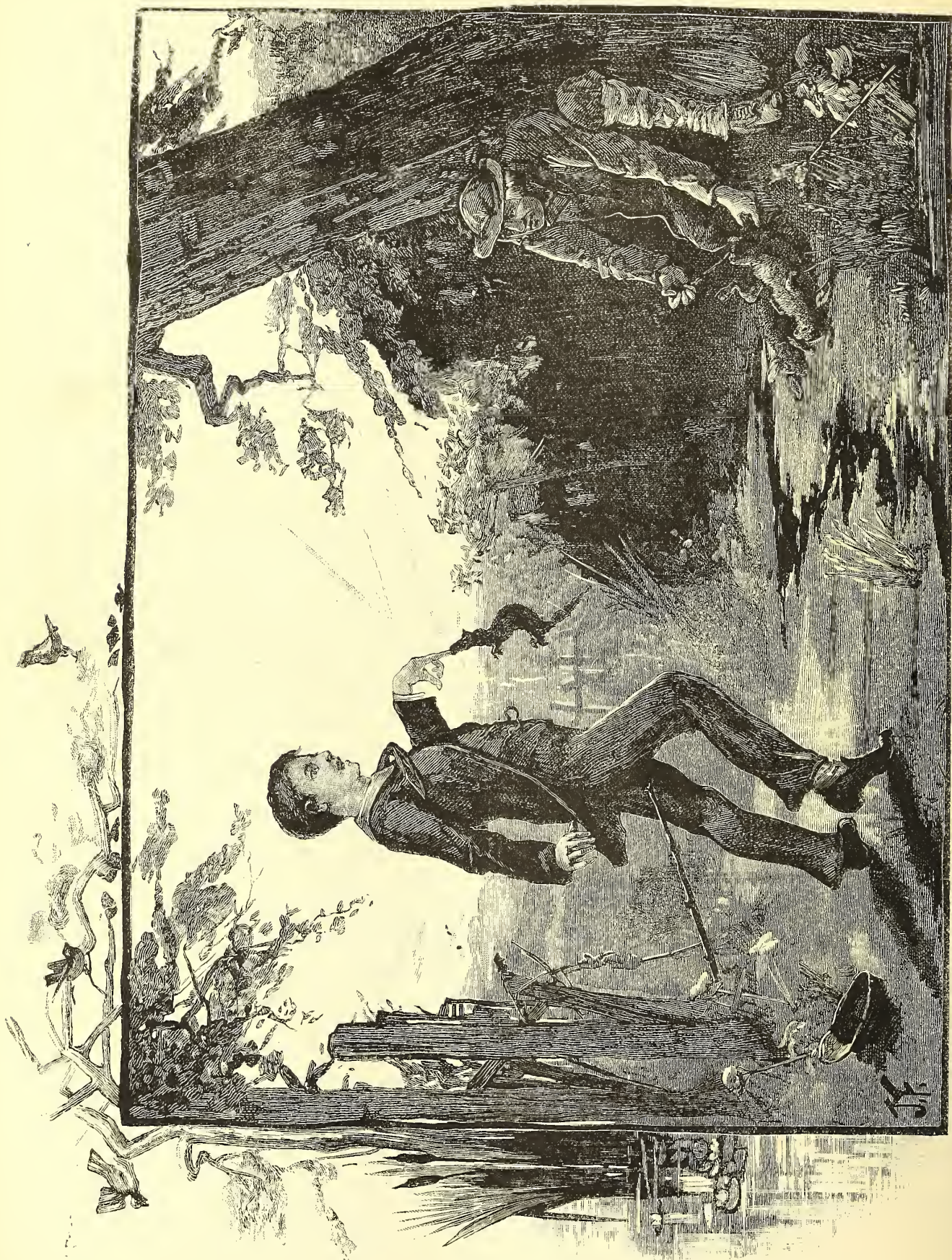
He was in a fever of impatience. Brought up as he had been by a father who idolised him and granted his every wish, he had never learnt to relinquish his own plans at the desire of those wiser than himself. Surrounded too long by the falsehood and servility of Indian servants, he had missed the wholesome training which makes a boy shrink from deceit as from dishonour. His lips lent themselves readily to something that was not quite the truth, and Jack's hesitation now only appeared to him a want of daring quite unworthy of a fellow with any pluck.

Going back to Bart, who was whistling to his ugly terrier, Tom entered into an eager conversation, after which dog and master withdrew in the slinking, agile manner of their kind, and Tom sauntered back to where his cousin was still sitting.

"Well, have you made up your mind?" he asked, with a slightly contemptuous smile.

"Yes, I have," said Jack, rising.





"There was a shout from Tom."



"You will go?"

"No; not I!"

"All right, then; there is no use in saying anything more about it. Your father will be out this afternoon, won't he?"

"Yes, and mother too. They are going to drive into the town, and dinner will be half an hour later."

"That's splendid. I like a good long afternoon," and so speaking the boys went slowly back to the house.

After lunch Tom left his cousins on some excuse and did not return. While seeing their father and mother start the boys did not miss him, and it was only after some time that his prolonged absence struck them as strange. No answer

coming to their shouts, and his room being empty when they looked in, they wandered down to the farm, expecting to find him amusing himself with the animals there.

But in the meantime Tom had run off to join Bart, who had been waiting for him under a large hollow oak-tree in a remote corner of the park. Together they made their way to some hedgerows, where Tom enjoyed the pleasure which he had longed for to its fullest extent. Hour after hour passed in ever-growing excitement, and when one of Bart's snake-like hunters entered a burrow the boy watched and listened with the same eagerness as the ugly terrier which took a share in the sport.

At last the lengthening shadows reminded Bart that evening was approaching, and that he had far to go; and, turning to his companion, he suggested that it was time to return.

Tom said "All right" rather reluctantly, and took up the ferret in his hands while Bart was making arrangements for the concealment of the dead rabbits.

The man was just saying, "Don't you attempt to take the line off his neck yourself, sir," when there was a shout from Tom. For a moment the ferret was seen hanging to one of his fingers, then it dropped off, and disappeared rapidly into a rabbit-hole.

(To be continued.)

## ON SPECIAL SERVICE: A NAVAL STORY.

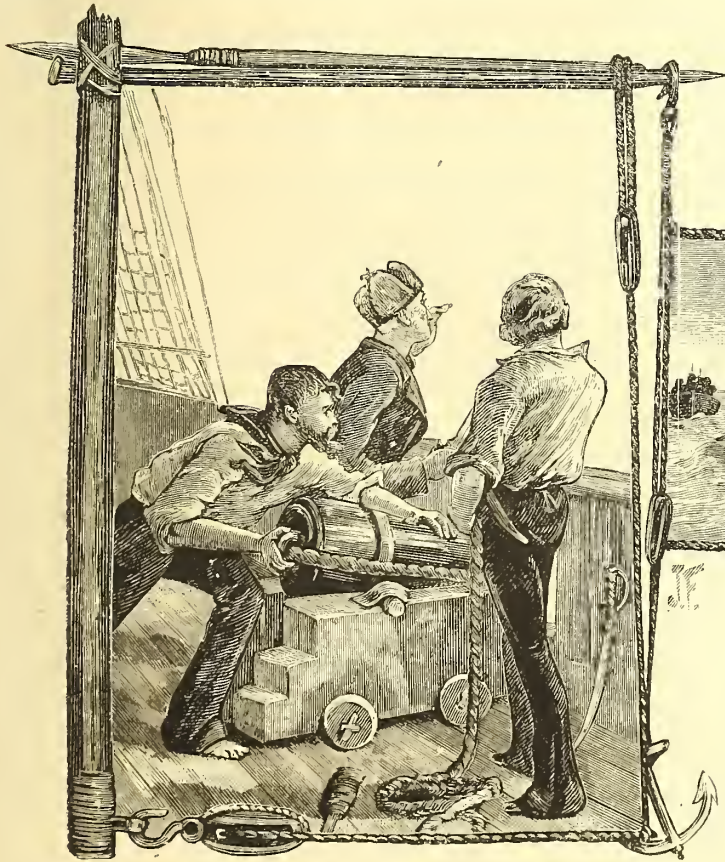
BY GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.,

Author of "The Cruise of the Snowbird," "Stanley O'Grahams," etc.

### CHAPTER VIII.—THE ROMANCE OF A LIFE.

"YOUR uncle, Colin McLeod," continued Mr. Mildmay, "was a favourite with every one and everywhere. It is

satisfied with any officer, and even when they are they do not often take the trouble to say so.



"Nearer and nearer came the Armed Boats."

hardly too much to say that the men in his ship all but worshipped him, while his officers not only respected their captain, but were proud of him. The admiral of the fleet had said more than once he could trust Captain Peter and his bold Bellona to do anything, and, strange though it may seem, the Admiralty at home were satisfied with all he did do. This is really strange, because Admiralties are seldom or never

"You may be sure we had plenty of fighting while we belonged to the old Bellona, both in her and out of her, both afloat and ashore.

"Captain Peter prided himself on the proficiency in drill which his crew had attained. 'They are not only fine sailors,' he would say, 'but they are jolly good soldiers. Can't be beaten, in fact.'

"I remember your uncle making use of these very words to a small intensely

respectable-looking agricultural baronet that, with his wife and family, we had saved from the Russians; we had rescued them from a sinking yacht.

"Splendid soldiers they are, sir!" said Captain Peter. "Now," he added, "I am going on shore to-morrow morning at daybreak. You can rise early, I dare say, sir?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply; "at any hour almost."

"Good!" said the honest captain. "I'm going to capture a small fort in here. You shall go with us, Sir George. It will be a treat for you, and you will then see what kind of soldiers the sailors of the Bellona are."

"Me go with you!" cried Sir George, forgetting his grammar in his excitement.

"The old Bellona was engaged on special service. She wasn't a very fast sailer, but it is wonderful, after all, what we did with her. We were here, there, and everywhere, one day acting as con-



voy to a fleet of our own merchantmen—for there were pirates in those days in the Levant—next fighting a Russian frigate, and next probably on shore storming a fort.

"Those were stirring times, I can tell you, and some of the scrapes your uncle got into would have been both sad and serious had it not been that he invariably managed to get out of them all in the neatest manner imaginable. Yes, we had lots of fighting, and—although we never complained—short commons. Very often we had nothing for dinner but weevily biscuits, and what we left was fried in a little dripping for supper. The excitement carried us through, but we were all pretty war-worn.

"War-worn, but not weary. Not a bit of it! Only with the exception of the cook, who, the men said, kept up the rotundity of his person by licking the soup-ladle, there wasn't a single ounce of spare fat on any of us, from the captain to the cabin-boy. We looked positively gaunt, with semi-sunken eyes, brown skins, and high cheekbones. But our muscles were steel, our sinews like strips of machinery belts.

"At the time, then, that the Russian prize was retaken and I and my poor fellows made prisoners I was what your athletes would call in fine form, but rather under weight. The long journey inland and my sufferings by the way—for our escort was a sergeant fellow and a troop of irregular, *very* irregular, cavalry, none of whom understood a word of English—did not tend to improve my condition. You may fancy, then, how glad I was to find myself once more under a hospitable roof. And my mind was all the more easy in that the commandant of the fort had not only promised to look well after the comforts of my men, but to endeavour to effect an exchange of prisoners at as early a date as he could.

"You look, though," he added, kindly, "as if you really needed a rest, and a few months among our bracing hills will make another man of you."

"There is never any good growling, Colin, though sailors are—so they say—seldom perfectly pleased with anything under the sun, so I soon settled down to my new life, and I came in time to love it. I almost wondered how I could have been enamoured with the excitement of the existence I had previously to this been leading. The country all around the lake was exceedingly beautiful, and as wild and romantic, Colin, as any of your own Scottish glens.

"But, Colin McLeod, I may as well tell you now, although you are far too young to understand me, I fell in love with the daughter of my kind-hearted hostess, the lovely and accomplished Ana Loréna, and, sailor-like, I fear I did so from the very first moment I saw her. The commandant and I came upon her and her mother, the Señora Loréna, quite unawares. In fact, the Russian officer stalked quietly up to the casement window smoking his cigarette, and I followed. Anetta, as he called her, did not perceive me, for I was hidden by the roses that clustered around the verandah; so she merely gave one upward glance at the commandant, and a smile so sweet I had never seen on a face before—and went on with her song, a very tender one, a very plaintive one, called 'Juanita.'

"I know it," said Colin.

"Then some day you must sing it to me. It will restore to me for a time the feelings of days long gone by, of days that were to me the happiest in all my existence. The name Loréna will strike you as being a Spanish one. My hostess was of Spanish extraction, but theirs was a very sad story. They came, or rather they had been brought, from Lima, in South America. You have never been there yet, but I have, and faint would be there again. But something tells me that I shall not live to visit that fair city any more, and this is my chief reason for confiding to you the history of the romance of my life.

"Lima is to my thinking the most charming city in the world; the scenery all about it is an earthly paradise. Alas! that it should be the scene of so much dissension and strife and periodical outbursts of war and rebellion!

"Señor Loréna had lived long in this city, and had amassed wealth, but, tired at last of the continual excitement, he determined, with his wife and only daughter—only child, in fact—Ana, to take passage to England, and there end his days in peace and quiet.

"He changed most of his bills and coupons for specie, with which he embarked in a small brig hailing from Glasgow, which he had chartered to take him to Europe, and the voyage was commenced. Little did he know then that war had broken out betwixt England and Russia. To his sorrow he knew but too soon.

"But the first part of the voyage south was all peace and pleasure; the weather and the winds were favourable. They were in the trades. The brig sailed well, and there was every prospect of a prosperous and happy voyage. One day, however, when off the wild, barren shores of Bolivia, with the land in sight and every stitch of canvas set, a large, long, raking vessel hove in sight round the point. She, too, was under sail, and from her appearance would draw at least double the water the brig did. The captain did not like her looks, and, with all his wealth on board, Señor Loréna was exceedingly nervous.

"As the large ship altered her course and bore down towards them, and as presently a ball of smoke rose up from her bows, and a shot tore past the brig's stern, they concluded she was a pirate. To fight was out of the question. Their safety lay in getting well in shore, where the other vessel could not follow them. So the brig was kept away, and two men put in the chains, lest she might run suddenly on shore. It was a strange race—a race for safety—a race for life itself.

"As the wind blew directly towards the shore, the sea broke in great rollers with all the force of the wide Pacific right upon the long low sandy beach. To ground anywhere among these would be fatal. They had the satisfaction at last, however, of seeing the great ship lie-to. She would not venture farther, and presently the brig herself cast anchor. It would soon be night, and as there was no moon, they hoped to slip away in the darkness.

Several shots were fired by the enemy, who now displayed the Russian flag, but every shot fell short. Much to the consternation of those in the brig, boats were

now seen to be lowered, no less than four of them, and were soon swiftly speeding over the water towards the brig.

"Let us fight!" cried Loréna.

"That we will," said McGregor, the captain. "My brig shall never be taken by boats as long as I have a shot in the locker."

"So the crew were armed, and the only guns on board—two brass six-pounders—were loaded and run out.

"Nearer and nearer came the armed boats.

"McGregor hailed them in English.

"Stand off," he cried, "or we'll blow you out of the water."

"The reply was a hailstorm of bullets from the small arms of those in the boats.

"Give it 'em now!" roared McGregor, as the boats still advanced.

"The brig's guns were loaded with pieces of old iron, terribly bad for the guns, Colin. But it was terribly bad for the first of those boats as well. McGregor himself laid and fired the piece, and the result was appalling. The Russian boat was literally blown to sticks, and half her crew killed or drowned.

"Stand off, now!" shouted the bold skipper, "if you don't want another dose of the same drug."

"They are Russians, sir," he continued, addressing Señor Loréna; "but if they think they are going to have an easy job capturing my brig they are mistaken."

"Is England, then, at war with Russia?" asked Loréna, anxiously.

"I fear so, sir," was the reply. "Indeed, it seems like it, and war was threatened even before I left home."

"But the Russian boats had had enough; they returned on board with their wounded. In half an hour they were back, and a kind of artillery duel commenced, the boats fighting with rockets and shells, the brig with her iron shrapnel.

"It was a most unequal fight, and ended, as it only could end, in a victory for the Russians. For in half an hour smoke was seen coming spewing up the fore-hatch—the brig was on fire! McGregor was a determined fellow, however. He got up sail and beached his burning brig, then took to the boats with his passengers and all hands, concluding he would rather brave the breakers, and land on an inhospitable shore, than trust himself to the tender mercies of the enemy.

"But fate had willed it otherwise. They were pursued and made prisoners, and in a very short time found themselves on board the Russian corvette. The brig was left to smoulder. Loréna was a poorer man now; nearly all his wealth, all his specie, was left in the burning vessel, which blew up and disappeared, every timber of her seeming to be scattered to the four winds of heaven.

"The rest of Loréna's story is soon told. The Russian ship was homeward-bound, and in two months' time the unfortunate family found themselves in the very village to which I was led a prisoner of war. They, however, were told they were free.

"Loréna was not destitute; he still had bonds to sell, and might have gone to England and settled down in ease, though not in affluence; but his wife and daughters were enamoured of the quiet beauty of the scenery in which



they now found themselves, and so they stayed in the village. They took a small farm—a rose farm—and at the time I made the acquaintance of the Señora and her daughter the father had been dead about a year; the new life had not suited him, who had been accustomed all his days to bustle and to business.

“Colin, I loved little Ana Loréna, as I have already said, from the very day I first entered her presence. But it was not till six long months after that I dared to tell her so.

“I had been out on the lake shooting wild birds; it was winter, and the ice covered the whole surface of the loch, and ducks, geese, and even black swans were abundant. In my hurry to get one of the latter, which was only wounded, I fell. Some snow got into one barrel of my gun, and when I next fired it burst. One large piece struck me on the left arm, severing an artery and making a terrible wound.

“When I recovered consciousness I was at home in the little cottage, and both Ana and her mother were tending me. I need not describe my long illness further than to say it was to me one of the sweetest periods of my chequered career, for I soon knew that Ana loved me even as I loved her. We were married in the ensuing spring in this village of roses. Ah, Colin! life seemed all roses to me then. But my happiness was of brief duration, for in less than six weeks came the order for my exchange.”

The lieutenant suddenly ceased talking, and his eyes had a far-away, dreamy, even mournful, look in them when he shortly afterwards resumed his narrative.

“Go I must, and leave all I now held dear! My duty called me. Duty! I had ever looked upon it as a sacred thing, but with its sacredness there now appeared to me to be mingled something of the awful. Duty and destiny were beckoning me away. Obedience must be mine.

“Then hope came to our aid and solace. It told a too flattering tale, and for more than a week before our parting Ana and I talked about nothing else save the happiness in store for us when we should once again be reunited, never to have to say ‘Farewell’ any more as long as life lasted.

“On my arrival at home, or shortly after, I was appointed to a ship for service on the eastern shores of Africa. It was what sailors call ‘the tail end of a commission,’ so I had not to be away for more than a year.

“Never a year of all my life, Colin, passed more slowly to me than that did, yet peace was proclaimed at last, and we were ordered back to England.

“But letters during the previous two months I had had none, either from my wife or her mother.

“As soon as I arrived at Portsmouth I asked for and obtained six months’ leave of absence on half-pay, and you may be sure I shipped at once for the Black Sea.

I hired a rude kind of drosky, drawn by two fleet horses, and in three days’ time I had arrived at the village by the lake.

“What a scene of desolation met my gaze! The beautiful hills, once covered with roses, were black and bleak and bare, the fort was in ruins, and every house in this once smiling hamlet was wrecked and roofless.

“From a half-wild Russian peasant who was toiling in a field some distance off I learned that before the war closed a Turkish raid had been made on the village, and every living being who had not previously fled was put to the sword.

“‘The commandant of the fort,’ I inquired; ‘was he slain?’

“‘Oh, no, sir,’ was the reply; ‘he went off to a town inland a week before.’

“‘Did he go alone?’ I asked, trembling.

“‘Let me see,’ said the mudjik, laying down his rude turnover spade.

“‘All my hopes hung on his answer. ‘Can’t you remember?’ I asked.

“‘To be sure, to be sure!’ said the fellow. ‘Why, I went with him, and there was my wife, and—’

“‘Stay!’ I cried, holding out a gold piece; ‘this is for you. Tell me now, did any foreigners go as well?’

“‘To be sure, to be sure! The Lorénas went—the old lady, the young lady, and the baby.’

“Colin, I could have hugged that rough mudjik to my heart for the information he gave me.

“He went with me to the town whither the dear ones had gone for safety. They were not there, nor was the commandant; he, I afterwards found, had joined his regiment and was reported killed.

“I cannot think to this day of all my weary wanderings in search of her I was doomed never to see again, and in search of my dear mother-in-law and my child, without feelings that quite overcome me.

“At long last I got a clue; I found out a portion of the truth. My wife was drowned in crossing a frozen river, and her mother was left, by Heaven’s mercy, to nurse and tend my child. But why had they not written to me? Where lay the mystery? It has been a mystery to me now for fifteen long years, and it was only cleared up a few days after I was appointed to this ship—a mystery, Colin, that has wrinkled my brows and whitened my hairs, and made me an old man before my time.

“Here,” he continued, pulling a letter from under his pillow, “is the explanation, and a very simple one it is.

“This letter is from the commandant of the village fort; it tells me of my wife’s death, it tells me that she believed me dead, that no letters arrived at the village for months before the Turkish raid, and that he, the commandant, had since found out they had been laid aside by Russian officials because they were English, and *happened to be over weight!*”

Founded on fact.

It was only lately, continues the commandant, that he discovered I was still alive. But the concluding part of the letter is the most important, for it informs me that my child—my daughter—is now living in Lima with her grandmother.

“Colin McLeod, a sick man has many strange fancies, and I have at this moment a presentiment that I may never see Lima. If I should not, you must seek out the dear ones and tell them what I have told you. You promise?”

“I promise, sir; but—”

“Nay, nay; say no more. Here are some other papers; they may or they may not prove of service.”

“What are they, sir?” asked Colin.

“They are sketches and maps and plans of the very spot where the brig in which Señor Loréna embarked at Lima was beached and destroyed, and where all his specie lies buried in the sand. Take them and copy them; do the work here in my cabin, where I trust often to find you. Having done so, keep the copies under lock and key, and return the originals to my desk.”

“And you really think, sir, that—”

“I think nothing, Colin. Only mark this—these sketches were taken by Señor Loréna from the port of the cabin of the Russian corvette that made him prisoner. He, my father-in-law, must have thought there was a possibility of one day recovering his buried treasure.

“Go now, boy. Come to me again tomorrow, I feel tired now and would sleep.”

He held out his hand to Colin as he spoke; Colin pressed it, and silently drew aside the door-curtain and retired.

He did not go on deck again, but forward on the main deck, where he could walk about and ponder and think upon all he had heard.

He felt singularly interested in this kind-hearted lieutenant, who talked in such a fatherly way to him. He felt drawn towards him—felt he was really beginning to love him.

Colin met the doctor next morning coming aft from the sick-bay, and inquired about his patient.

“Getting on wonderfully well,” was the reply. “A great change for the better since yesterday. He has had a critical sleep.”

Colin was greatly relieved.

It was indeed a critical sleep that Mildmay had enjoyed. His mind had been in some measure relieved from having told Colin his story, and nature had commenced the healing process immediately.

When Colin was sent for that forenoon to Mr. Mildmay’s cabin he found his friend sitting up in his coat, calm and quiet and cheerful.

“Come along, young man,” said Mildmay; “I want to see you begin to make those sketches ‘right away,’ as the Yankees say. Sit down.”

(To be continued.)

## GREAT SHIPWRECKS OF THE WORLD.

### THE FOUNDERING OF THE CAPTAIN.

SINCE the days of the Royal George the British Navy had sustained no such disaster as that which befell it when, in September, 1870, the Captain turned keel upper-

most in the Bay of Biscay, and foundered with nearly five hundred men. She was a new ship, a costly experiment, and the controversy which had raged while she was

being built had apparently been lulled to rest by her successful trials. She was the pioneer of the turret-ships, the first sea-going monitor, built according to the designs of



Captain Cowper Coles, who shares with the famous Swedish-American Ericsson, and, according to some accounts, claims priority over him, in originating the fortress class of warship.

It is hardly fair, however, to say that she was designed by Captain Cowper Coles, for after years of worry he had succeeded in forcing our Admiralty to have the ship built, and the Admiralty officials introduced such modifications into the original plans as practically made the Captain nobody's child in particular. And these alterations affected

she was on her beam ends, acted as an enormous sail and prevented her ever recovering herself.

Her officers were the pick of the Navy. In command was Captain Hugh Talbot Burgoyne, V.C., the son of Field Marshal Sir John Burgoyne, and among her officers were the son of Mr. Childers, then First Lord of the Admiralty, a son of Earl Northbrook, and a brother of the Marquis of Huntly, and on board as a passenger was her originator, Captain Cowper Coles. The survivors were the gunner, Mr. May, and seven-

fleet were counted all safe; when day broke there were only ten of them—the Captain had disappeared.

A storm had come on, and about midnight, just after the starboard watch had taken charge, a squall had struck the monitor and heeled her over. She was at the time under smug canvas on the port tack, close-hauled. The captain was on deck, and gave orders to "Let go the foretopsail halliards!" and then "Let go the fore and main topsail sheets!" but before the men could get to do so the vessel had gone over so much that



H.M.S. Captain in the Bay of Biscay.

her in two vital points—in the enlargement of her sail plan and in the decrease of her freeboard; and the freeboard was still further decreased by an error ascribed to the builders, so that when the ship was launched she floated twenty-one inches deeper than had been calculated.

She was a double-screw ship-rigged ocean cruiser of 4,272 tons; she was 320 feet long by 53 feet beam, and had engines of 900-horse power. She had six guns, two 6½-ton guns unprotected and four 25-ton guns, two in each of her turrets. Her armour ranged from eight inches in thickness down to three inches. She had a very low freeboard so as to allow the guns to be worked all round, and a high poop and fore-castle, connected by a hurricane deck, the bottom of which, once

teen of the crew. The rest, 480 in all, were drowned.

It was not her first passage across the Bay, for she had been twice to Vigo before she foundered, and in her early cruising had behaved so well that many who had been prominent in asserting that she was unseaworthy had admitted that they had been mistaken. The disaster occurred on the 7th of September, 1870. She was cruising with the fleet under Admiral Milne, and the admiral had been on board during the day conducting his inspection, so that the crew had been through a prolonged drill. In the evening the admiral, declining to dine on board, had left for his flagship, and his galley had been nearly swamped alongside as he went away. As the night closed in the eleven sail of the

they were washed away. A furious sea struck her before she could recover, and on to her beam ends she went. For an instant she floated on her side, and then she slowly turned bottom upwards. She remained for a few minutes rocked on the waves, and then sank stern foremost with a tremendous explosion.

As she turned the water rushed down her funnel, and a loud roar began, which continued for a short time. And above the din were heard the shrieks of the stokers, for the probability is that the fires were shot out into her stokehole. Her boilers were fired athwart her, and the stokers, lying or standing on the starboard boiler fronts were, there is only too good reason to suppose, covered with the blazing fuel, which must have forced the



furnace-doors open with its weight and filled the ship with smoke and flame.

The catastrophe was so sudden that there was no time to give warning below. Of those who were saved all belonged to the watch on deck with one exception—a seaman named David Dryburg. He had felt the ship heel over, and, fearing that she would not right again, had made a desperate rush and got to the weather hammock nettings as she laid on her beam ends. And then, as she kept turning over, he slowly scrambled up her side until he reached the spot where her keel would have been if she had had one. From here the seas washed him off, and finding one of the boats drifting past he clung to it, and was saved.

A strange experience! But not much stranger than that of Admiral Hope, who, curious to relate, was the president of the court-martial which conducted the inquiry into the loss of the Captain. He was on board H.M.S. *Racer* in 1836, when she capsized in the West Indies. With others he had been on her side as she lay on her beam ends, and on her keel as she turned mast downwards, and as the hull rolled over—for the *Racer* actually righted herself—had scrambled down again over the bulwarks and on to the deck as the ship resumed her normal position!

Some of the Captain's boats broke away. To one of them—the steam lifeboat pinnace, which was floating keel upwards

—Captain Burgoyne and four others were clinging as the canvas-covered galley and launches came drifting by. The gunner and some of the men jumped on to the nest of boats, cut the canvas away, and threw the galley out, and then the first launch floated from underneath the second, and the oars were got out in the second launch to take off the captain, who was still with the pinnace to windward. All efforts to get the boat up to the wind proved useless. The furious sea threatened each instant to swamp the boat, and when her head was turned to windward the waves swept in, filled her to the thwarts, and washed two of the men out of her. The pump was set going, and the men baled away with their caps, and again the boat was turned towards the pinnace, but to no purpose. One of the men was going to throw his oar to the captain, but the captain stopped him with, "For God's sake keep your oars, men; you will want them!" All had left the pinnace but himself. He had remained to the last, refusing to jump till his men were in safety. The last man that left his side had asked him if he was going.

"Come, sir, let us jump!"

"Save your own life, my man; jump and save yourself! I shall not forget you some day!"

And the seaman jumped to the galley and was saved, while the captain remained—to die.

His country could ill spare him. As one

who led, but did not drive, his men, he was very popular, and although very young for his command—only thirty-seven—there was no more accomplished sailor in the service. He had entered the Navy in 1847, and risen to be commander in nine years. In fact, the story goes that when appointed to the *Ganges* the Admiral had told him he was too young, and requested him to refrain from entering on his duties until he had communicated with headquarters—which Burgoyne had firmly but courteously declined to do, on the ground that he would not have received the appointment unless the authorities had expected him to set to work immediately.

As the gunner and his men were tossing about in their boat the *Inconstant* went driving past them in the gale. Their wild shout of "Ship ahoy!" was unheard and unheeded, and, knowing that the coast was to leeward, they gave up all hope of being rescued by the fleet, and made for the land, which they reached at Corbucion, near Finis-terre, whence they were brought home in the *Volage*.

The news of the loss of the Captain arrived when the country was in the throes of excitement over the surrender of the French Emperor at Sedan, and at once it superseded even that great event in interest. It was indeed appalling to lose such a ship and crew so suddenly and completely; and the monument in St. Paul's Cathedral to those who perished speaks truly of the nation's grief.

## BOY LIFE AFLOAT.

### II.—THE GRATINGS.

**F**LOGGING is now entirely abolished in both the navy and army, and boys who have once passed from the training ships will never more run the risk of having their better feelings hardened or deadened altogether by being compelled to witness and assist at one of the most brutal exhibitions of man's cruelty to his fellow-man.

It is impossible to describe the effect of a spectacle of this kind upon a youth fresh from all the kindly and softening influences of home.

We have ourselves witnessed a soft-hearted and emotional youngster affected to tears at the sufferings borne by a seaman while undergoing this degrading and cruel punishment, while it is a well-known fact that youths who have afterwards turned out brave as lions when fighting for their Queen and country have actually fainted while assisting for the first time at a flogging.

For some years the punishment of the cat had been reserved for the most serious offences, but there is no doubt that under any circumstances it was a mistake to grant the power of inflicting such a terrible punishment to one man, who might be a tyrant, cruel by nature, or even if he were not so was at all events liable to error, prejudice, and mistakes.

As a case in point, in which we truly believe that an innocent man was punished, we will relate the first flogging it was our misfortune to be present at.

It was in 1865, and we were serving on board a corvette on the coast of Africa. She had only lately been commissioned, and the men had not become thoroughly accustomed to one another and to their officers, or, as they say at sea, they did not yet "pull together."

One evening, as is usual after quarters, we were practising the men with "sail drill;" reefing topsails, we believe, was the work being carried out.

The yard had to be lowered, the men sent up aloft, the reef taken in, and then the yard hoisted again.

Of course the object was to get this all

done in the shortest possible time, and very often it had to be performed over and over again until the captain was satisfied with the manner in which the operation was conducted.

In order to attain the desired end it is necessary that every man should know his duty and do it smartly and with all his power.

The officers have to see that the men carry out the orders given promptly and efficiently, encouraging or scolding them as the case may be.

The reef had been taken in, and the yard was being hoisted once more, but the second lieutenant, who was standing by the mainmast, did not consider that the men who were hauling on the maintop-sail halliards were working properly.

"Pull away, men!" he cried, excitedly, wishing to get the maintop-sail yard up before the others, "put some strength into it! Pull back on it!"

Then noticing one man in particular, a marine named Hopkins, he added,

"Why don't you haul, Hopkins? You're not pulling a bit!"

The man muttered something in reply, which, what with the noise and excitement, must have been somewhat difficult to catch.

He always said that he replied "I am, sir." But the lieutenant maintained that he swore at him, using a word that has very much the same sound.

He reported the man, who denied the charge, making the excuse we have mentioned, but of course his word could not be taken against that of his superior officer. Unfortunately for him also he happened to bear a bad character as a lazy idle fellow, and only the previous week it had been found necessary to shave his head on account of his want of cleanliness. Of course this went against him, and he was found guilty of insubordination, and sentenced to receive four dozen lashes.

The following day the sentence was carried out as follows. A big grating was securely fastened to the side of the ship in

the gangway, and another one placed on the deck for the victim to stand upon. The boatswain's mate then piped the "hands" to "witness punishment." The seamen all gathered forward, the marines were drawn up under arms with fixed bayonets, and the officers in full uniform congregated aft.

Then the captain appeared, and the first lieutenant having reported "all ready," the prisoner was sent for.

The captain now read the particular article of war that the man had infringed, and we all listened bareheaded. Then followed the warrant and the sentence, after which the prisoner was "seized" up.

This was done by fastening his wrists and ankles to the upright grating with a species of webbing in such a manner that, his hands being stretched out over his head and his feet stretched apart, he could not move an inch to avoid the blows of the cat.

A piece of canvas was then fastened round his waist, and another round his neck for protection, thus leaving the whole of his back bare for the infliction of the torture.

The first boatswain's mate was then ordered to "lay on." He removed his jacket, and taking the cat, measured his distance, and swinging it well over his shoulder, brought it down on the prisoner's back.

The cat consisted of a small wooden handle about two feet in length, to which were fastened nine long pieces of thick white line, about the size of coarse whipcord, but harder in consistence.

The first stroke left nine red marks, the seventh tore the skin, and the blood began to spurt forth amid the howls and yells of the poor wretch who was suffering the punishment.

At the end of twelve lashes a fresh boatswain's mate stripped and went to work, administering the next dozen.

After this every cut brought away portions of skin and flesh, and the victim's shrieks for mercy were heartrending to listen to.

The master-at-arms counted "thirty-nine," when the man's head dropped on to his shoulder, his cries ceased, and he fainted.



The doctor, who was standing by me, immediately attended to him, and by his directions he was cast loose and carried down below.

He was in his hammock in the sick-bay under the surgeon's care for some weeks, and then the captain, having remitted the remainder of his punishment, he returned to duty.

But this, although disgusting and brutalising enough in all conscience, was nothing in comparison to the really awful punishment of "flogging round the fleet."

This was awarded to men who had been guilty of some crime legally punishable by death, but who, through extenuating circumstances or any other cause, escaped the capital sentence. In many cases, however, death would have been preferable, for it generally ensued, after lingering torments impossible to imagine or describe.

This torture—for it can be called nothing else—was carried out in the launch of the ship to which the prisoner belonged. A grating was erected in the middle of the boat, which contained, besides a party of armed marines, a surgeon, master-at-arms, two or three seamen to attend to the victim, and an officer in charge. This boat was then taken in tow by the boats of the fleet, and towed from ship to ship.

Alongside each vessel it was made fast, while the boatswain's mates came down and administered their four dozen lashes, the rigging being manned by the crew in order to witness it.

A flogging round the fleet was generally considered to be equivalent to *five hundred lashes*, so that it is no wonder that so few men ever survived it, and that those who did were broken-spirited cripples or imbeciles for the remainder of their shortened life.

Let us be thankful that this blot upon our naval glory has been removed, and that "rigging the gratings," as a preparation for a flogging used to be termed, is a thing of the past.

## THE SALT-WATER AQUARIUM.

By THEODORE WOOD,

Author of "Our Insect Allies," etc.

WHAT a pity it is that at least nine out of every ten of those who take up the sea-water aquarium, whether as a mere object of amusement, or with the intention of learning some of the mysteries of nature, should relinquish their task before many weeks have passed away! Perhaps the inmates die, one after another, without apparent cause, or the water loses its natural clearness, and gives out an odour of a painfully disagreeable character. Or, maybe, one of the larger captives takes advantage of his superior size and strength, and proceeds to dine upon his fellow-captives, thus speedily depopulating the tank. Whatever the particular cause, however, the aquarium gradually ceases to interest its owner, and ere long is put upon one side, never to be again received into favour.

And yet there is not one of the above calamities which might not have been averted at the expense of a little time and trouble. A fish or other small creature died, perhaps, and was not removed until it had begun to putrefy, and so contaminated the water. Carelessness. Or superfluous fragments of meat, etc., used in feeding the prisoners were left to decay, and so brought about the same result. Carelessness again. Or some savage and voracious creature was placed among a number of gentle and inoffensive companions, like a wolf in a flock of lambs, and naturally took advantage of its good fortune. Once more, carelessness. If a little daily attention is but paid to the vessels, there is no reason why the possessor of an aquarium should ever be obliged to complain that he is unable to keep his captives for very long in a healthy condition.

And there is another important point which ought to be considered—namely, that unless these same captives *are* in perfect health, very little pleasure or instruction can be gained from watching their habits. Every movement is as listless as those of a school-boy suffering from a severe bilious attack, or a very bad cold, and gives one no idea whatever of the life and fire which may characterise the same animals under more favourable conditions. The more carefully, therefore, that their wants are provided for, the more natural will be the doings of the prisoners, and the greater the pleasure to be derived from watching them.

Now for some practical directions, beginning, of course, with the vessels to be employed.

The character of these naturally depends very much upon the purpose which they are intended to fulfil. If it is desired merely to watch the habits of the various marine creatures in the solitude of one's own apartment, pie-dishes, earthenware pans, jam-pots, almost anything, in fact, will answer perfectly well. But, if the aquarium is to be a drawing-room ornament, and therefore a thing of beauty as well as a serviceable article, some structure in which glass plays the principal part must of course be chosen.

At most of the shops devoted to the sale of natural history apparatus, and at many glass-cutters' as well, may be procured certain oblong tanks, which, if not too deep, will answer our requirements in a perfectly satisfactory manner. There is one great disadvantage about them, however, and that is that they admit far too much light. Most of the inhabitants of the ocean, it must be remembered, either live at depths to which the daylight can only partly penetrate, or else escape the unwelcome sunbeams by retiring into the various nooks and crannies furnished by sunken rocks, seaweed, etc. So, before making use of our tank, it will be as well to cover three sides with sheets of cardboard, which regulate the allowance of light, and which can be removed when it is required to inspect the contents.

(To be continued.)

## THE TROUT, AND HOW TO CATCH IT.

By J. HARRINGTON KEENE,

Author of "The Practical Fisherman," "Fishing Tackle, and How to Make It," etc.

VI.

I MUST now, I find, wind up my line again, and return to practical considerations. You have been informed about angling with the single-handed rod, and if the directions are followed with any degree of intelligent appreciation the tyro will not fail to become efficient in so far as their scope extends. A few remarks must, however, be made in reference to fly-fishing with the double-handed weapon, for are not some of our best fly-fishers, notably Mr. Francis Francis, advocates of the double-handed in preference to the single-handed rod?

Now, the double-handed rod is usually about sixteen feet long unless salmon is the fish it is used for. Even then sixteen feet is ample length for most of my readers. For trout-fishing, however, from fourteen feet to sixteen feet is a good length, and the precise measurement is adjusted to your height and strength. It is useless to think of using a rod which will absolutely tire you out in an hour or two, and so if I may be allowed to judge for you I would send to Foster of Ashbourne for a light split-cane weapon—if you intend, that is, to use the two-handed weapon.

There is but little modification to be made in the directions already given as to the method of using this longer rod. We have sufficiently indicated the position of

the hands, etc., and it is nice to acquire the knack of ambidexterity which was insisted upon by the late Mr. Charles Reade some years ago. His opinion was that the "Coming Man," as he termed an ideal personage hereafter to be born, was a person who would use both his right and left hand with equal ease—that, in fact, as with gymnasts, each boy and girl should be taught that both hands are equal in strength and dexterity if properly used and developed. Now, in my eyes this is an incontrovertible theory, and I have myself reduced it to practice in the throwing of a line, and in fact in fishing generally. I advise all boys to try and do the same. It is a great relief to be able when fishing to relieve the one-sided strain by changing over. It strikes me we should hear less of partial paralysis if this ambidexterity were urged upon all systematically.

The advantages of a double-handed rod are, first, greater command, within certain limits of course, of the direction of the fly, and a greater power of long casting. Rennie, as I told you, says that eighteen yards can be thrown with a double-handed rod. But this is far behind what has been done recently. At the casting tournament before referred to the following scores were made, and my readers may judge of their superiority to those of the learned professor who edited "Walton and Cotton":—Major Traherne 45 yards, P. Mallock 43 yards.

So far I have only adverted to the ordinary style of casting, or the overhand, as it is termed. There is one other style which is most useful, and which every tyro ought to be master of before he can fairly call himself an artist, and that is the Welsh or Spey cast. Though it is specially favoured by salmon-fishers, it is extremely useful to the trout angler when there are many obstructions, such as bushes, boulders, or what not, fringing the river's bank. The line is brought up and whisked off the water by an upward and backward movement of the rod and delivered forward again before the line is quite off the water by a forward and lower movement of the upper part of the rod. This throw is always very serviceable when there are impedimenta of whatever nature in the way, and so some of the best fish of a river are brought under "fire," as Foster, in the "Scientific Angler," terms it. The test of skill in a trout-fisher is the capture of a fish which lies in a spot apparently impregnable, and this cast is one of the dodges by which such an ultimatum may be attained.

Though the general *modus operandi* of fly-fishing for trout has been pretty completely indicated, there are yet several points on which it is advisable to say a few words. One of them, the subject of *striking*. In a former part of this series I said, "Mount your rod; do not strike," and the advice was sound under the circumstances. A young angler will, if advised to strike, invariably in the excitement of the moment strike too hard and lose his fly, perhaps break his casting-line, and in any case lose his fish. Hence it is that Ogden of Cheltenham, a famous dry-fly fisherman in his day (indeed, he claimed to be the inventor of the method), advocated no striking to the young beginner. But an equally great master of the art—also gone to the Spirit Land—who during his life was styled the "Amiable Angler of Dovedale"—I mean Foster of Ashbourne—this angler, I say, deemed it certainly advisable that the learner should acquire the knack of hooking his fish in an effective and skilful manner. This he advises should be a short, quick wrist motion, commenced sharply but ended almost instantly and abruptly, like a quick movement of the hand in bringing a foil in fencing from *tierec* to *carte*. The hand holding the rod is turned upwards and backwards whilst the arm is stationary when a short line is out, the movement being lengthened when the intervening line is either long or loose.

(To be continued.)



## DOINGS FOR THE MONTH.

JUNE.

**THE POULTRY RUN.**—If everything has gone well in your run, and you have attended to the hints we have thrown out from time to time, you ought now to be getting plenty of eggs. You will have ducks and chickens ready for the market, and over and above all this we trust that you may have more than one bird giving promise of show qualities. You will carefully separate any very fine birds from wasters, and be extra good to them. The best birds we ever bred were black games, that we had made actual pets of. So please take the hint. Probably you do not intend to show, nevertheless you would like to see beautiful birds about your place—fowls that even a judge could find few faults with.

Now that eggs are plentiful you ought to preserve them for winter use. They may not eat perfectly fresh, but then they will be a vast improvement on the ordinary shop eggs. As soon as the eggs you want to preserve have been laid they must be stored. This indeed is one of the secrets of success. Put down in a box a good layer of bran, say three or four inches. Place this box in a cool, dry cellar, and rub each egg well over with lard before you place it in its situation, then cover up. Fine dry sand may do as well as bran. The French varnish eggs with a mixture of linseed-oil and beeswax. But after all, the main thing is to keep the air out. Now in June, if you take the trouble, you will be able to find out the best laying hens; and if it be eggs alone you go in for, you should breed from these. There is a great deal in pedigree or strain. If you once get on to a good laying breed you will find it very profitable, and you will be getting eggs when the fowls of other folks are doing nothing but eating their heads off. If you have broody hens that you care to sit, place good eggs under them, and if so minded these may be ducks' eggs or those of the bantam. If you do not wish the fowls to sit, then you must put them under a basket for a night and day in the dark, but do not be cruel.

Did we mention lately that a sitting hen should have a dust-bath? It is most important, as it keeps down the insects, which have a tendency to prevent even the growth of the young chickens. It is best to let the hen come off when she has a mind to; but if sitting too close, and positively starving herself, she had better be taken off in the evenings. If you—and no doubt you will—save any money now, lay up a fund for improvements.

Attend well to the feeding; see that the fowl-house is properly ventilated, and that no rotting vegetable matter or sloppiness of any kind be left about the run, for diarrhoea is apt to occur from bad smells. Be very particular as regards the cleanliness of the nests. See that the perches themselves are clean, and not damp and slippery, and that they are so placed that droppings cannot fall on the nests beneath.

Go in now for limewashing and general disinfecting. We ourselves use Sanitas, but carbolic acid and water does good if used in places beyond the chance of its doing the fowls any harm.

Be very careful to give plenty of fresh water—soft, not hard—and place the drinking utensils quite out of

the sun, but still in a position where they can be seen and reached by the inmates.

Fatten cockerels that are old enough. Put down gravel, old lime, etc., in the run. See again to the dust-bath. Do not forget that the more often the water is changed now, and the cleaner and sweeter the dish, the less chance there will be of disease breaking out.

**THE PIGEON LOFT.**—The same amount of attention with regard to the comfort and cleanliness of the loft must be maintained as we advised last month. Have no slop, no dust, no dirt; have free ventilation without draught, plenty of clean water in clean, well-rinsed fountains; and plenty of wholesome, easily-digested food in the hoppers. Read our last DOINGS, and even those that went before, and whenever you find a good hint pop it down in your note-book. A note-book is easily kept, and is most valuable if it be indexed. If it be not indexed it is worse than useless, it is then like Paddy's garret—everything is uppermost, but nothing is at hand.

Your birds will now enjoy their bath. Well, it must be a clean one. You must rinse it out and put fresh water into it every evening.

Another thing that must not be forgotten is the so-called salt-cat—a mixture of old lime from walls, bay-salt, and brine. The birds, if confined to the aviary (and if they be very valuable they will be so confined), should have green food within their reach; a grassy turf or two does well.

If they have a nice outdoor aviary it will be well now to put some shelter from the sun over a portion of it; an old sack or piece of old canvas of any kind will do very well.

Do not forget a good supply of gravel. If you have spare time and think of going in for showing, you might now devote it to getting baskets ready for travelling purposes.

About this time of year pigeons are apt to be troubled with vermin; a little mercurial ointment rubbed about the neck is the cure, but it is a good plan to have a summer limewashing and thorough disinfecting of the loft. Only this must be done so as not to disturb the birds at all.

Pine sawdust which has been steeped in paraffin-oil is often put in the nest-pans with great advantage, and over this the ordinary nesting-material, straw or otherwise. The sawdust may be renewed when the young are two or three days old. This keeps down fleas. So will sawdust that has been steeped in strong quassia water.

**THE AVIARY.**—Wean the young gradually on to seed, with, however, as much dispatch as possible. If you have many birds breeding, nests will be hatching fast, and you cannot devote too much attention or time to your little favourites. Feed well. Give a bath daily. Give clean water daily, putting a rusty nail or a little bit of saffron in the water if you think there is any necessity. Do not forget the green food. Do not give it wet, however. It ought to be fresh, but not wet.

Be particular about cleanliness. Mites in breeding-cages are a great affliction, and can only be kept down by perfect attention to cleanliness.

**THE RABBITRY.**—Read over last month's DOINGS, and try to profit by them. Your rabbits ought now to be as happy as the day is long. If there be any one ailing take it out at once and put it by itself in an extra hutch, and keep it warm, feeding on the best of grains and roots, with a mash of some kind once a day. Rabbits suffer from a variety of ailments, when not properly attended to; it should be borne in mind that all their diseases may be attributed to one or other of the following causes, leaving infection out of sight—want of proper food, irregularity in feeding, wet green food, damp, bad smelling bedding, and over-confinement in close, unwholesome hutches.

**THE KENNEL.**—"What does it cost to keep a dog?" is a question often asked by boys. Well, small dogs, such as terriers—and, indeed, any dog from the size of a collie downwards—will be maintained easily enough on the scraps of the table. But these must be collected and made into a nice substantial meal twice a day, with milk or gravy, and always given fresh, for dogs are not pigs. Kept thus, the dog's food is hardly missed. A mastiff or St. Bernard requires biscuits, horseflesh, hoiled paunches, boiled liver and lights, etc., and only boys who have plenty of pocket-money can afford to keep such animals.

**DOMESTIC PETS.**—We mentioned the other day pigs as pets. They are not very elegant, but if regularly washed it is wonderful the sanctity they show. But a duck or a goose, if made a pet of, affords the greatest amusement. They will follow like dogs, and show a very large amount of affection for master or mistress. Feed very often, give dainties, and do not let your favourite be fed by any one but yourself, and you shall see what you shall see.

**THE KITCHEN GARDEN.**—Plant out your autumn stock of greens, cabbages, kail, etc. Keep down weeds. Water in the evening whenever needed. Earth up potatoes. Attend to your lettuces, your celery, marrows, etc. Sow turnips, beans, and peas again.

**THE FLOWER GARDEN.**—You can still go on planting out annuals. Attend well to the beds, the walks, and borders. Give a liberal allowance of old manure to anything you put down. Go on making pretty improvements in basket-work and boxes for flowers. If you have a summer-house covered with creepers see to their arrangement for effect. Mulch rose-trees. Cut grass and trim lawns.

**THE WINDOW GARDEN.**—This should now be most lovely both outside and in. Those boys who have no window-boxes should not hesitate to make them even now, fill them with good mould, and plant them. Study your neighbours' plans, and imitate. The charming canary creepers may still be put in. They soon run up now, but water must not be forgotten.

## OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(SEVENTH SERIES.)

## Illuminating Competition.

(Continued from page 527.)

MIDDLE SUBDIVISION (ages 14 to 16).

IN consequence of the great number of Illuminations received in the Middle Division, and the excellence of much of the work, we have made a Subdivision of all ages from 14 to 16, and awarded Special Extra Prizes as follows:—

Prize—21s.

ROBERT E. MINTERN (aged 15), 23, Knowle Road, Brixton, S.E.

Prizes—10s. 6d. each.

ROBERT S. BALFOUR (aged 15), care of Miss Stevenson, 5, Athol Place, Edinburgh.

WALTER J. FAYLOR (aged 14), 49, Canonbury Road, Islington, N.

R. D. WARRY (aged 15), 23, Annandale Road, Greenwich.

Certificates.

MYLA E. ELKINS, 14, Culworth Street, North Gate, Regent's Park, N.W.

ARTHUR E. BROWN, 63, St. Giles's Plain, Norwich.

CHARLES J. LENTON, 17, Grey Road, Walton-on-the-Hill, Liverpool.

ERNEST EASON, South Street, Sherborne, Dorset.

WALTER ALLOTT, 64, Monson Street, Lincoln.

CHAS. A. WALKER, 17, Millgate, Wigan.

ALBERT HILL, 15, Green Hill, London Road, Worcester.

JAMES H. BOWES, Francis Street, Elland.

GEORGE W. COLE, 12, Plimsoll Street, East India Road, Poplar, E.

ALFRED R. PIGOTT, 4, Northfield Terrace, Cheltenham.

ALLAN R. MENZIES, 34, Grove Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

NINA TURNER, The Poplars, Deddington, Oxon.

JAMES G. GIFFORD, 25, Rose Street, Aberdeen.

ALEX. W. JONES, Brampton Brian, Herefordshire.

FREDK. G. STROHMENGER, Bonmland Villa, 7, Quadrant Road, Canonbury, N.

J. B. WILSON, 45, Ewbank Street, Stockton-on-Tees.

FRANK P. CHAPMAN, 42, High Street, Dover.

GEORGE J. JACK, Drylaw Cottage, Davidson's Mains, Edinburgh.

GEORGE A. NICOL, 24, Loanhead Terrace, Rosemount, Aberdeen.

CHARLES E. TRINGHAM, 53, Commercial Road, Hereford.

GEORGE A. HILL, 2, Marlborough Avenue, Princess Avenue, Hull.

GEORGE E. NEEVES, 39, Ondine Road, East Dulwich, S.E.

CYRIL BERTRAM BYERS, 5, Addison Road, Bedford Park, Chiswick.

ERNEST F. SHERRY, 4, St. John's Hill Grove, New Wandsworth.

BASIL W. BRADFORD, care of Rev. H. J. Wiseman, 1, Albert Road, Clifton, Bristol.

THOMAS PRATT, 4, Roslin Terrace, Southfield Road, Wandsworth.

ARTHUR H. ALFORD, 322, Liverpool Road, Islington.

GEORGE P. GOULD, Fairfield, Pinhoe, Exeter.

ALLAN MACQUARRIE, 3, Ford Place, Finsbury Street, Greenock, N.E.

JOHN PEDDER, 13, Somerset Place, Bath.

CHARLES D. RUDGE, 19, Edwardes Street, Balsall Heath, Birmingham.

TOM PENDLEBURY, 82, Bonner Road, Victoria Park, E.

G. P. MORRIS, 17, Viaduct Street, Bethnal Green Road, E.

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JOHN BRAND, Upland Kinnoull, Perth.

JOHN R. BATEY, 12, Cromwell Terrace, Hanson Lane, Halifax, Yorkshire.

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W. F. WILSON, Endcliffe Avenue, Sheffield.

HARRY BAKER, Hope Cottage, Bury Street, Fulham Road, Chelsea.

EDWARD C. LONG, Police Station, Newmarket, Cambs.

A. HAINES, Roddiburst, near Kington, Herefordshire.

JOHN MACBETH, Dalrymple, Ayr.

CHARLES ANDERSON, Nursery Road, Sunbury, Middlesex.



## Correspondence.

**A SPURIOUS BOY.**—We cannot give news, as we go to press so long beforehand that the news would be all out of date. We have something of the sort, however, under consideration.

**A SKATING NOVICE.**—Try Goodman's "Fen Skating," published by Sampson Low and Co.

**COUNTRY BOY.**—To give the information you ask would be simply copying out pages 246 and 247 of Whitaker's Almanack; and you may as well get the book for yourself, price one shilling, from 12, Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row, E.C.

**ROB ROY CANOE.**—The best book on boats is Mr. Dixon Kemp's twenty-five shilling "Yacht, Canoe, and Boat Sailing," published at the "Field" office. There is a half-crown practical manual of "Boat and Canoe Building," published at 170, Strand. You would get a list of other books on the subject from C. Wilson, Nautical Warehouse, Minories.

**PEDESTRIANUS.**—There is no reason why a healthy lad should not walk 113 miles in easy stages of under twenty miles a day. The great secret is to start early each morning, and have plenty of rest in the early part of the night. Early to bed and early to rise, in fact.

**D. C.**—To blacken paper for drawing on in white warm it on the top of a stove, and rub it over with beeswax until it is completely covered with a layer of equal thickness. Then smoke a piece of glass in the candle, and when it is quite cold lay it on the waxed paper and rub it well down on it. You will have a surface on which, with a needle or pen, you can trace white lines as fine and clear as you wish.

**FILIUS.**—The "Language of the Restless Fays" was in the third volume, pages 294, 309, and 472. The numbers were in the February and March parts for 1881.

**R. CORNER.**—We ought to be much obliged to you for sending us for insertion the puzzle which we published in 1881, on page 327 of our third volume!

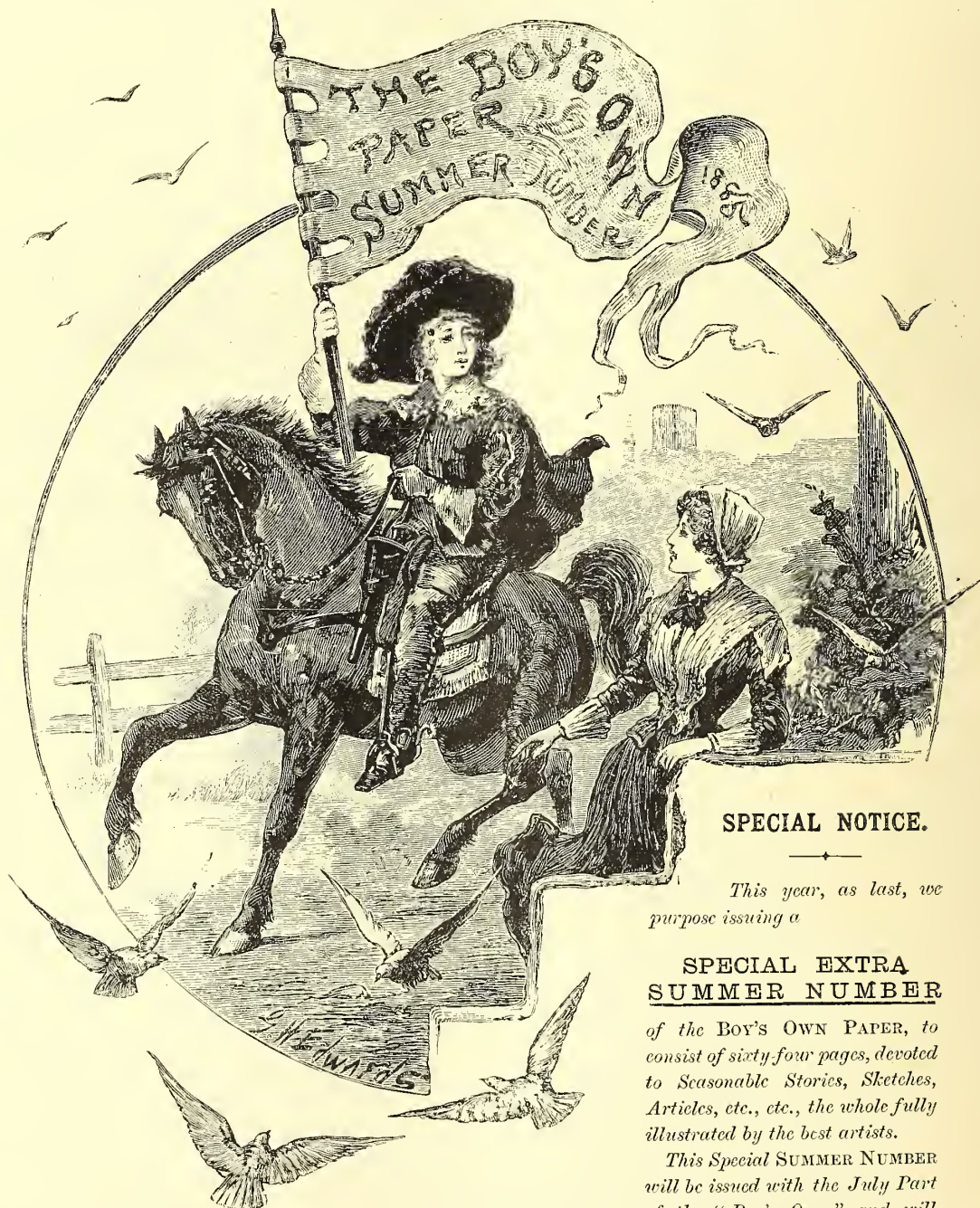
**H. TRUFMAN.**—1. Several species of *Papilio* are known as Swallowtails; *P. Machaon* is one of the best-known. 2. In Wyman's Technical Series you will find an admirable manual on electrotyping. Apply for list to 29, Great Queen Street, Long Acre.

**E. W. B.**—In the third volume there was a series of papers on Entomology for the month in which the subject was treated; and in the first volume there was a long series on killing, setting, and preserving.

**DOLPHIN.**—Read our articles by Mr. Harrington Keene; and then get "Float Fishing," by J. W. Martin, price two shillings, published by Sampson Low and Co.

**W. E. PINK.**—See "The Building of the Swallow, or How to Make a Boat," on page 149 of our second volume.

**A WOULD-BE SOLDIER.**—There is no such book published. The nearest approach to it is our coloured plates of "The British Army," "The Volunteers," and "Our Military Bands."



## SPECIAL NOTICE.

This year, as last, we purpose issuing a

## SPECIAL EXTRA SUMMER NUMBER

of the BOY'S OWN PAPER, to consist of sixty-four pages, devoted to Seasonable Stories, Sketches, Articles, etc., etc., the whole fully illustrated by the best artists.

This Special SUMMER NUMBER will be issued with the July Part of the "Boy's Own," and will

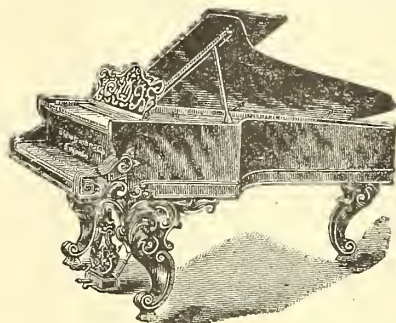
cost 6d. All our readers should endeavour to secure a copy.

As it is intended to print only a limited number, readers who would ensure obtaining copies are strongly advised to give their orders to the Booksellers AT ONCE, by which means they will of course obtain precedence over the ordinary purchaser. Readers who failed to do this in regard to our last Christmas Number found themselves unable to obtain it, and the very same thing is not at all unlikely to occur in regard to this SUMMER NUMBER, which will not be included in the bound volume.



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T. S. ARTHUR,  
Editor and Publisher "Arthur's Home Magazine," Philadelphia.

V. L. CONRAD,  
Editor "Lutheran Observer," Phila.

Philadelphia Pa., June 1, 1882.

In order to meet a natural inquiry in regard to our professional and personal standing, and to give increased confidence in our statements, and in the genuineness of our testimonials and reports of cases, we print the above card from gentlemen well and widely known, and of the highest personal character.

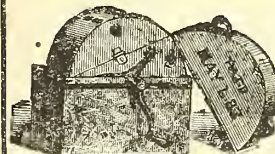
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DOCTOR.—It's a bad case of fever, madam.

L.—How can he have caught it; we have paid every attention to sanitary matters.

D.—Have you had your bedding cleaned?

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## Catarrh—a New Treatment.

From the Montreal Star, Nov. 17, 1882.

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